

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Here's Our Choice for Hollywood Laurels



Jean Duncan

N.S.W. Finalists In FILM QUEST

The Australian Women's Weekly makes the exclusive announcement of the N.S.W. winners of the Paramount-Australian Women's Weekly "Search for Beauty" Contest:—

The Woman Winner: MISS JEAN DUNCAN.

Second: MISS JOAN FROST.

The Man Winner: MR. BRIAN NORMAN.

Second: MR. R. E. INGLIS.

THE New South Wales winners were chosen on Tuesday night, by a special committee of judges, from among the winners of the local theatre contests, who had been selected from nearly 1000 entrants.

The judges were unanimous in their choices. Between Thursday and Saturday of this week talking film screen tests are being made of the State winners, and on July 28 these will leave Sydney by the Monterey for Hollywood.

There on August 15 a special committee of seven judges from Paramount Hollywood Studios will view all the State screen tests, and choose the two Australian national winners—one man and one woman.

The names of both these winners will be cabled to Sydney as soon as they are known, and will then be published immediately in The Australian Women's Weekly.

The two lucky Australian winners will sail for Hollywood on the Mariposa on August 23, and will arrive in Hollywood on September 9.

The last stages of the New South Wales competition were filled with excitement. All the winners of the local theatre contests spent the afternoon as guests of the Prince Edward Theatre management, and saw the matinee performance of Maurice Chevalier's "A Bed-time Story."

At eight o'clock on Tuesday night the contestants were driven to Paramount headquarters in Reservoir Street to meet the special committee of judges, which consisted of Miss Doris Fitton (producer of the Independent Theatre Club), Mr. Langridge (of the Langridge School of Physical Culture), Mr. A. E. Bennett (managing director of ZGB), Mr. W. J. Clark (managing director of Paramount), and Miss Jessie Tait (representing The Australian Women's Weekly).

Each contestant was interviewed personally by the judges. This was the first time during the contest that the judges had met the contestants in person, and this, of course, was the most rigid test of all.

They had to study the personality of the contestant as well as his or her physical attractiveness. Beauty in the woman and handsomeness in the man counted—but the contest was not seeking only bodily perfection.

The judges were looking for personality in expression, for ability to wear clothes well, for talent in speech enunciation, as well as for beauty in figure, face, and poise.

It was very difficult to reach a decision among a group of such charming young people, but when the decision was made the judges did so with full confidence.

Their decision, however, was not made known to the competitors, and this exclusive announcement by The Australian Women's Weekly of the names of the State winners is as new to them as to anyone.

One of the most exciting parts of Tuesday night's judging was the introduction of each competitor to Australia "over the air" through Station ZGB. Each entrant, man and woman, spoke a few words through the microphone. It



Juane Corbett



Narelle Sydney Jackson



Joan Frost



Alice Boyle



Sally Young



Joan Brenton



Bert Winnell



Robert E. Inglis

FOR personal sketches of the winners see article on Page 2. The photographs on this page are of the eleven winners of the local theatres' contests throughout New South Wales. The larger portraits are of the State finalists.

was for many of them their first experience of broadcasting; and the judges were listening, too. It gave them a splendid idea of the voice quality of the competitors.

And then the decision was made—but no one was told. After the formalities were ended, but still wrapped in intriguing mystery, entrants and judges were taken by Paramount to a delightful supper at the Cavalier.

OTHER STATE FINALISTS

The other State finalists are:—

VICTORIA

Miss Gwen Mina Munro, of Anderson Street, South Yarra. Age, 19; eyes, green-blue; weight, 8st. 5lbs.; height, 5ft. 5in.; hair, brunette; educated in Switzerland and Italy; speaks French, German, Italian, Dutch, and English; two years' amateur stage experience; five years' study of voice culture; studied piano for ten years; proficient in swimming, diving, riding, ski-ing, tennis, skating, golf; studied ballet and ballroom dancing.

Mr. John Law, of 2 Parliament Place, East Melbourne. Age, 27; eyes, blue; hair, blonde; weight, 12st.; height, 6ft.; speaks English and French; three years' training in voice culture and elocution; schooled in ballroom dancing; proficient in swimming, diving, football, skating, tennis, and all school athletics.

QUEENSLAND

Miss Noela Harvey, of 512 Milton Road, Toowoomba.

Mr. James Wright, of Holland Park, Brisbane.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Miss Betty Blackman and Mr. Keith Wood.

When this edition went to press no personal details of these finalists were available.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Miss Edith McLaren, of 31 William Street, Goodwood Park. Age, 17; eyes, blue-grey; hair, blonde; weight, 7st. 11lbs.; height, 5ft. 4in.

Mr. Frank Bryan, of East End Market Hotel, Adelaide. Age, 25; eyes, hazel; hair, brunette; weight, 10st. 11lbs.; height, 5ft. 11in.

TASMANIA

Miss Lillian M. Mason, of 31 Elphin Road, Launceston. Age, 25; eyes, hazel; hair, blonde; weight, 8st. 8lbs.; height, 5ft. 4in.

Mr. James Boag, of 1 Campbell Street, Launceston. Age, 23; eyes, brown; hair, brunette; weight, 13st. 6lbs.; height, 6ft. 6in.

(Continued on page 2)



Brian Norman



Richard W. Price

Paramount Screen Tests To Decide

PICKING the RIGHT HUSBAND!

All Sydney is intrigued by our fascinating "What Would You Do?" quandary competition which started last week. This week's quandary is published on page 32. The winners of the first series of splendid cash prizes (for the first quandary) are to be announced next week. While the tremendous number of entries are being read, to select the prize-winners, The Australian Women's Weekly approached a number of well-known Sydney people and asked them to solve the problem.

THEY were asked:—

- Which Husband Would You Choose?
1. Kind, affectionate, and generous, although unfaithful.
 2. Faithful, but given to nagging.
 3. Lovable, and famous in the eyes of the world, faithful, but moody and quick-tempered.

Two Sydney women, asked their choice, had to call in outside aid!

Mrs. A. T. Anderson gave her answer jointly with her husband, General Anderson (Private Secretary to the Governor). General Anderson at first said that of course his wife must choose the kind of husband that he himself is, but found it was not so easy as all that. After putting their heads together, however, both decided that a certain amount of nagging could be coped with provided "he" was faithful.

Sadie Budge had to be helped by Philip Game, who, just released from quarantine after measles, joined joyfully in the discussion.

Sadie said it was not seemly for her to think about such frivolous subjects, as she had made up her mind, quite definitely, to be an old maid. But, if she really must choose, she (with Philip's approval) would have No. 1.

Dufie Cohen (daughter of the Rabbi) had no hesitation whatever in deciding. She loathes naggers, and couldn't live with anyone who was moody (and, if they were famous in the eyes of the world, they would probably be vain), so that she needs must shut her eyes to the kind, affectionate, and generous husband's unfortunate failing.

Mrs. R. H. Swainson (a graduate of Durham University, and wife of the head of the Y.M.C.A.), claims to have the perfect husband already. But, if she hadn't, she said, No. 3 most nearly approaches her husband's type (although he is far too sweet-tempered to be moody). A quick-tempered person doesn't mean a bad-tempered one, and, anyway, moodiness isn't necessarily a disadvantage.

Mrs. Swainson would hate a phlegmatic man who never gave you any surprises, and thinks that quickness of temper would be a welcome change from monotony.

If a man is lovable that is sufficient compensation for any defects in temper, and, if a woman understands her husband, she will know how to turn his depression or anger into a normal frame of mind.

From Page 1

Pen Pictures of State Finalists

MISS JEAN DUNCAN

AT school Miss Duncan excelled at running, swimming, and diving, and also played basket-ball and tennis. She now indulges in riding, tennis, golf and swimming.

She has had seven years' theatrical experience, and is at present engaged with Messrs. J. C. Williamson Ltd. She started in the chorus of "Rose Marie," and then with "The Desert Song" company. Subsequently, she played small parts and understudied the lead in "Princess Charming," "Belle of New York," "Maid of the Mountains," "Flora-dora," "Hold My Hand," several other productions, and "Music in the Air" at present. She played lead in "Our Miss Gibbs" and "The Command to Love." Her stage deportment and performance generally, apart from her very charming looks and excellent figure, are particularly attractive.

Miss Duncan is well known socially. Of her many wonderful qualifications, the least is her very delightful charm and simplicity. She is a really charming girl.

MR. BRIAN NORMAN

MR. NORMAN was educated at the Sydney Church of England Grammar School, and from there went to the University of Sydney, where he graduated as a Bachelor of Arts in 1930, and a Bachelor of Laws in 1933.

He played Rugby football, cricket and tennis at school, and since then, tennis, golf and swimming.

He has appeared over a period of six years in amateur theatricals with the School Society, the University Society, and the Sydney Players' Club.

He represented both his school and the University in debating societies, and on numerous occasions, where the function demanded, a speaker of note. At Election time he has done a good deal of campaigning and platform speaking.

Mr. Norman is very well known socially in Sydney, and has a very pleasing personality and an engaging manner, and has been through an intensive course of intellectual training.



The world's in the dumps. It wants to dance more and forget its troubles. So says Cee Morrison, foremost dance band exponent, who arrived back on the "Monterey" on Monday after a world tour to study the latest in dance music technique.

As chief dispenser of music for the Australian Broadcasting Commission and for Farmer's, Cee Morrison's return will be warmly welcomed.

In this exclusive interview with The Australian Women's Weekly he talks entertainingly about his impressions abroad.

JAZZ is out—that is to say, in the meaning of the word as we know it. Jazz conveys to the average mind a medley of sound, undignified dancing based on the old negro movement.

Dance music is, therefore, not jazz. It should express rhythm, harmony, and lilting theme.

In the actual dancing itself there are no radical changes. Rumbas still hold sway. Why, at the Kit Kat Club in London they have a special rumba orchestra in addition to the ordinary orchestra of 20 pieces. The rumba band consists mainly of violins, and, well, you just must dance when you hear it.

The Kit Kat Club was once the favorite haunt of the Prince of Wales, and catered for a very exclusive clientele, but now it is definitely cosmopolitan. You will see a party in the most gorgeous clothes at one table, while at the next the men are wearing plus-fours!

ENGLISH novelty numbers are entirely different from the American, and they introduce an atmosphere in a way that we have not done here. For instance, one of the most popular numbers in London is "Hyde Park Corner."

"Take her on a Sunday afternoon . . . That's one of the lines."

The orchestra plays the theme and, as it plays, the number is introduced with dialogue and typical street noises. The busman is calling "Hyde Park," and peanut vendors and others are also calling their wares.

This, of course, particularly over the air, introduces a delightful entertainment value to a song. I know they are going to love it in ballrooms, too.

But I am awfully keen about the

NOW YOU SEE Him Now You DON'T!

If you haven't seen it yet, you soon will, because it is intended to replace the old design. Every banking organisation that prints notes periodically changes the design as a safeguard against forgery. There is another reason why the note was changed. Compare the wording on the old and new with regard to the promise to pay in gold.

But what a happy thought it was to put the Prince of Wales in a sort of peep show. Hold the note up to the light, and there he is. Put it down, and "Hey, Presto," he's gone. Children will have endless fun with the new note—if they ever lay hands on one. Whether the Prince will like it or not is another matter.

Nobody, however, can do anything but praise the sentiment behind this brighter note.



HERE HE IS with his famous smile, Cee Morrison, the King of Dance Music.

At the top of the page you can see members of his band playing a welcome outside the palms while the "Monterey" berthed on Monday.

"mike." I feel there is a certain intimacy. You are talking straight to your audience. The "mike" will supplant the old idea of a megaphone. Instead of shouting words that could not be distinguished, I will be able to talk quietly into the "mike" and know I am talking to everyone.

THERE is the Trocadero. We had supper there. Dancing as far as the public is concerned is a mere incident, but oh! that ballet!

They do a revue starting on the stage and coming right down among the tables, depicting every phase of dancing from the days of the "Blackbottom."

May McNery, the colored dancer, is the leader of that ballet.

TALKING of ballets, there is the marvellous ballet at New Radio City in New York—a ballet of eighty-five, and they spread right across the stage in a long line.

New York—and we learnt some new words. You don't get "shot" in New York—you get "plastered." If you pay a New Yorker a compliment he says, "Nertz." America is full of color. The men wear bright sweaters and handkerchiefs or a green jacket. Everywhere there is color. London—and the wharf yesterday—looked terribly drab!

DO you know, Mrs. Morrison went to a mannequin parade at Swan and Elgars, and Lady Chayter was doing the good old David Jones' stuff, and Mrs. Morrison said that really the fashions did not show any striking departures from those over here. It's no good asking me "how" or "why."

WHAT a wonderful world it all is. Do you know, I simply cannot think of one-tenth of the things I have seen? Someone asked me yesterday what I thought of Paris. I just looked

blank. "Paris! Now where's Paris?"—and that's how I feel.

WE went over to Berlin, and Mrs. Morrison had a very amusing setback. The first night we went to the "Vaterland," a gorgeous place with a ballroom for every nationality.

Everyone seemed amused at us. Next day we went down the street and people laughed at us openly! Suddenly Mrs. Morrison discovered the reason.

German women do not use make-up, and Mrs. Morrison had just been to the most fashionable salon in London to get the very newest notions. No, I do not admire the German idea!

And everyone in Berlin was wearing uniform. If they did not belong to any trade or club that sponsored some particular dress, they wore Nazi uniform. At a meeting of surgeons at our hotel—the leading medics of the country, mark you—they all wore Nazi uniforms! Good heavens, there are shops selling nothing else but Nazi uniforms. That word "Nazi" simply pervades the atmosphere.

NEW YORK, and oh! what hospitality. A gorgeous Cadillac limousine met us at the boat complete with colored chauffeur, a dear old Southern dorkie, who spoke in a soft sing-song drawl. One day I commented on the gleaming car. He replied, "Yaas, Suh, Ah shure gave it a bath!"

We stayed at the Edgewater Beach apartments in the famous Paul Whitman's flat. In fact, we slept in Paul Whitman's bed. The morning after our arrival a paper was slipped under our door. On it was printed, "We are under police protection," and a list of all the best known drinks—alcoholic!

Mr. Peer, one of the biggest music publishers in America—the limousine and Henry, the colored chauffeur, belonged to him—look me to the Athletic Club, the most exclusive club in New York. Here there are facilities for every kind of sport and physical culture, and so on.

But listen to this—there are special ultra-violet ray rooms, and the young bloods recline at ease on luxurious beds wearing colored glasses, while the said rays impart a glorious coat of tan, that "he-man look," you know.



IT IS now a mere truisim to remark that women are taking their place side by side with men. Rapidly they are becoming the "bosses" of the social system.—H. G. Wells.

Prize of 10/- to Mrs. Trousdale, 183 Mitchell St., Stockton, N.S.W.

ON LOOKING back, I think my marriage was the greatest move I ever made in my life.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

IF SHE remains unmarried, the life of a normal woman, no matter how busy she be, has dark corners that few achievements can wholly fill.—Temple Thurston.

THERE'S NOTHING in this talk that two can live cheaper than one! A good wife doubles a man's expenses and doubles his happiness, and that's a pretty good investment if a fellow's got the money to invest.—From "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son."

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Let's Talk Of
**INTERESTING
PEOPLE . . .**



MISS BEATRICE MOORE

MISS BEATRICE MOORE, a senior student at Wesley College, who is a tall, attractive brunette, says that her "perfect man" must be tall, curly-headed, and good looking. Among other things, Miss Moore says that he should not drink too much, just a little drop now and again. Her "perfect man," she later explains, must be a good lover, but not too sentimental. Lastly, but not least, he must have a fair bit of money.

We hope Miss Moore finds her "perfect man," but should this man exist, he must surely be greatly in demand.



MISS CARLOTTA DOYLE

THERE is one club at least in Sydney where neither position nor money will make you eligible for membership, and that is the Women's Pioneer Society. To the descendants of the early Australian settlers only will the doors be opened.

Miss Carlotta Doyle, who founded the club in 1929, and who still holds office of honorary secretary, comes, on her father's side, from two old Scottish and Irish families—the Macdougalls and the Doyles. The former arrived here in 1798, and the latter in 1803. Her mother was the eldest daughter of a French Viscount.

Miss Doyle and four other women discussed the club's beginnings on June 7, 1929. The second meeting was held three weeks later, and to this came 50, and within the year 350 names were on the club's register.



MRS. A. H. AUSTIN

TO country people the activities of the Travelers' Aid Society has a special appeal, for there is not one long-distance train that comes into Sydney station that is not met by a member of this organisation. Mrs. A. H. Austin is the honorary secretary. During the last year 2470 persons (women and children mostly) were given assistance either in the way of finding friends who turned up late, or finding the right sort of boarding-house. It will be seen that this offshoot of 21 women's organisations deserves all the help in the way of voluntary contributions it is possible to give.

Mrs. Austin's big ambition is that the society should be made more use of. Parents and guardians in the country are urged to send word when young people are coming to the city, and this advance notice would mean quick recognition of the traveller, and remove all anxiety on the part of those left behind.

HANDS That SPEAK Around the GREEN TABLE



MORE people follow the game of cards than any other sort of game. It offers escape from boredom, and a point of contact between people. But the greatest charm lies in the ever-changing combination of cards, and the opportunity to do things when a good hand is dealt.

At the moment, as card fashion has it, every corner of the world has people fervently studying the rules of auction or contract.

A good "bridge hand" improves when the cards are held by an attractive hand. Experts in the game know how to interpret the hands of their co-players. Hands divulge more character than their owners would like to admit. Bridge hands, like bridge faces, would like to retain their secrets. But can they?

Shuffling and dealing can be done in a cool, reserved way, but the picking up of the cards invariably betrays the owner to those who can read the signs.

In no other place are feminine hands brought into such close competition as on the low, green table. A row of well-played tricks cannot compensate for badly-kept fingernails or red and chapped hands.

Beauty in hands is no longer measured in mere Dresden china loveliness, but all hands can express beauty and personality if given a chance. Give them a chance to be eloquent.

Modern hands are busy, of course, but modern inventions have freed them from the slavery of household tasks. Long-handled mops and brushes, gentle suds, and warm water have changed the daily dish washings. Too much hard soap and hot water on the hands steals away the natural oils.

House-cleaning jobs and gardening can be done while wearing rubber or thick canvas gloves.

Canning and jam making are still enemies of hand beauty, but one can use more care in keeping the hands free from the staining juice of fruit by the use of racks, tongs, and pitting and scraping devices.

The cuticle should be pushed back gently every day, the tips cleaned and filed if necessary. The generous use of hand lotion will do wonders in keeping the hands soft and white. Most lotions



have a delicate fragrance which also counteracts the food or cleaning odors which may cling to the hands.

And when you feel yourself back-sliding in the daily care of the hands, spend 2/6 on a professional manicure and watch how it sets you up.

Remember that upon healthy nails and cared-for fingers depend your assurance in grasping and holding. And success, whether in life or at bridge, goes to those who know how to grasp and hold with firmness and assurance.

It's no use having a poker face at the little green table if your hands tell all your secrets—and they do! This fascinating article will surprise most women. It's different—not only for its worldly wisdom but for the helpful little hints it gives on bridge as well as beauty.



"FLAP-JACKS,"

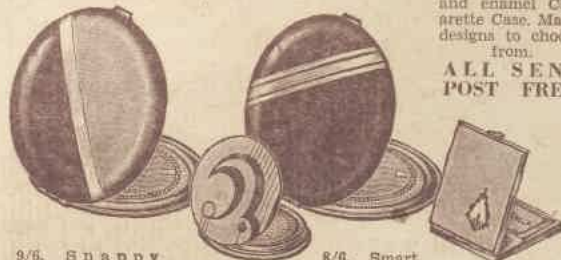
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7/6. Dainty "Flap-Jack" of chrom-um finish and coloured enamel.

8/6. Smart "Flap-Jack" of chrom-um finish and pretty enamel.

6/6. Charming Powder Compact of gilt and enamel.

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EXOTIC Dinner DECORATIONS

QUAINT CACTUS Finds PLACE at LAST

CACTUS has a weird fascination, and now it has come so much into fashion that it has been adopted for table decoration.

New York millionaires, tired of floral arrangements, find stimulation in the decorative value of these quaintly-shaped bad fairies of the flower world.

As a rule the dwarf specimens are chosen for indoors. These resemble in miniature the prickly cactus that everyone knows. A cactus plant does not attract the average woman, but Thea Pro-

tor and Adrian Peint, two of our well-known artists, enjoy using them for their patterned pictures.

Before the craze became general in the capitals of Europe and the United States, Mr. Herbert Solomon, who is well known as a cultivator of orchids and other exotic flowers, had planned a garden of cactus.



When he gave a dinner to a few friends from England he arranged his dining table in the novel manner shown in the picture. Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Macdonald, visitors from overseas, and Mr. Moreton Anderson, were the guests of honor.

Mrs. Herbert Solomon and her daughter, Olga (now Madame Cecchino Bellonita) were also guests.

MODERN PIONEERING by UNEMPLOYED FAMILIES

To provide homes for families whose weekly anguish is the rap of the rent-collector at the door while the children are underfed and inadequately clothed, and to give them some standard of independence and security, savors slightly of a Utopian dream.

Utopian in so far that it has not yet been the fortune of any Government machinery to carry such a dream to reality, but practical, surely, if the right spirit of humanitarianism is at the back of it, and if the Hammond Pioneer Home Trust ideals are accorded the help and sympathy they ask for.

ALDERMAN JENNINGS, M.P., speaking to the Randwick Council, said that conditions existing in camps on our public areas and Crown lands were such as had been undreamed of a few years ago, and that they called for immediate action. That people should have to live in this way, he considered, was a blot on the finest city in the Southern Hemisphere—no domestic facilities or family life; no drainage, with every discomfort. Such an environment, he declared, created an atmosphere in which revolt against our economic system was easy.

That such conditions should obtain in a country like ours is a harsh indictment, and one which every man and woman who has the interest of the community at heart should strain every effort to overcome.

That bad conditions exist in other countries in times of depression we all recognise, but it comes as a shock to most of us to realise that they are present in our own midst, and that what little is being done to alleviate them is, after all, so little that the results are almost negligible.

Pioneer Homes Scheme

Recently, Canon Hammond, who, with ex-Senator George Foeter, has been hammering away at the foundation of his Pioneer Home Trust Scheme, asked the Government for a loan of £10,000 for a period of years, with which sum he undertook to settle 100 families. What reception his request met with is obscure, and its success or failure is probably still on the knees of the gods.

The Hammond scheme does not aim at providing luxuries for its settlers, who

will need all the spirit of the pioneers to make the project fruitful. The objective is to provide a real opportunity to families of acquiring their own homes, and with them the security of possession.

Meantime, at Hammondville, in the Liverpool district, eighteen homes have already been erected and are in occupation, and five additional houses are in course of construction, making a total of 23. Each home is placed in an acre of ground.



Canon Hammond, founder of the scheme.

This ground is not intended as an attempt to show the people how to grow for profit. Its aim is to assist people on the dole to supplement their food supplies with the vegetables so necessary to the health of children. In addition, there is the opportunity for keeping a few fowls.

Visitors to Hammondville have commented on the healthy appearance of the youngsters in residence. The pinched look so common in the city and inner suburbs is absent, and gratification has been expressed by medical men on the healthy appearance of the community. Members of the Institute of Architects and of the Master Builders' Association have also complimented the Trust on the excellent quality of buildings, etc.

Wives, whose families have been on the dole, and to whose lot it has fallen

WHILE politicians are deliberating, economists studying long rows of figures, social workers decrying the evil results of bad housing, the work at Hammondville is progressing slowly but surely.

Eighteen houses have been erected, but 100 are needed to establish this colony for unemployed families.

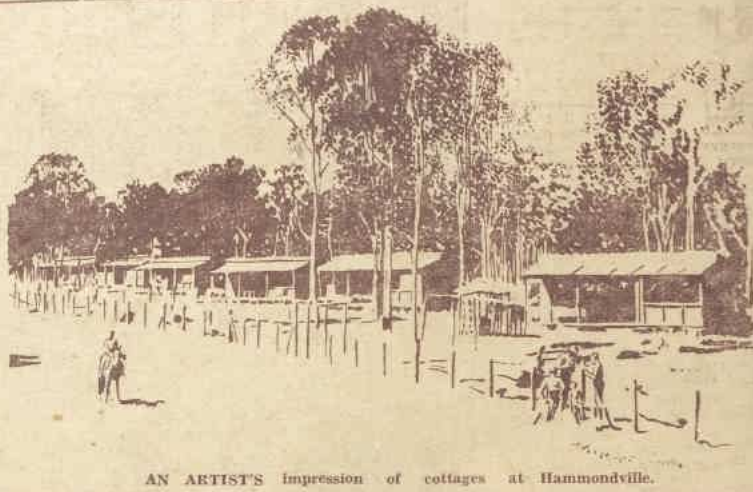
to meet the rent-man and the trades-people, look forward to the development of the Hammond Pioneer Home Trust

Scheme, with what feelings of hope it may easily be imagined. In so many cases, the husband can get away from the house and its constant nerve-racking problems, but the woman carries her burdens from one week on to the other without relief.

It is to such women, too numerous in the present condition of prevailing financial stress, that a scheme such as this would prove a Heaven-sent boon, and those of us who have sympathy to spare can whole-heartedly wish Canon Hammond and his co-workers all the success which their untiring and unselfish efforts for the good of the people deserve.

INEXPLICABLE

I never look upon a child
Upon its mother's breast,
So innocent, so undefiled,
The blessing, and the blest,
I never look and can believe
The child can ever be
A man to make a woman grieve,
Or woman such as he.
I never look upon a man,
A man of greed or sin,
The features of a woman scan
And see the wrong within,
I never look and can believe
The guilty or defiled,
However either may deceive,
Has ever been a child.



AN ARTIST'S impression of cottages at Hammondville.

Lovely Ladies of the Economic Conference

Women of 66 Nations

By NELL MURRAY, Special Representative in Europe of The Australian Women's Weekly.

LONDON.

Some of the most charming cosmopolitan women in the world are gathered together in London as the result of the Economic Conference.

The womenfolk belonging to the delegates of 66 nations have brought more than a dash of exotism, exciting atmosphere to London's social season.

SOME of the most lovely and cultured among them are, of course, already prominent in London society. The wives of the various Ministers of foreign powers stationed in London number among them women who are noted as brilliant hostesses. Among the most prominent are Mme de Ayala (wife of the Spanish Ambassador), Mme Regis de Oliveira (wife of the Brazilian Ambassador), Baroness Palmstierna (wife of the Swedish Minister), Mme Matsudaira (wife of the Japanese Ambassador), and Mme van Swinderen (wife of the Dutch Minister).

At the all-women dinner party given by Miss Isabel MacDonald, at the Dorchester Hotel (the first social function which the women visitors attended), all these hostesses were busy making introductions between the newcomers and the wives of British politicians who had been invited to meet them. Dark-eyed Spanish and Italian women mingled with fair-haired Swedes and Danes; East met West when dainty Chinese and Japanese wives conversed with soignée French and American women.

Miss Ishbel, dressed modestly in black, had arranged a simple menu for her guests. After grape fruit, consommé, cold salmon, chicken, and strawberry ice, they all went on to Grosvenor House to listen to the speeches at the Government's official banquet to the delegates.

Seated above on the balcony, in their gleaming silks and satins and iridescent chiffons, they made a charming picture.

How do the charming visitors spend their days? They do not bother their pretty heads much about politics, but are out and about in Mayfair—buying lovely frocks, luncheon at the smartest restaurants, attending theatre matinees.

This week, Annet has claimed many, and Bond Street dressmakers are working overtime turning out race-frock confections for them. One of the sights of London now is to line up at the portals of any of London's big hotels—the Dorchester, Claridge's, the Savoy, Grosvenor House, The Mayfair, and the Ritz, all have big contingents of delegate guests—and watch the coming and going of the conference visitors.

At the Savoy, if you are lucky, you will catch a glimpse of Mme Georges Bonnet (wife of the French Minister of Finance) a Parisienne who has already attracted much attention on account of her smart frocking and vivid personality. Madame is tall and dark and attractive—the kind of woman you would imagine instinctively as the centre of a great political salon.

At Claridge's you will find Mrs. Cordell Hull (wife of the United States

Secretary of State), equally impressive in a different way. She is a good many years younger than her husband, who is in the early sixties, and known as somewhat of an intellectual recluse. Mrs. Hull is thoroughly cosmopolitan, and knows Europe well; she comes of an aristocratic family in Virginia; she has a reserved, unpretentious manner, and has long been famed for her tact and charm as a hostess in Washington. In common with most American women, Mrs. Hull dresses well—but she does not care to follow the extreme fashions sometimes set by Paris.

Another beauty—also to be found at Claridge's—is Mile Maria Loverdos, the 20-year-old daughter of the Greek Finance Minister. She will tell you, in her charming broken English, that she is enchanted with the shops; that since her arrival she has launched out and bought clothes of a type that are never worn by Greek girls at home, where all young folk are strictly chaperoned. House pyjamas, for instance, are unknown to them. But Mile Maria has indulged in several pairs of them in brightly-colored silks, and intends taking others back to Athens as gifts to surprise her girl friends.

An Unusual Dresser

Different again is Frau Krogmann, wife of the president of the Hamburg Government. Here is the German type of "wife-and-mother" which Hitler is keen to encourage under the Nazi regime. Frau Krogmann is the mother of three children, although she looks no more than 25. She is not interested in the emancipation of women, or in feminism—but one thing that arouses her wholehearted enthusiasm is the new regime in Germany.

Two of China's most interesting women have come to London for the conference. They are Mrs. T. V. Soong (whose husband is China's chief delegate) and Mrs. Pei Tsu-yea (wife of the manager of the Government Bank of China).

Mrs. Soong, before her marriage, was the sister of the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen, and met her future husband while he was acting as secretary to the great man.

Mrs. Pei Tsu-yea is no stranger to London, for it was here she spent her honeymoon, after spending several years in Montparnasse, the artists' quarter of Paris, where she was studying.

London women are very interested in the frocks she wears—for they are a mixture of Eastern and Western ideas, and were specially designed by herself to suit her personality. Made of figured rich silks from China, they follow the prevailing slim line that is popular in London and Paris, but reach in tube fashion from neck to well below the ankle. The skirt is slit on each side, and the neck finished with a little stand-up collar—a touch of China! The waist is trimly belted, and with such a frock Mrs. Pei Tsu-yea wears high-heeled sandal slippers, and the latest idea from Paris in tilted saucer hats!

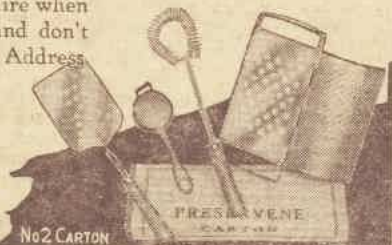
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GEORGE BANNISTER, who sought nothing but a peaceful hour, and who accordingly sat in the park alone, stooped, and from the grass picked up a key. Attached to it was a little disc announcing that, should this key ever be lost, the finder would receive five shillings reward if he returned it to a certain agency in the city, where it was registered.

Now as George was always prepared to earn an honest penny, he went to the address referred to, and here a spectacled boy, the last left in the office, rather grudgingly consulted files and ledgers, only to shake his head. The owner of this key had failed to pay the year's subscription; the promise to provide any reward had lapsed; and all that the spectacled boy could do was, as a friend to give George the name and address of the owner, which by the rules of the office he probably was not entitled to do, but he would risk it.

Now had the name been Solomon Isaacs, George might have put the

By
Hylton Cleaver

key in an envelope and posted it without a stamp; whereas the name was Miss June Chetworth. George conjured up the smile of personal gratitude which he was likely to receive, and thought it might be worth the journey, for it's a curious thing that when a name is attractive to the ear, no man imagines it possibly belonging to anybody old or plain.

ALITTLE later George therefore stood on the top landing in the first block of the modestly appointed flats known as Rowley Mansions, waiting for an answer to his knock and ring, and prepared to return this key with the right air of elegance.

But there was no answer, and having thus reached dead-end, George stood and pondered. At last he pushed the key into the lock and left it to hang where the owner would quickly see it on her return. Had he been the possessor of a piece of chalk he might, too, have drawn an arrow diagonally across the door, indicating the key, and signing it: "With love from George"; he might even have added a quick sketch of himself to satisfy the lady's curiosity.

However, he had no chalk, and he was accordingly about to turn away when from inside that flat a telephone bell began to ring, and its regular "burr-burr" commanding and unobeyed, beat with persistence on what had hitherto been silence.

George stood listening to it sympathetically.

June Chetworth was out; supposing she had discovered the loss of her key and was in a state of panic; no doubt she did not live here alone and was anxious to find out whether anybody was here, to leave another key under the mat, or to let her in when she arrived. And, most unfortunately for her, there was nobody at home to answer; it was simply a possibility, but he thought that if it was June Chetworth, the kindest thing he could do was to answer the call and reassure her; also, he would have the chance of quite an amusing chat with her, which would compensate him for his otherwise fruitless journey.

For a few moments George hesitated, but he realised that very shortly the bell would cease ringing and his chance of adventure would be gone. Bravely he turned the key and let himself in; the telephone was on a little table by the hat-stand; he removed the receiver and said:

"Hallo!"

Distinctly to his disappointment, he was answered by a man's voice, and he immediately gathered that this man was just as disappointed to hear George.

"Hallo, hullo, is that Abercorn 902?"

George took a quick look at the office on the instrument and nodded.

"Yes, yes, it is."

The man was still incredulous. Well, who's that, isn't Miss Chetworth there? Miss Chetworth?"

"Well, as a matter of fact," said George, then checked with a sudden violent start; he turned dramatically to look across his shoulder, a room-door down the passage had opened to his extreme astonishment, and now a girl was moving menacingly along the passage towards him! This, moreover, was the most intriguing thing about her; she was wrapped in a dressing gown, and round her head were two towels in heavy turban fashion.

"Who," she said as she neared his



She was intriguingly pretty, and the color of her hair was—?

Illustrated
by
Boothroyd

side, "on earth are you?"

George clapped a hand over the mouthpiece of the telephone, rose from his chair and turned in embarrassment.

"I thought no one was in. I must explain... meanwhile there's somebody here who wants you."

"Hang up... ring off... Quick... hang up the receiver."

Half-heartedly, George did so. And it was difficult to say at that particular moment which of them had the pinker cheeks. What was quite definite was that George, who was certainly the larger, felt insignificantly small.

"What," said the girl with deadly insistence, "are you doing in this flat?"

Said George with hope: "Are you Miss Chetworth?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Well, then, I've found your door-key. I found it in the park. I went along to the address given, and as they wouldn't give me the five bob, I brought it here myself."

"Well, you can't get five bob from me," said she; "I'm afraid I haven't got fivepence."

With a pucker in her brow the girl came a little closer.

"Where is this key?"

"I put it in the door. In fact that's how I let myself in. I had a premonition that it might be you ringing up to ask whether anyone was here to let you in and I thought it would be a comfort if I answered it and said that I was."

With the key in her hand, she continued to frown for a little while before looking up at him again. But before she could speak the telephone began to ring a second time, and she made a movement of command:

"Don't answer this time."

"I'm sorry. Don't you want to speak to him?"

"No. And, as far as that goes, I didn't even want him to know that I was in. Which is precisely why I didn't answer you when you knocked."

George hesitated. "I say... I hope I haven't got you out of bed with the 'flu or something."

She frowned prettily. "You don't imagine I sleep like this? I was simply washing my hair. It was a man on the phone, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was a man all right."

"With a deep voice?"

"Yes."

George stroked his chin; he cocked one eyebrow.

"I suppose," he said, "I've put my foot in it, have I?"

She sighed. "It simply happens to be somebody who wanted me to go out this afternoon. I kept on saying I was already going out somewhere else, but I'm sure he didn't believe me, and now that he's spoken to you he'll imagine you're here to tea."

"Didn't you tell him you were going to wash your hair?"

"I didn't decide to do it until just now. I had a feeling that he might come round, and so I thought that would be a very good excuse for not answering the door; and then dashed if you... a perfect stranger... don't appear here with a key and let yourself in as large as life, and answer him yourself."

"I'm really very sorry."

She rested her cheek in her hand for a moment, then altered the position of the towels about her head, as if hoping to produce a rather more becoming appearance.

"I shouldn't be surprised if he comes round now in person. He'll say he supposed it was a burglar, but that won't be what he really thinks."

"Shall I be off, then?"

"No," she said, definitely, "having committed me so far, it'll be much more helpful if you show yourself."

She turned to look crossly at the telephone; the bell was still ringing with exasperating persistence, and she put her hands to her ears for a moment and gave an irritated shake of the head.

"Shall I just lift off the receiver," said George, "and leave it?"

"No. He'll hear everything we say."

"Well, shall I answer, and pretend it's a different number?"

"No, if he wants to come round, let him."

"Well," he said, "after all, the easiest way is to tell the truth."

"The truth," said she, "is always very easy to tell, but I can assure you it is not so easy to believe. This is actually a coincidence. Only it looks as if it were nothing of the sort." She sighed, and turned. The telephone at last stopped ringing.

George folded his arms upon his chest and looked like a general on the eve of battle.

All KEYED Up

fying George by this time was the unaffected and friendly way in which she was discussing with him this unfortunate predicament. She was dissembling neither dismay nor blame; she was not particularly embarrassed about her present attire; she was behaving as naturally as if on a summer holiday they had found one another on the same raft and had not bothered about an introduction. Which was really very sensible of her.

George, spotting a new development, remarked, "You live here with your aunt?"

"Having told you so much, I suppose," she said, "I had better not leave anything more to your imagination. The plain truth is that the man you spoke to on the telephone is an old sweetheart of my aunt's. She's not a very old aunt, you know. There's been a sort of idea that he should marry her after all. And lately the worst has happened."

"In what respect?"

"He seems to have been paying more attention to me."

George looked at her carefully; he pursed his lips, and by changing his expression to one of definite sympathy contrived to display intelligent understanding at last.

"And that," said she, "is really very silly of him. Because he's really quite nice, but much too old for me, and just the right age for my aunt. She wants to marry him and I don't, and yet I don't want to offend him... and so what with one thing and the other, if you don't stay he won't believe me ever when I say who you were; and if you do stay and tell him the truth yourself it still doesn't explain my being home to wash my hair and yet not answering the telephone."

George was inclined to agree, and he had opened his mouth to do so, when he stopped, for a loud summons was being banged on the door of the flat already, and they both stood looking fixedly along the passage.

Quietly George put out his hand: "Don't answer it!"

She turned, and with her head quite close to his, she whispered: "Supposing he tells the police that some man answered him and it must be a burglar, and then the police break in?"

"They," he returned, "will look singularly futile when they find me."

"And we," she whispered, "shall have to pay for the damages, out of money we haven't got, because he'll go off in a huff and will never see my aunt again."

After only the briefest interval, that knocking recommenced, and it was quite clear now that whoever was at the door intended to get in.

The girl let her arms fall to her

FUTILITY?

I love to see the billows Yet billows breaking on
roll the sands
Upon the beach, the Of centuries have built
ocean's soul our lands,
In every breaking wave Have brought the seed,
expressed, have brought the soil,
The sea's perpetual un- All things that presently
rest, prevail.
How like a life!—how like For not in vain the bil-
the sea lows break,
The surges of eternity. For grain by grain the
Blown by the winds upon shore they make,
the beach, With an infinitude of toil
Burns backward as their Bring soil to rocks, and
goal they reach. seed to soil.



told him quite definitely that I was going out, and if he finds that really I stayed in to wash my hair, which was something I could easily have put off, he won't be pleased about that, will he?"

"Would it be impertinent to ask," said George, "whether you mind what he thinks? You didn't want to go out with him this afternoon, and in that case, why worry?"

"I'm afraid you don't understand." "I don't understand," George agreed, "why, if he thinks you are out, he troubles to ring up at all."

"Because either he doesn't believe me, or else he wants to complain to my aunt."

One thing that was really grati-

side, like weary wings, then she appeared to make up her mind, and with only one little sigh walked pluckily down the passage and opened the door.

A man stepped resolutely past her and looked into the flat.

He was a man of middle age and some experience of the world, whose grey hair gave him the look of a bare fifty years. If that, his appearance suggested the command of a battalion. He closed the door behind him and stood with his back to it; then he removed his hat, and raising one finger, he indicated George:

"Who's he?"

"A friend of mine," replied Miss Chetworth.

(Continued on Page 6)

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Miss Preston Stanley, ex-M.L.A., Discusses Why WOMEN Have FAILED in POLITICS

ALTHOUGH Australia practically pioneered the enfranchisement of women, there is only one woman member of an elected house in all the seven Australian Parliaments at the present time. This is Miss May Holman, of Western Australia.

Miss Preston Stanley, the first and only woman to be elected to Parliament in N.S.W., gives her opinion of the reasons for the apparent political failure of women in politics in the following article.

By M. PRESTON STANLEY

AUSTRALIA and New Zealand were among the pioneer countries in extending the franchise to women, and were wont to be held up as examples of the progressive spirit to older and more conservative nations, but it is noteworthy that to-day the women of these older countries are strikingly in advance of us politically.

The world is justified in asking "Why?"

Yes, why, indeed, should countries that were in the "van of progress" in political emancipation be at the "rear of progress" now that women have been emancipated for more than a quarter of a century?

The questions that naturally present themselves to us are:—

To what extent are women themselves responsible for this?

Are Australian male voters more prejudiced than the males of other countries?

Is our political backwardness due to some national prejudice peculiar to Australia?

There was never a greater truth than that "those who would be free, themselves must strike the blow." This applies with equal force to achievement as to the removal of some condition of slavery. In some very definite sense, Australian women must hold themselves personally responsible for their backwardness politically, since they have the power to secure direct political representation, and fail to achieve it.

Not that the Australian woman is any less intelligent than her sister abroad, but in the mass she is better off, and has, therefore, not had the same occasion to think her way through her

problems, and, by so doing, to acquire that knowledge of economics and politics necessary to evolve to any considerable extent strong, independent, political thinkers.

Another direct result of her comparatively good economic position is that she is to some extent lacking in that political consciousness that is developed from contact with practical politics, and may be regarded as a condition precedent to the attainment of that unity among women necessary to encourage the woman candidate to stand for political honors, and to ensure a reasonable measure of support for her at the polls from the women of her own political party.

One of the reasons for this may be found in the fact that the franchise having been secured too easily by the majority of us, is not sufficiently valued.

It is incontestable, that that which we do not pay for either in money, effort, or service, we do not sufficiently prize.

It must be acknowledged, too, that the Australian woman has never set a high value upon the vote, nor upon activity in the political field, in such a way as to secure those ends which would give her political prestige and status, and obtain for her that powerful position in the political affairs of



MISS M. PRESTON STANLEY.

the nation which is so striking a feature of the countries where she has but lately become enfranchised.

What woman aspirant for political honors in Australia has not found herself up against that formidable force, the psychological mistrust of her own sex, which can have its roots only in a lamentable lack of understanding of the purpose, and the power of the vote.

It must be admitted that one of the major reasons for our political backwardness in Australia rests with women themselves, though there are, happily, many, many notable, even splendid exceptions.

Sex Prejudice

On the question of sex prejudice. It has been my experience certainly that the majority of Australian men are prejudiced against women in politics, but, then, women are prejudiced against their own sex, too, and with less justification—so we must not complain if our men follow our example.

When the Australian woman really determines to take her place in the politics of this nation, she will be irresistible, she will desire success, she will plan for success, she will achieve success.

Historically, we have always been "the suspected sex," but since women are able by their numbers and their intelligence to determine their own status politically, why should we try to blame men, if we fail?

When women know what they want, and organise intelligently to get it, it is

POINTS MADE BY MISS STANLEY:

Lack of political consciousness on the part of women rather than sex prejudice is responsible for the failure of women in the political sphere.

Women need greater support from their own sex, a greater belief and faith in their own powers in order to make them come forward and take their place in our legislature.

within their reach, whatever the men think about it.

Granted, it is not a sound principle, that a woman should support a woman in politics merely because she is a woman. Conversely, it must be even more unsound for a woman not to support a woman just because she is a woman in politics, or in any other field, for which she is intellectually equipped.

All that the thoughtful woman citizen asks is that she shall not be penalised or excluded from politics, or any other field, merely because she is a woman.

Is our political backwardness due to some national prejudice peculiar to Australia? I should say that has nothing to do with the case.

Our weaknesses are in ourselves—in our prejudices against each other, not in men's prejudices against us.

It is to women we must look for woman's advancement; then Australia will no doubt accord us as high a place in the politics of our nation as our achievements justify.

All KEYED UP

(Continued from Page 5)

"DID he answer the telephone just now?"

"He did, yes, once."

"Then why," said the other, "didn't he answer it the second time after I'd been cut off?"

Miss Chetworth seemed to be screwing up her courage.

"Because," she said, "I told him not to."

"Oh? And may I ask why?"

"Because I thought you would be very angry with me for staying in to wash my hair, after you'd asked me out and I had said I couldn't go. And so I said... 'Don't answer it.'"

She stood waiting for her punishment. George was seized with an innate desire to move across and take his stand protectively beside her.

"You're honest anyway," said the other, and turned next to consider George. "And who are you?"

It seemed to George that honesty was going to pay.

"I," he said, "found the key of this flat... I took it to the registration people, and as they wouldn't give me the five bob..."

"Where did you find a key?"

"In the park," said George. "On the grass by a seat."

"Well, you seem able to speak the truth, too," said the other. "And so I really can't see what all the mystery is about. If only you had said on the phone that you had found the thing, that's all I wanted to know."

"That's all you wanted to know?" the girl replied strangely.

"Your aunt lost her key, and got into a state, and I said that no doubt she'd left it at home; I simply rang up to ask whether it was here."

"But you didn't know I should be in."

"I didn't, my dear child, but your aunt did."

"And she told you?"

"You see," said George, "I let myself in with the sole object of answering the phone to say so..."

but...

"Where is June?" interrupted the girl. Out crept George's eyebrows.

"Aren't you June Chetworth?"

"No, no. My name's Marjorie. June's my aunt..." She turned to the older man. "Where is she now?"

"At the bottom of the stairs" was

the reply, "waiting to see what man this is."

Marjorie moved forward.

"Well," she said helplessly, "if you were going out with June already, why did you want to go out with me?"

"Simply to have a long talk with you," said the other, "about your future. I wish to marry your aunt, and I don't want you to be homeless as a result. I've tried several times to get you to come out alone so that I could talk to you before I said anything definite to June; but you wouldn't come, and now June says you're a funny girl like that, and I must say I agree. However, I've had it all out with June and everything's settled. The fact is," he added sharply, "women have an extraordinary habit of crying when they are happy, and it was evidently when June started fumbling for her handkerchief that she pulled her key out with it."

Marjorie was looking cheekily apologetic.

"At any rate," said the other man, "now that I've found the key, you certainly need not wait up this evening."

George, with a brief cough, shyly attracted attention himself.

"Ah... or... Marjorie Chetworth may not be in herself," said he; "I think she was coming out this evening with me."

The man gesticulated.

"That's no affair of mine."

The door closed after the gray-haired gentleman, and George grimaced.

"By some strange oversight," he said, "he and I were never introduced."

"I don't think you and I were either," said Marjorie, with a contented sigh, "but I suppose that can be put right some time."

She looked at him with friendliness, and then her hands felt her towels again, and began to unwind one very slowly.

George kept his eyes fixed on her fingers as if fascinated.

At any moment he was really going to know at last the color of her hair.

"Well, if I am to go out after all," said Marjorie, "I'll let you decide, as a friendly gesture, what frock I am to wear. It's really a question of the color which you think goes best with red."

CHAPTER VIII

Love, and What Then?

"YOU couldn't marry me, could you," breathed Bill. "You couldn't be happy with me, could you?"

"I don't know."

"My mother would have to live with us."

"Would she?"

"But you—you couldn't love me, could you?"

"You don't love me, do you?"

"I don't know."

"It's all so strange. There's something drawing us together."

"I never troubled about a woman before. But you're so different. Oh, you're so beautiful, aren't you? I never saw anyone that I thought half as beautiful as you. Your hair is the loveliest hair I've ever seen. It's like the silk on my coat of mail."

He had put on a rough, old overcoat over his pyjamas, and it smelt of pipe smoke and cigarettes.

"You don't know how my finances are. They're pretty good. I'm worth about fifty thousand cash, and my mother will be leaving me something, too. I'd be worth a lot more only for the slump, but I've got about fifty thousand in the bank, and then I've got two farms. The other farm is in the South Island, in the Marlborough district. It's much bigger. You'd like it. We could live there."

She was listening more to his voice than to what he said. That voice was so naive, so curiously convincing. It played always on the right strings, absolutely right. For the tone of the voice was always exactly keyed to his theme, and, continuing the musical simile, she thought dreamily that, like a violin, that voice held in its timbre some ineffragable pathos.



EVE'S Daughter

SYNOPSIS. LILIAN, a beautiful English painter, who has come to New Zealand to paint a new country and forget the great griefs that had befallen her in the old world. Twice married, first to Olaf Carstairs, then to Peter Desmond; both husbands had been killed in the war. She thought she had done with love for ever. In New Zealand she meets the Ewings and stays with them.

OLD MRS. EWING, a simple soul, who doesn't like servants about the place, and does all the work herself.

BILL EWING, her son, a wealthy landowner and ex-soldier, who falls madly in love with the golden-haired Englishwoman staying at his homestead. He grows terrified at the thought of losing her, and he finds himself imploring her to stay on as his wife.

Illustrated
by
WEP

"I suppose fifty thousand don't seem much to you?"

"Me!"

"You've been used to luxuries."

"I've often lived on the smell of an old rag," said Lilian.

"You look as if you were used to the best."

"I've never had fifty pounds to throw away in my life."

"What was your husband?"

"My second husband was a painter, like myself, only in water colors. We made enough to dress on, and laugh on. My first husband didn't do anything. He didn't have to. He was in the Flying Corps. He was killed the first time he went out. But none of us

in my set ever had money. Nobody I knew ever did have money. I'm a real Bohemian, I'm afraid."

"Aren't you English? You're not Austrian, surely to God!"

"Austrian! What are you talking about? I'm British through and through. My father was a worthy British baronet. My brothers were killed in the War, and everything went elsewhere. There never was any money any-how. But my blood is all right. I got a little money as a war widow, just enough to live on if I live like a sparrow. In a word, I'm poor. I nearly always have been poor, and I've never met anybody nice yet that wasn't poor."

She laughed, and added: "Present company always excepted." Then she shivered.

"Come into the kitchen and I'll make you some tea. What have you got on you? Just that thin wrapper—Here! have a coat!"

He took down an army brown that was hanging in the hall, and she slipped into it gracefully.

His eyes watched her all the time.

His glance devoured her.

Mingled with his passionate liking for her prettiness was utter amazement that he had not discovered that prettiness the first time he saw her.

Deep in his heart a voice kept saying now: "Her yellow hair like silk—her yellow hair like maize." And then the voice said pitifully: "Oh, I don't want her to leave me."

Then suddenly he turned into a king. He became ruler over things. With swiftness he poked out the ashes, crushed in a newspaper, laid in a crossed network of Manuka twigs and a few little sticks, and striking a match, set fire to his pile. The fire obeyed him. It blazed up, and he closed the upper part of the grate, leaving the lower part open for a draught to feed the fire. Then he emptied a kettle into a sink, refilled it with fresh water, and put it over the blaze.

He knew exactly how to do it all.

He found a little brown tea-pot, and lifted down a caddy of tea. He emptied the tea-pot into a colander, washed it, and poured in some hot water. He put

the tea-pot on the stove for a while. He took a loaf from a biscuit tin and some butter from a Japanese cooler, and with his carving knife cut thin slices of bread and butter. He found the sugar basin, milk jug, two cups, saucers, spoons, and a little tray, and while he did these things he seemed unconscious that a yellow-haired woman sat watching all his movements. He paddled about in bare feet. His hair head was all dishevelled. He wore pyjamas under a ragged, black overcoat.

The woman who watched him was thinking strange thoughts. She was

"A woman as pretty as you has always got the chance to be mercenary."

thinking that none of her poor men in England would have dared to look as poor as this rich man in his poor old kitchen, and none of her poor women would have dared to wear such an awful nightgown as the rich old lady in the next room.

Were they really poor, her friends in far-off London? Or were they really rich? And was it Bill and his mother who were really poor? Fifty thousand pounds in the bank and two rich farms, he had said. But you couldn't see it. You couldn't feel it. You couldn't understand it. So was it? Did it exist? Did any money exist that was not being felt? She was dazed, and yet curiously wide-awake, and the wide-awake part of her mind kept bidding her notice how confident this man was when he came to do things—snapping the sticks over his knee, cracking the twigs in his fingers, making the fire blaze, making the water boil, making the tea.

Then he came and sat down beside her.

"The tea's drawing for a moment," he said simply.

"You do light the fire well."

"I suppose I ought to. Can't you make fires?"

"No!" She shook her head.

"Can't you?"

His eyes shone at her, his lips laughed.

"You're a regular good-for-nothing," he said.

"So you see I'd never do for a country wife."

"You're too pretty for the part."

"Too stupid."

"We'll let it go at that."

But even as he spoke he stretched his arms out towards her.

He was overcome again with that longing to touch her, to bring her close.

"I'd give you anything in the world I could lay hands on," he said hoarsely.

"Don't!"

"Nothing would be good enough for you. I'd let you keep a servant if you

liked, and you could get your dresses made in Wellington."

"If I married it would be for one reason only."

"What?"

"Love."

"Could you love me?"

"You make awfully nice tea."

"Now you're playing with me like a cat with a mouse, telling me I make nice tea when I'm talking serious to you."

"Perhaps it's too serious. Let's just drink our tea now and leave the rest to fate."

"And I won't believe there is any such thing as tea unless you give it to me soon."

"Oh, I don't know what you have done to me!" he groaned. "I hate to get off this sofa from sitting beside you. I hate to take my eyes off your face. You've made me fall in love with you. Me! I never fell in love with anyone before. But I've fallen in love with you. That's it. What are you going to do about it?"

It was now, at this very moment,

men who clasped their hands, and bent their thin bodies under white wisps of drapery, and were agonised, and unconscious, though tears were streaming down their faces. He was like the young St. John in the Bargello. His face was white. Even his sunburn had disappeared, burnt up by the white heat of his passion. His mouth had lost its look of secret happiness. It expressed both sadness and determination, one emotion fighting against the other on those lips that were alternately grimly set, as in their Anzac days, on Gallipoli's cliffs, or drooping a little (or trembling a little perhaps) as never before had they trembled in the presence of any woman.

His fear was that she might go.

Then he would lose her. And if he lost her his days and nights would be empty. His future would be meaningless. His salt would be sorrowless. Everything would turn to Dead Sea fruit. The two farms, the fifty thousand pounds in the bank, the young ewes, the paddocks, the trees, the miles of fencing, the bulls and cows and calves, the improvements in the South Island homestead—what use were any of these if she were away? The thought of losing her was the most appalling sensation he had ever experienced. Never to hear that voice. Never to be looked at by those eyes like turquoises. Never to talk to her, to make fun of her, to learn from her, to tell his thoughts. Never to hold her in his arms—that lissome, boneless, silken thing.

(Continued on Page 8)

By LOUISE MACK Author of "Teens Triumphant"

that the simplicity of Bill's countenance began to vanish Lilian.

The painter in her awoke.

CHAPTER IX

She Thought of His Money

HE was like one of those grief-racked men in the background of a blue Perugino—those

AND yet, if she would not stay, he was powerless to keep her. Utterly powerless—he knew that. And he wanted to groan aloud; to howl; to give vent somehow to the awful misery aroused in him by the thought of losing her.

Suddenly the Amac in him conquered.

He jumped up. Action would save him. Action was the only salvation in the world.

He began to pour out the tea. He put in the milk and sugar. He handed her her cup, and the bread and butter. But he left her to drink her tea sitting alone on the sofa. He stood by the table and gulped his down.

"I'm going to bed," he announced curtly. "I've got sheep to dip in the morning. What are you going to do? I think my mother's all right, now."

"I'll curl up here by the fire in case she wants me."

Silently Bill began to pile on wood and coal.

"You'll remember your visit to us," he said, bitterly.

"I'll always remember it."

"Then you're really going?"

"I suppose I'll have to."

"There's no have to about it. If you don't want to have anything to do with me you can stay a few days longer now that my mother's got ill. She's liable to these turns lately."

"Who looks after her generally when she gets ill?"

"I do."

"Do you do everything for her?"

"Yes, she won't have nobody else."

"She may not like me doing things."

"She's taken to you."

"Well, of course, I'll stay if I can be of any use."

"Then you won't be going to-morrow?"

"Not if your mother wants me to stay."

EVE'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 7)

"You go to sleep now. I'll fetch your blankets and mattress in here."

When he came back she had risen. She stood looking into the fire. Her golden head was turned away.

She said, looking into the fire, "Let's be absolutely honest with each other, shall we?"

"I am honest!"

"I'll try to be. Just now I was considering, and I thought of your money. Among other things, I thought of your money."

"You'd be foolish if you didn't."

"I mean, I let your money weigh with me."

"Well, of course you did."

"I said to myself, that because you had lots of money a woman ought to marry you."

"Well, I wouldn't expect a woman to be such a fool as to marry a man without her's got the means to keep her."

"You don't think it matters, then, that I was thinking of your means?"

"It would matter to you if you didn't think about them. Isn't that what my money's for, to be thought about? What's the harm in thinking that it's there when it is there?"

"But supposing I thought more of your means than of you?"

"My means are more important than me. I wouldn't be important at all if I didn't have any means. But my money would be just as important without me to own it."

"But if I thought only of your means, and not of you at all?"

"You wouldn't do that?"

"But I did."

"I didn't think you were mercenary."

"Perhaps I never got the chance to be mercenary before."

"A woman as pretty as you has always got the chance to be mercenary."

Lilian experienced a strange sensation. It was as though she kept sinking into unknown depths, and every time she sank, she landed upon a rock which pushed her up high and dry into the air again, so that she could look round, and see everything as it was.

Every time she landed upon a rock, and that rock was his common sense. It was common sense supreme. Common sense triumphant, empirical, staking like a Caesar over everything fanciful and false. Common sense founded on a lifetime's knowledge of facts always, proving themselves before the squatter's eyes. For, on these facts, rested life or death. If the drought persisted, the sheep must perish. If he did not rush out and beat down the fire, his trees would be ruined. If a woman married a man without means she might taste misery. Without the plough, the axe, the spade, the draught horse, the rain, the sun, shelter, water, minerals, wood, grass, you could never make a farm. Without shears you could never make your clips. If your cows ate turnips, the butter would be rank. If you deprived your cattle of salt, they would get miserable, they would be always breaking through things, trying to get to rushes, or even to chew the harness to get the salt out of the horse's perspiration, and it should be included in their food if they could not get it naturally; but put rock salt in their mangers and they would lick and be content.

No one in the world is as logical as the farmer, since life and death to innumerable things depend on his knowledge of cause and effect.

And just as simply as Bill would enunciate that his cows should have salt to lick, and his milch cows mustn't get into the turnip fields, so would he see, with equal clearness, that a woman needed a husband that could support her, and the better he could support her, the better for her. It was as simple as A.B.C., or as simple as the need of cows and sheep for the shade of trees on hot days, to keep themselves calm and happy.

Her words, "I thought of your money," passed over him like an empty wind. The look in her eyes meant more—so he left her.

CHAPTER X.

Don't Leave Us

There was one salient difference between their mutual regard of that red fire a week later.

As they went on looking, Bill grew happier, Lilian grew more miserable. She could see Martha Roberts plainly in the fire. Oh, quite plainly. An exquisite creature. Twenty. So fresh, so young. With glossy black hair, and soft black eyes. A dash of Maori, perhaps. All the better. You were lucky if you had a dash of the Jew in your make-up, and equally lucky (from the point of view of sheer aesthetics) if you possessed a drop of Maori blood.



IRATE GOLFER: "You must be the worst caddy in the world." CADDY: "Hardly; that would be too much of a coincidence."

"She's quite a child," speculated Lilian.

"Well, she is young," admitted Bill, as though it was something he was proud of.

Silence fell between them. Years added themselves to Lilian's years in that silence. Years piled themselves on her slim shoulders like mountains—only heavier.

"What's wrong with you to-night?" demanded Bill.

"Nothing, why?"

"You look off color."

"I'm tired. What's the time?"

"Nine."

"I must tie me to my castle on the Welsh Borders."

"Going to bed?"

"Yes."

"Tired, are you?"

"I am, rather."

"You mustn't go doing too much."

Just then a Totara log burst into scarlet and blue flames with a great fuss and noise, and red sparks flew over the hearth.

Bill picked them up in his fingers, and contemptuously tossed them back into the fireplace.

If Lilian's heart stood still for a moment, she gave no sign.

They stood near each other. They stared at the log. It ceased sparkling. Grey smoke rose instead. The scarlet turned black.

"That log's green," muttered Bill.

Lilian wanted to say, "Well, good night!" But she simply stood and stared at the log, the green log.

All the great import of everything was wiped out. Things were reduced to this one green smoky log, these few red fading sparks, this homely grey-blue smoke, and Martha.

His eyes and hers were both intent on these things, but their thoughts were both on Martha.

"Martha be damned," Bill murmured to the sulky fire.

"What a strange thing to say!"

Silence followed. And in that silence the visible and invisible links between these two must have been seized by Vulcan and wrought upon in the scarlet furnaces of Olympus, for the links suddenly grew terrible and strong. Neither dared move. Neither dared speak. The chain bound them. And some strange moving thing was in the air. The thing—whatever it was—affected them both in the same way. It drove words away. It flung them far, far back into their sub-consciousness, and down there, deep, deep, down, they came upon the sense that their moment was close upon them.

Another log fell out, fired up into red feathers, and passed into cold, grey smoke.

Lilian shivered.

"Cold?"

"A little; I must be off to bed."

"Martha Roberts was my cobbler's girl," breathed a low voice.

"Was she?"

"He was blown up at Bullecourt!"

"Was he?"

"Look here," said that hoarse voice, "I've been trying to make you jealous. She was surprised at that."

The turquoise eyes opened wide, and she moved back sharply.

"I read about that way of making a woman like you," said Bill.

"You're rather horrid, do you know?"

"I think I am."

"Aren't you in love with Martha?"

"You know I'm not."

Another long silence.

"How do I know you're not?"

She knew it was incredible to say that, but she was overcome with a blazing sense that this was real life—all she would ever have of it, perhaps.

"You know who I'm in love with?"

"Are you still?"

"Too right!"

"I didn't know."

"You ought to have known."

"I thought you had changed."

"Did you want me to change?"

"Oh! I don't know."

"Answer me that. Did you want me to change?"

"Oh! I don't know. I don't want to fall in love with you. I want not to."

"I haven't changed. I don't change. I can't change. Oh, Lilian, Don't leave us."

(Continued on Page 40)

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Careers For Girls

Domestic Science

Not a Drudgery,
But a Well Paid
Vocation

THE preparation of food has been from time immemorial the occupation of women. Many quaint old recipes recorded in strange crabbed handwriting bear out the testimony of their skill.

Not the least interesting part of domestic science is the study of the various constituents which our articles of diet contain, the health-giving and nourishing properties of these same carbohydrates, proteins and vitamins, and the actions of heat and digestion upon them. That knowledge would enable one to understand more easily the why and the wherefore of many things in cookery.

Importance in Schools

In recent years, domestic science has been given a more important place in the curriculum of our schools, and, until financial conditions proved difficult, there was always a demand for expert teachers in this work.

The erection of modern school buildings has been notable for the many

thousands of pounds spent in the equipment of the domestic science classrooms in order that students and teachers might have the advantage of every new development in the training of the future worker in domestic science.

While expenditure in this direction slackened somewhat during the past three years, a more vigorous policy has now been adopted, and many thousands of pounds have been allocated for the erection of new domestic schools.

Funds were recently made available by the Unemployment Relief Council for new large domestic science schools at Gladesville, Willoughby, and Parramatta.

In each case the building is of two storeys. The class room section consists of 15 classrooms, providing seating for about 750 pupils, two demonstration rooms, headmistress' and staff rooms, visitors' room, library, cloakroom, and stores.

The most modern domestic science appliances are installed.

This necessary establishment of more domestic science schools will create openings for qualified teachers.

In addition, high schools and private schools are organising domestic science departments.

At the Central Technical College and branch Technical College at East Sydney, there are courses in Domestic Science.

This course is comprehensive, and includes cooking in all branches, instruction in dietetics, house management and laundering.

The course is designed primarily with a view to training girls to successfully carry out wifely duties, but the training offered is of considerable benefit to girls proposing to take up the higher branches of domestic science as a career.

This course is useful for those who work as expert cooks and lecturers in household management. As a matter of fact, there are openings for this kind of work, and very often girls trained at the Technical College are able to get positions as demonstrators in establishments where cooking utensils are made and sold. Some of them also become teachers of cookery in the schools.

There are about 600 girls attending the day and evening classes in this branch.

The fees are nominal, being only 25/- a year for juniors, and £2/10/- yearly for seniors. Juniors are those under 21 years of age, and earning under 30/- weekly.

During the last few years there has been a growing demand for women to fill posts as dieticians in hospitals, sanatoria, convalescent homes, schools, and hostels.



VEGETABLE cooking designed to assure the conservation of vitamins and mineral salts has been the subject of special study. This is but one branch of the higher paid vocations open to women.

There are two main avenues of employment for girls who qualify in domestic science. They can secure appointments as teachers in schools and colleges, while in the wider commercial sphere there are positions as lecturers, demonstrators, institutional managers, caterers, expert cooks, and housekeepers.

In England a notable development in the curriculum of the King's College Household and Social Science Institution is a full-time course for post-graduate students. This indicates the importance attached to this work overseas, and the authorities in Australia are also devoting more attention to developing facilities for training.

Hospitals in London and in the country are opening dietetic kitchens, and need experts to take charge of them. So far the necessary instruction has been very hard to obtain, although in Canada and the United States a special feature has been made of it.

Mr. Drummond, Minister for Education, has appointed a committee of experts to investigate the possibility of establishing a home economics course at



CHILDREN enjoying their first lessons in domestic science.

the University. The domestic science course is open to women at the University, although it has not been largely availed of in recent years.

Even for the ordinary cook, the reward is great. What could be bigger payment than to know that hungry folk look forward to your cooking, and then, having dined, feel refreshed and satisfied.

What is the better reward than the joy of seeing children, the making of whose food is under your charge, thrive and grow big and strong?

HE is ONLY a MAN!

From Our London Office
ONE thing a wife must always remember, according to the Rev. T. H. Curtis, vicar of St. Paul's Church, West-cliff, is that a husband, after all, is only a man.

"Do not expect too much of him," says the vicar.

In an article in his church magazine, giving advice to wives on how to treat their husbands, the Rev. Curtis says: "If your husband is quiet, don't imagine he is sulky. He may be trying to think of a suitable present for you."

"Never buy him cigars. The shops, in England, keep special brands to sell to women for that purpose. They are sure death to green fly."

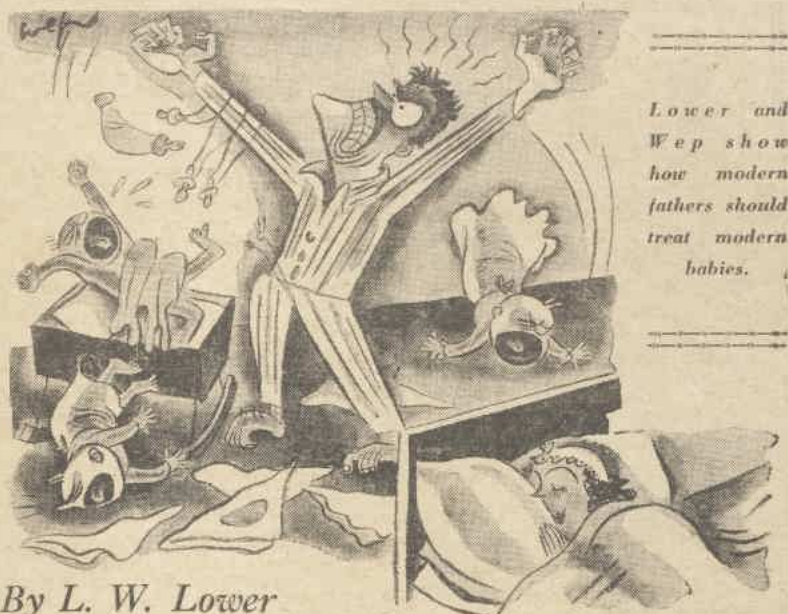
"At the end of a tiring day don't ask him, 'What shall we have for dinner tomorrow?' That is your job."

"If he goes out for a walk in the country, it may be that he likes quiet." The vicar gives no advice on Friday night pay envelope technique.

BRING YOUR BABIES TO LOWER'S CLINIC

TWINS OR TRIPLETS
—he'll handle them

Having had considerable, one might say excessive, experience as a baby-minder, I feel called upon to give a few words of advice to young mothers who have no man in the house to palm the baby off on to. (His grammar is rotten, but he is very good at geography and savories.)



Lower and Wep show how modern fathers should treat modern babies.

By L. W. Lower

THERE are two kinds of babies—the ones that bellow and the ones that screech. The screechers are the easiest to pacify. You merely take the comforter, or dummy, and plunk it into the child's mouth, and the screeching stops for the time being. This is known as the Plunkett System. Bel-lows usually sneeze, after a struggle, to the Truby King method. While one holds the child's head and another its legs, the operator smears the dummy with honey, and thrusting it into the mouth as far as it will go, makes a quick turn with the string, over the head, under the chin, and knots it deftly behind the right ear.

My own system, which is much simpler and has never been known to fail, consists merely in smearing the dummy with warm glue. A child cannot shriek through its nose as a rule. If it can, be thankful. You have a budding radio artist in the family.

Never flog a child until it is at least six weeks old. Even at eight weeks, when a thrashing seems called for, don't, when hitting the child on the top of the head, use a board. Use merely the open hand, as a baby's head is not properly closed up when very young. Bearing this in mind, it would be as well to hold baby upside down and shake

too much curry in its porridge. If it does not cough, but merely whoops, tie a ligature tightly around the neck and seek medical aid as soon as possible.

Try Bone Rings

There is some argument as to whether bone rings are of any benefit to babies. Speaking from my own experience, I would say that large bone rings should not be given all at once. Unless they are broken up very small and fed to them a bit at a time, they may lead to indigestion and rabies.

All this seems wearying unless one has the maternal instinct strongly developed. So far I haven't quite got it developed. The pattering of little feet

makes me feel like writing letters to newspapers, signed, "Indignant Taxpayer."

The cheerful yammering of innocent little tongues drives me to dry sherry with a very small dash of angostura.

When you are on the verge of tears and utter madness, send for a doctor. Just say, "Here, old pal! Hold this. I'm going out. The milk bottle is on the kitchen table."

You then bolt. Costs guineas, but it's worth it.

BY A FATHER

About that boy: I'm worried more than I have ever been before. He's getting older, more a man; He's just about where I began. To make mistakes—of small amount When nine or ten, but now they count.

Yes, more and more he's coming to Do certain things I used to do.

I'm worried more about that boy— The little things that now annoy His mother, just a word or sign, The same that used to bother mine. I've often wished that I had done A little different when a son; But not imagined, even then, My son would do the same again.

I'm stumped about that boy, because He's getting like his father was, Is not a bit more serious now Than—well, than I was, anyhow. The little tricks of ten or so I knew, of course, that he'd outgrow; He's changing, that is plain to see— Confound it, getting more like me!

each night in order to dislodge any small articles which may have dropped into its head during the day.

FATHER'S PREPARATION

If the wee one's nose is hot and it yawns in its sleep, immediately suspect distemper. Strap a warm brick on its forehead. Speaking of sleep, it is advisable for the expectant father to sleep profoundly and thoroughly for some months before baby is due to arrive.

For about eighteen months after the child is born no sleep is obtainable unless the father happens to be a night-watchman or is cunning enough to go away rabbit trapping.

Teeth and whooping cough are the main worries. A child should not be allowed to teethe too early, as it may grow up with bandy legs (I am not too sure of that one—I will look it up later). Whooping cough is brought about by excessive whoopee. If the cough is very bad, cut out all tobacco and alcohol, and do not give the child



You have seen the size of the College— Now see the size of the STAFF!

Previously we have illustrated here the massive eight-floor building of the Metropolitan Business College.

Above you are given some idea of the large instructional and administrative staff of the M.B.C.

The occasion of this happy, informal gathering was a get-together party in honour of the Principal's birthday in 1933—in the darkest days of the Depression. (Eight other members are absent from this group.)

Long Service — with Unity of Purpose

Many staff members, who began with Mr. Summerhayes when he took over the M.B.C. in 1908 are still actively engaged here. This big staff works as one, all members being selected for their personality as well as for their ability, and being permeated by the same high ideal of service to the student.

Just think what a tremendous source of strength lies in 25 years' continuity of association in a common cause—the real gold that is in true unity. Every student is encouraged to emulate this spirit of service. The motto above the College entrance is: "Enter to Learn; Go Forth to Serve."

Students Work in the Atmosphere of Success

They feel the indefinable "pull" and urge of the success of others. They are inspired to "Aim High." Everywhere one sees portraits of successful students, Honours Boards, the constant posting of M.B.C. results in important examinations. These—and the extraordinary brilliance of many of these results—all make for faith in this institution.

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METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

PHONE, 8192. 6 DALLEY ST., SYDNEY (NEXT BRIDGE ST.)

An Editorial

JULY 22, 1933.

NO WONDER WE
HAVE NERVES

WHEN our nerves are bad our thoughts turn to places of lovely quiet. Cathedrals. Hospital wards. Sleepy farms.

The world has rushed on so fast that these sanctuaries of silence seem to be survivals of a past age. Silence and quiet are no longer part of man's natural birthright.

Noise, like factory chimneys and sewer works, is part of the price we have had to pay for the civilisation we have to-day. But that price is too high. Already, protests are rising against ugly, soul-destroying building structures; and science is tackling the problem of noise.

But the noise problem is not one for science alone. There is a small percentage of people who seem to like noise. They inflict continual, unnecessary din on other people.

Noisy motor cycles. Excessively loud radios. Badly trained dogs that howl all night. Sydney trams. Those are the worst offenders.

What is badly wanted is an efficient anti-noise society, with honorary inspectors, like the Wild Flower and Bird Leagues.

But prevention is always better than cure. A cultured and really civilised society would not put up with raucous jangling and racketing noises. Prevention should therefore consist of developing the finer sensibilities of people.

There is no greater defect in our school system than the scant attention devoted to music. The beauty and inspirational value of music should be inculcated as a background to all educational activities.

No greater antidote to noise exists than music. And nothing soothes a weary soul and tired nerves like music.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

THE WORLD REMADE

If I could make the world all over
I would not make the world all clover,
Because the clover, in that case,
Would soon become a commonplace.
I think I'd have a bit of sorrow
To-day, to bring a glad to-morrow.

I would not make the skies all blue,
A cloud that lets the sunlight through
Would make the sunlight so much
Brighter.
As loads put down make journeys lighter,
For not a joy would seem as fair
If earth should never know a care.

I would not make the future certain;
It is the thing behind the curtain
That lures us on, and leads us o'er
The little hills that lie before.
If fame were ours, success forever,
The little mortals would endeavor.

POINTS OF VIEW

A Nice Time for Women

IS there no end to this German man-making of the world women are to live in? We now have the Sports Dictator of Germany, Herr von Tschammer Osten, delivering himself of the edict that women's sporting activities must henceforth be subordinated to their domestic duties.

Domestic duties first—sport later, is his decree, and then only sport not harmful to feminine health. Cranks who play tennis for hours, and exhibitors of "peevishness" among champions of both sexes, are to be "crushed."

There is not much wrong with a good deal of all this, but how much nicer without its lumbering heavy Teutonism (going to "crush" things, mind you!) and its absurd tinge of the pontifical man pointing the "thus" and "thither" to women.

The Economics of Marriage

C.B. writes:—"The failure of women graduates to marry has been discussed from intellectual and sentimental points of view; but what of the economic?"

"That the struggling mother in a poor home is often happier than the lonely spinster, I readily admit. Nevertheless, the woman who is sure of her ability to earn her own living is not likely to desire marriage per se quite so much as the woman to whom it is a 'meal ticket.' The graduate (and I am one) earning a fairly comfortable salary wants a home and children, as other women do, but she tends to require more in her husband than just anyone wearing trousers.

"The fact that she looks for a social and intellectual equal has been stressed already, but she also wants one whose income is a reasonable guarantee that she and her children will not be deprived of the (to her) essential amenities of life. To put it in brutal figures, a woman earning £5 a week is not inclined to marry a man earning less than £8.

"All this may sound very sordid and cynical, but it is true. I am afraid that often the result of a woman's waiting for a man of her own mental calibre and earning power is that she never marries at all."

Women of Wisdom

WOMEN'S point of view is apt to crystallise itself in very vivid fashion around the tiniest thing, and so dramatically, that the psychologist is apt to arise in his laboratory and cry in great triumph: "There ARE psychological sex differences."

He might have pointed to a recent Wednesday which brought midsummer into midwinter over eastern Australia. The feminine psychology of opportunity, of motive, and of dress sent every woman out in a light frock and no coat, and every man in scarf and overcoat. Not till midday did men begin to track down their vague discomfort, and find that they would have been wiser to have left their "woolies" at home.

We must be different!

Our New Cathedral

WHEN Australian women have forgotten all about Rome they will still be able to say to impatient children: "Never mind, dear, St. Andrew's wasn't built in a day." It certainly looks that way.

After so many years they're still holding conferences over the site of the new Cathedral! Whatever is decided, all Anglican Sydney is deeply concerned, particularly the womenfolk. So far as can be gathered, many women are as equally averse to the suggested site near the highway to the Bridge as they are to the suggested site deep in the Gardens.

The building of the Cathedral will be the outstanding architectural feature of the decade, and so concerns everyone, irrespective of denomination. Around £1,000,000 will be involved. The Lang Government in 1927 offered the Mint site, in Macquarie Street, and £500,000 in addition towards this million. The present Government is said to favor the Conservatorium site—without the £500,000!

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By WEP

THEIR MARRIAGE COMES
OFF IN AUGUST

HOW DID YOU KNOW?

I THOUGHT THEY WERE
KEEPING THEIR ENGAGEMENT
A SECRETYES, THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE
TELLING EVERYBODYAmazons Eager
For War

Everyone hopes there won't be another war—but if there is, will women take part? In Russia they already have women soldiers. Perhaps the shadows are falling a long way forward.

FIGURES for the number of women in the Soviet Union who are being trained for regular army service have not been available recently, but "in 1930 nearly a quarter of a million women were undergoing such training in military schools," writes Elias Tobenkin in "Stalin's Ladder."

Fifty-five thousand of them qualified as rifle experts and machine-gunners. Something over 10,000 specialised in war chemistry. Others took up artillery and aviation.

Snipers—Mechanics

In Petrograd there is a famous company of women snipers. Tomsk and Krasnoyarsk also have crack sniping regiments. Moscow has a graduated corps of women war telegraph and telephone operators—no mere switch girls, but spartan-trained Amazons prepared to do wiring, repair work, and operating under fire.

A women's college trains shooting instructors in Omsk. The graduates organise the women's regiments of Siberia and Mongolia. Here a women's volunteer army of 250,000 is maintained.

After the Amazons have attained military technique they are drafted into mixed divisions, the proportion being about 30 per cent. women and 70 per cent. men.

Other countries have had their women who want to be soldiers in recent times, but they have seldom done any fighting.

Paraguay, since her dispute and war with Bolivia over the boundary, has organised and trained a battalion of women.

In the World War, the suffragettes, who had

Women and White Australia

DR. W. G. K. DUNCAN'S very provocative comments upon the White Australia policy (made to an audience mostly of University women) have stirred mixed emotions in the patriotic but uncritical people to whom White Australia is beyond criticism. Women are the most tenacious upholders of this ideal.

This distinguished economist (he is assistant-director of University Tutorial Classes) warns us that:

"The White Australia policy should not be abandoned, but Australians should try to make as many intellectual and artistic contacts with other people as are possible. Isolation may spell racial purity, but it means cultural backwardness."

"Australia should be careful lest it suffer the mental stagnation that befalls the bigot."

The Year's Saddest Story

WHAT woman was not touched to the very depths of her pity by the story from a Queensland town of the two unfortunate white women found starving, ill, and barely clothed, lying very close to death in lantana scrub a few yards from a footpath over which well-shod, careless feet were passing every minute?

There is a little consolation in the knowledge that they are now being cared for, but it should not be forgotten that only their accidental discovery by boys playing in the bushes saved them from death, and Australia from a sadder story than any it now knows.

How many unwritten stories of unhappiness are there within a hundred yards of your home? Are you doing anything about it?

Women on Censorship

IF there is one field of public service where the help of an experienced, broad-minded, and cultivated woman would be of value, it is in the necessary task of literary censorship. Yet we are now blessed with a Book Censorship Committee composed entirely of men, admirably chosen, no doubt, but without the leavening of a woman's influence among them.

The same mistrust of feminine judgment, balance, and practical sentiments has eaten like an acid into the logic of this situation—as it is seen by the Federal Government! A censorship to protect women and impressionable youngsters from commercialised salacity. And women without a positive role in the protection! Shades of Mr. Hitler, who dubs women "a recreation for tired warriors." O happy, happy warrior! Bring us guns.

Help For Women Tailors
IN many an Australian home there is a sick, bed-ridden, or helpless son or husband for whom some woman is cheerfully toiling her day away. But the income tax authorities have not yet made allowance for this only-too-common situation which is hidden behind so many doors.

The National Council of Women is very laudably urging that at least a £50 deduction should be allowed for income tax purposes to women who have totally incapacitated husbands dependent on them. There can be no possible criticism of the equity of this plea, and every man or woman who has come into contact with realities will hope it succeeds.

The Battalion of Russian Amazons.



previously tried to break up Parliament under Miss Pankhurst, took up weapons. Lord Kitchener held them up as an example, urging the men to enlist. Lady Londonderry was the leader of the women's army.

Canadian women followed the example of their English sisters. Even in Paris a women's corps was organised. This is said to have failed because the designers were unable to complete the smart uniforms on time. The English Army used their women as despatch riders and chauffeurs up to within a short distance from the front lines.

Slavic Stalwarts

In the Slavic countries women joined up in numbers. The Russian army, especially, had many women among it, as large numbers were taken prisoners. But the motive here seemed that the women did not wish to be separated from their men.

The unsettled and primitive conditions of the villages forced them to follow the men. Russia was thus prepared for the appearance of its Amazon battalion at the outbreak of the revolution. Kerenky brought them to life.

In early Christian Ireland till the end of the 7th century women fought regularly in tribal wars along with men. The army of Dahomey, in Africa, was up till 1892 partly made up women, well trained and hardened to warfare.

History has many examples of women battling on the city walls to keep off attackers while their men fought out in the open fields. They defended their homes and the purity of their race.

THEIR MARRIAGE COMES
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And Then the Woman LAUGHED

"An absolute fool," she said scoffingly, "to let me walk away like he did, just because I gave him a silly promise!"



badly from a wound on his temple. We left the doctor to attend to him while we rushed hither and thither, trying to find out exactly what had happened.

We knew soon enough. Another of our men was lying in the snow, just outside the camp, with a knife in his back. The other fellow had run off and hidden somewhere. It was mid-day before he returned.

None of us had been able to do anything until then. Thoroughgood had given us all a lot of trouble. He was weak, and he looked a sick man, and a mad man, too. Well, we could understand that.

I think Ratling himself was about the coolest of us all. He'd been in so many tight corners, seen so much, that he seemed to take the situation almost with equanimity.

"I'm sending Wong-Poo down to Tensing with a message to the Governor of the province," he said. "They'll send soldiers at once. I hope."

"But can we do anything?" demanded Thoroughgood, almost beside himself with anxiety.

"Not much, I'm afraid," said Ratling.

Thoroughgood gave him a look kind of contemptuous. It was. But Ratling met it with a cool, cold smile. He knew what we were all up against, so much better than Thoroughgood.

Well, Wong-Poo, the last of our men, started for Tensing at once. We struck camp, left our baggage lying about all over the shop. Just took as much food as we could carry, with our guns and ammunition.

Ratling led us. He didn't hurry himself much, just kept on at a long, steady pace.

That soon had Thoroughgood complaining bitterly. The sun had come out, and although it was winter, the heat of it struck down on us fiercely, burning our faces and blinding our eyes.

"Where do you think they've taken her?" I asked Ratling, as we went on.

"Up into those hills," he said. And then, in a grim tone, he added: "Somewhere."

That was the difficulty, of course. We might have hunted among those wild, barren slopes for years without ever locating anything. Ratling knew

that so much better than any of the rest of us.

"I say," Thoroughgood blurted savagely, "d'you think the beasts will dare to harm her?"

Ratling shook his head at that. "No, I don't think so. Probably they'll want money for her."

"Money?" said Thoroughgood, with a peculiar laugh. "Well, I suppose I've got enough of that, anyway."

"Let us hope so," muttered Ratling. "Hope so? What d'you mean, man?"

"I mean," explained Ratling coldly, "some of these fellows have a very fanciful idea of the value of gold. They're just as likely to demand fifty thousand pounds for your wife as twenty."

I saw Thoroughgood scowl. Queer, I never liked the fellow, somehow. Neither did Forrester. He'd told me so himself.

Thoroughgood seemed to be gloating over some thoughts he had, too. I saw his face work with passion sometimes, and his eyes had a cruel, beast-like gleam in them.

Well, we kept on. Thoroughgood himself was the first to drop. And he stayed where he dropped, too. None of us gave him a hand. We didn't light a fire, either. Ratling forbade it.

"Though I don't suppose it would matter much, in any case," he said. "We're probably being closely watched every step

we take. That's the hell of the whole thing!" For the first time I seemed to detect a note of emotion, of passion, in his voice.

Thoroughgood lay in the snow during the night, shivering like a wet dog. Ratling never slept. He sat like a stone statue, with his gun across his knees and his calm eyes fixed on the snow of the hills above us.

The tracks of the horses had vanished by that time, with the snow which had fallen during the afternoon. We seemed to be going forward almost blindly.

We got up into the hills next day. Thoroughgood now was like a savage torrent, eager to get on. Ratling was like the bar across the river mouth. He pleaded for patience.

That night a runner came. The message had been delivered. They were sending troops immediately.

The news seemed to give Thoroughgood the belief that our troubles were almost already over—while, as a matter of fact, they had scarcely begun.

A fellow walked coolly into our camp the following day. He brought a message, written in very bad English, demanding a ransom of twenty-five thousand pounds for Ella Thoroughgood's return, safe and unharmed.

(Continued on Page 12)



Illustrated by SYD MILLER

He came striding into our camp, dragging his heavy chains after him.

We were at Kailar, south of the Yung-Seng River, when it happened. There was Forrester, the doctor from Franchow Settlement, up on the Yellow Plain somewhere. Thoroughgood, ostensibly English, but blood-brother of a Manchurian railroad official—a bit yellow inside him somewhere. I thought I don't mean a coward. He wasn't that. But he had the Chinese strain all right. You could tell that by his eyes and the catlike purr of his voice.

There was Ratling, a jolly scout, a good companion on the trail, and one of the finest shots in China, where shooting is notoriously lacking in excellence.

Also, there was myself, a bit of an engineer who had knocked about the world and found it pretty good taken on the whole.

Lastly there was the woman. Her name was Ella, and she was Thoroughgood's wife. I've seen plenty of pretty women in my time, yet none more beautiful than this one. I often used to sit by the fire, watching the snow-capped hills in the distance, and wonder. She didn't seem to me to be the type of woman to make herself with a man like Thoroughgood. But, then, he had money. Bags of it so I'd heard.

We were in a bit of a valley at the time, and it was cold—almost mid-winter in one of the hilliest parts of Northern Manchuria.

Ratling and I had been out all day with the three Chinese guides we had brought with us from Woo-Pi-Hung. A villainous trio, I must say, but apparently Ratling considered them to

be all right. We left most of the arrangements to Ratling, as I think I mentioned just now.

Fine man, he was, too. I'd known him for years. There was a very warm and genuine attachment between the two of us. Maybe we were two of a kind—at least, to a certain extent.

Even now, when sometimes I sit down and think back, I cannot help but hate and despise the memory of that woman. She murdered my pal Ratling as surely as the sun rises and sets in the sky. But for her—

I think I could have killed her, too, when it happened. For I was fond of Ratling. Besides, he'd never deserved such a fate. And if you put the value of such a woman's life against the value of a man's like Ratling—well, you won't find the scales to be evenly balanced.

We were sitting round the fire, that night, when all of a sudden Forrester began to talk about bandits. One thing led to another. Then the doctor said, staring round at us:

"I see most of you are inclined to look upon these fellows as a sort of joke. I wonder, did any of you ever hear of Tala, the Tiger?"

"Who's he?" asked Ratling, looking up curiously.

"A bandit leader," said the doctor, "up in those hills somewhere."

He pointed to them as they stood gleaming cold and white under the stars. "One of the fiercest brigands in North Manchuria, according to all accounts. Yet a man with an excellent sense of chivalry—and honor."

Ratling smiled slightly. So did I. I think Thoroughgood got up and kicked the fire into a blaze. I heard the woman ask, across the fire

"Did anyone ever see him, Doctor? I mean, any white person?"

The doctor laughed grimly. "Yes, I've heard so. He's a powerful brute, stands nearly seven feet high. Once, according to what a Chinese coolie told me in Franchow, he fought ten men by himself. Chinese, they were—Government troops, too. Must have amazing strength—and courage."

"I suppose that's why they call him the Tiger?" she observed, with a queer sort of laugh. I thought "Wouldn't it be fun if—"

She paused then, and I saw Ratling turn and look at her, and his face seemed suddenly grim with something I didn't understand.

"If what?" he said.

But Ella had got up and walked away from us. I saw Ratling turn back to the fire and shrug his shoulders. I think we all understood what she had been going to say.

The Chinese had put up two tents on the bank. Thoroughgood and his wife were to occupy one of them. We three men were to use the other. Ratling and I sat smoking together over the dying embers of the fire that night.

I could see he had something on his mind, but I didn't know what it really was until he looked up at me and said:

"There's a certain type of woman, Charlie, who likes to get a man hung, drawn, and quartered—if she can."

I hardly knew what he meant. Then he said: "Do you like her—much?"

"You mean—"

"Yes. She scares me."

"Scares you?" I laughed. "I never thought you could be scared, old man. How d'you mean?"

He poked at the fire and there was an odd look on his face.

"Has she ever tried to make love to you?" he asked slowly.

I stared.

"What the devil are you talking about?" I asked him.

"She's the sort that would make love to any man," he said solemnly. "I've seen her type before. It's not just a matter of nationality, either. You find them all over the world. They—they always remind me of cannibals!"

I began to laugh, but Ratling, that night, seemed tremendously serious. If only I had known, could have foreseen—

"Well, let's turn in," he said abruptly.

I don't know how long I'd been asleep. But I was awakened suddenly by Ratling pulling me up by the shoulder.

"Rouse up, man," I heard him say, in a fierce whisper. "something's happening outside!"

I saw he had a heavy automatic in his hand, then. I sprang to get mine, too, and followed him out of the tent, with the doctor treading on my heels.

The fire had died down, and never shall I forget what I saw lying in the cold grey ashes of it. A Chinese, one of our men evidently, with his throat cut from ear to ear.

But Ratling didn't worry about him. He was running, gun in hand, towards the other tent. I saw him pause suddenly. Then, as he swung round, I heard the sound of horses' hoofs.

Down below snow already lay, and

By CHARLES DALTON

the sound was muffled in the grey of the morning. Yet dimly I made out the figures of horsemen, riding away towards the hills. The leader I noticed most of all. I couldn't see his face. The distance was too great, but even so far away he looked to me to be gigantic.

And across the saddle in front of him he was carrying something.

I shouted to Ratling, but he had already seen. Together we ran to the tent door. Thoroughgood was lying across the camp bed, a foolish sort of grin on his mouth and bleeding

Thoroughgood complaining bitterly. The sun had come out, and although it was winter, the heat of it struck down on us fiercely, burning our faces and blinding our eyes.

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(Continued on Page 12)

RATTLING himself read out the message. I thought, at first, that Thoroughgood was going to have a fit.

"I won't pay a penny," he said, almost foaming at the mouth. "The Government troops will be here soon, and then we shall see all about it!"

The Government troops arrived. They seemed to me to be a ragged-looking lot, but well-armed. There must have been at least a hundred of them, with two machine-guns.

That night I sat alone with Rattling, and I could see he had something on his mind. He told me about it at last.

"I kissed her one night," he said, and I saw a kind of hot flush in his face as he looked at me. "She—she kind of made me do it. I don't suppose you'll understand."

I said nothing, but I understood very well. All along I had had an idea about her—the exact type of woman she really was. And now I knew that idea had been right.

Something else I understood, too—something which Rattling wouldn't have admitted for worlds, I knew. That was that he loved her. What does it matter what type the woman is, or that she is already another man's property? In such a case, not much. Yes, Rattling had got fond of the woman—a little more than just fond, I thought.

The Chinese soldiers moved at the break of dawn. They refused to allow any of us to accompany them. Thoroughgood lost his temper completely and generally made a fool of his white skin. It made me feel a bit ashamed to see him dancing about, arguing with that yellow mob, for they were little better.

"They seem afraid the bandits might kill her out of hand if we go along," Thoroughgood said. "I like the idea. They—they know they can't do it!"

"Why not?" asked Rattling calmly.

Thoroughgood swore then, and his face went livid with rage. He took himself off eventually and left us alone. Rattling passed the time smoking peacefully enough, yet with his eyes fixed unalterably about the hills.

"This hanging about gets on a fellow's nerves," observed the doctor. "I could see the strain of the thing was

And THEN the WOMAN LAUGHED

(Continued from Page 11)

beginning to tell on him. It was on me, I think.

For three days we waited, doing nothing at all. Then the soldiers returned. They brought with them about twenty villainous-looking brutes who, they declared, belonged to the bandit gang which was holding Ella Thoroughgood to ransom.

They reminded me of a lot of dumb animals, and the soldiers treated them as if they were a gang of wild beasts brought down from the hills. Possibly they were little better, anyway.

The leader of the Chinese troops began to question them as soon as they arrived in camp. Then they were led off somewhere.

"I say, what's going to happen now?" asked the doctor uneasily.

Rattling stopped pacing up and down to look round at him.

"They're going to execute those fellows," he said.

"What, now?" said Forrester, startled.

Rattling smiled twistedly.

"Ever seen a Chinese execution, Doc? If you haven't, you'd better go along now. It's something you'll never forget. If you've already seen one—well, it's not a particularly pleasant spectacle as a rule, and you'll probably not want to see it repeated."

I don't know if the doctor had actually ever seen such a thing. Anyhow, he stayed where he was. So did the rest of us.

We learned more later. There had been a bit of a fight up in the hills. Two of the soldiers had been killed. They hadn't seen the Englishwoman. And the leader of the gang, with a few of his fellows, had contrived to escape for the time being.

The soldiers made a fresh attempt two days later. They seemed entirely indifferent about the whole affair, as if next year would do as well as any other time.

We had to stay in camp, like a lot of kids. Rattling, I suppose, had more sense than to complain about our treatment. But the doctor and myself made matters worse by showing anger and impatience.

Well, nearly three weeks went by in this manner. Thoroughgood was pretty much of a wreck by that time. To give the fellow his due, he seemed very much attached to his wife.

Now and then the soldiers brought

in a stray fellow or two and executed them outside the camp, apparently under the impression that we were deriving enjoyment from the spectacle. Altogether, it wasn't a particularly pleasing experience, especially as sometimes we found it difficult to discover who were the bandits and who were the soldiers. They all seemed to look much alike to me, except after they'd been shot. You could sort them out then.



OLDISH MISS: I saw your husband in town, but he didn't see me.
YOUNGISH MRS.: Yes, dear Aunt; he told me.

"I can't stand this much longer," said Thoroughgood, one night. "I tell you, I'm going off my head!" He looked it, too.

We did our best to soothe him, and that didn't amount to much. But in the middle of the night, just as I'd dropped off into an uneasy sleep, I heard a commotion in the camp.

Rattling was already up and about. As I walked into the firelight, I saw him standing there and—well, looking at someone.

It was the woman.

I saw Thoroughgood rush at her and take her in his arms. Rattling

merely turned away, but I saw the look of relief that came into his face.

As for Ella Thoroughgood herself—well, she looked little the worse for her experience, anyhow. In fact, she seemed to me to look most remarkably well, and pleased with herself.

She'd spent more than three weeks in the bandits' lair, but apparently not a hair of her head had been harmed. But she didn't say much—then. Except to tell us that the bandit chief had got tired of waiting for the ransom money and sent her home. That was what we judged had happened, from the way she talked about it.

Thoroughgood, of course, was mad to get away from the place. But the soldiers—and Ella Thoroughgood herself—seemed to have other ideas.

It was the doctor who brought matters to a head when he suddenly demanded to know what they were waiting for.

"The soldiers are going into the hills again to capture Tala the Tiger," said Ella Thoroughgood. She looked very excited about it all. "You see, I believe that's the man who kidnapped me."

I saw Rattling watching her closely, but he didn't say a word.

"Well, what the devil is it to do with us?" Forrester wanted to know. "We've had about enough trouble as it is, I should think. When do we start back, anyway?"

Then I heard the woman say, still in that curiously excited manner:

"Not until the Tiger is taken, Doctor. You see, the soldiers have asked me to show them the way."

Of course, there was a row about it, but it seemed to make no difference whatever. Ella Thoroughgood had made up her mind, and nothing appeared likely to change it.

At any rate, we all started out to get Tala the Tiger. And it wasn't until we'd been three days on the march that Ella Thoroughgood began to tell us the real truth. I felt a kind of cold shame growing inside me as I sat and listened.

"The fool made love to me," she said contemptuously. "Of course, I had to put up with it for the time. In fact, I tried to make him understand how greatly I admired and respected him. He swallowed it all like a schoolboy."

I looked at Rattling, but Rattling had

A DREAM MAKES PORT

As I was going down the bay
I saw a ship its anchor weigh;
Oh, the magic, the mystery,
Of a ship on a far sea!

From out my heart a dream I sent,
Sailing the sea of life it went;
Bereft, I asked: "Will it make port,
Or will none heed my thought?"

I sent it far and far away,
Over the hill, over the bay.
Oh, will it founder, tempest tost,
A dream forever lost?

Then, lo! My dream all merrily,
Came sailing back across the sea,
And trimmed its course, to rest with you—
I saw—my dream come true!

—Marjorie Quinn.

his gaze fixed elsewhere. The doctor was staring at her in some sort of bewilderment. It seemed to me, as if he could scarcely comprehend the nature of the thing she was talking about. As for Thoroughgood, he sat scowling and biting savagely at his fingernails, mostly without saying a word.

"An absolute fool," she said scornfully, "to let me walk away like he did, just because I gave him a silly promise!"

THEN I saw Rattling move his gaze round to fix it on her face.

"What promise did you give him?" he asked, in that almost unnaturally calm way of his.

"Oh, I just told him I wouldn't breathe a word about anything," she said. "I mean, about the place where he's hiding now. Fancy swallowing that!"

"Yes, fancy," said the doctor, who, I could see, was inwardly squirming. I could see the sheer treachery of the thing, then. But it was too late to turn back.

I could see, very clearly, what had been happening. Tala the Tiger had treated his hostage with all possible consideration and respect. She had enticed him to make love to her, just as she would have enticed any man. Bandit that he was, with a price set on his head, he yet had his own code of morals in such matters.

(Continued on page 34)

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Despite all Sales, we believe this to be Sydney's Outstanding Fur Coat Offer . . . There are 50 only . . . genuine, rich, dark brown Peschaniki Coats. Full 14 Guinea Value. H. DAVIS' WAREHOUSE SPECIAL . . . £7/7/-

VALUE EXTRAORDINARY—£5/10/-

ERMINES FOR

You will be amazed at so much for so little in these 3-skin thickly furred genuine Ermine Necklets. Worth £5/10/-, H. Davis' Challenge Value at . . . Be early!

50/-

EMPHASISING H. DAVIS' VALUE GIVING

SKUNK NECKLETS

This is definitely the fur-value scoop of the year. H. Davis passes on the benefit. They're large Head and Tail genuine Skunk Necklets, soft, rich quality. Worth £3/3/-, H. Davis' Challenge Price . . .

27/6

H. DAVIS—WAREHOUSE & WORKROOMS

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Expert Repair and Renewal Work carried out with prompt dispatch. Prices are the lowest, consistent with high-grade workmanship.

Hundreds of other equally attractive fur values for your comparison in H. Davis' Warehouse stocks—the largest select furs anywhere in the Commonwealth. Take elevator to the 2nd Floor, Hoffnurg's Chambers, 163 Pitt Street.

Country Clients: We Pay Postage anywhere in N.S.W.



Extra Special
Quality

STONE MARTENS

84/-

Full 8 Gns. Value Genuine head and tail Skunk—a silky soft luxurious quality. Worth 8 gns. H. Davis' Challenge Value. £4/4/-

Remember who it pays to shop for Furs at H. Davis—Mass buying of skins direct from the World's markets. Direct - from - Warehouse Selling. No Heavy Overhead Charges. One Profit only.

WOMEN'S NEWS AS TOLD BY THE CAMERA



IT ALL depends upon your point of view how you regard this striking picture. To some it will look a Chamber of Horrors; to others much less exciting. It's a general view of the main dental operating clinic of the University of Pennsylvania, which contains 133 operating chairs. This is the largest dental clinic of its kind in the world.

—Air Mail

AMONG the snow-capped hills of Kosciuszko, Miss K. Acton shows women skiers how to be ready for all the spills and thrills to be found in snow country, but still look their best. This natty type of outfit is most serviceable for mild play-about days on the nearer hills.



ATTIRED in this unusual and striking cycling outfit, this charming girl caused a stir when she pedalled through Darlinghurst recently. Our brightest photographer was passing in a car at the moment, and promptly snapped her. Don't you think it's an attractive idea?



HERE ARE two exclusive photographs of the wedding gown (at left) and a trousseau frock (above) of a millionairess, Miss Barbara Hutton, who visited Australia recently and returned to Paris to become Princess Alexis Mdivani. Jean Patou, of Paris, put all his artistry into this gorgeous ivory satin wedding gown. The long veil is of real lace caught up by a crown encrusted with diamonds.

—Air Mail

CHANEL, another world-famous designer, created this jaunty two-piece summer frock (above) for the Princess's trousseau. It is of black chantrel embroidered in white thread. The blouse worn with this frock is of white pique and makes a feature of a jaunty bow under the chin.

—Air Mail

THE HUB'S

GREAT WINTER Sale

COMMENCES
THURSDAY, 20th JULY
AT 9 A.M.



Offering New, Colourful
WOOLS
at Amazing Price Levels!

2, 3, and 4 - ply Super Wools

2, 3, and 4 ply Super Wools, made by one of Australia's best-known Knitting Mills. All popular shades. Suitable for all garments. Absolutely sacrificed for this thrilling Winter Sale! Usually 6d., 7d., and 8d.

SALE PRICE, Skein .. **2½d.**

Bamboo Knitting Needles

Bamboo Knitting Needles, 12in. sets of 2 and 4. Sizes, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Smooth to the touch and easy to knit with.

Usually 4½d and 6d.
SALE PRICE, set .. **1½d.**

"Sunbeam" 4 - ply Super Wool

Sunbeam 4-ply Super Wool, in all shades and Heather mixtures. Famous for its excellent washing and hard-wearing qualities. Suitable for Men's, Women's, and Kiddies' garments. Usually 7½d.

SALE PRICE, skein .. **6d.**

New Season's Knitting Books

All new season's Knitting Books of Men's, Women's, and Children's wear. Drastically reduced for this great Sale. Don't miss this opportunity.

Usually 8d and 10d.
SALE PRICE, Each .. **6d.**

4 - ply Silk and Wool

4-ply Silk and Wool, made by a well-known Australian manufacturer, in 100 balls. A soft warm texture that is ideally suitable for all Underwear or Boudoir wear. Available in Lemon, Mauve, and Black. Usually 10½d.

SALE PRICE, Ball .. **4½d.**

Famous 4 - ply Wool

4-ply Wool, in a well-known brand. We are not allowed to use the maker's name, but you will recognize the quality. It's amazing value! Available in all leading colors and Heather mixtures. Usually 7½d.

SALE PRICE, Skein .. **6d.**

These Bargains are on sale while they last

The HUB Ltd. 393-5-7 PITT ST.
SYDNEY

Artist Uses Wire and Nails For Pictures

Jean Varda, who exhibited his work in England recently, is known for the curious materials he uses for his "pictures." They are made of painted cement, wire glass, bootlace eyelets, slabs of stone, and beads from old cemetery wreaths which he buys abroad.

Nails, pieces of lace, and artificial flowers are also among "ingredients," which are fixed to wood foundations.

Varda's pictures follow the ideas of embroidery, or are allegories with something of a Byzantine effect.

This artist, who lives in the South of France, makes his own frames. At the London Exhibition, he "sold out."

Are Women Really Wanted In The Upper House?

ROOSEVELT recently appointed a woman American Ambassador to Denmark, thus showing his progressive spirit and gaining the ardent support of American women.

The members of the Legislative Council in Sydney at the present moment have their golden chance for proving the worth of statements made from time to time of their favorable attitude towards women being admitted to the Upper House. Will they take it?

Most of the women whose names were included in the list sent by the United Associations to members of the Legislative Council (a list drawn up by the committee of women whom it considered suitable, the nominees not necessarily being desirous of election) feel that theirs is a forlorn hope, and do not intend to assume any special activities in the political sphere at present. For, with the number of members to be reduced from the hundred mark to sixty, one imagines that no outsiders, whatever their sex, will be very welcome.

Mrs. John D. Moore, who has a wide grasp of political subjects, for instance, is now working for the National Broadcasting Commission, which is non-political in policy, and she is not an active political worker. But she does think that "able women are valuable anywhere, not because they are women" (she holds no special brief for women as against men), "but because, if they have, as citizens, any particular commodity to offer, such as a capacity for organization, they are factors which demand social consideration."

One can think of very good reasons why all the women on the list deserve their recommendation.



ABOVE: Kate Smith has the gaze of the artist dreaming of achievement.

TOP RIGHT: Three of the small thumb planes used in her work.

RIGHT: In the workshop.

GIRL Who MAKES Violins

Delicate WORK

WOMEN IN BUSINESS No. 5

KATE SMITH is at work on her first violin in the almost medieval atmosphere in the workshop of her father, the master maker of violins, at his home, Roseville.

Seventy different woods are employed in the making of one of these masterpieces. Kate takes up the Swiss pine and gently taps it. The wood sings at her touch with the resonance that proves its mellow, ripe age of 100 years.

The singing wood is used for the body of the instrument, the finger board, and the tail piece of ebony, the linings and blocks of willow. European maple and spotted pine, with dozens of other woods, are also used.

The main portion of the instrument has to be carved out, and Kate is proud that her father trusts her with his precious sharp tools for this work.

Kate says she is not the only girl maker of violins in the world, as Jean Bailey, of Paris, started when she was 12 years old, and her violins are recognised in the musical world.

Kate holds out her hand with three of the "thumb planes," as they are called, and explains that part of the wood is bent, but it all has to be evenly planed, so planes starting at two feet long down to these tiny things must be used. She knows that these dwarf planes could not be replaced, so she is very careful when she uses them.

When the violin has been carefully wrought, measured, and pieced together, the maker must compound the varnish,

after the secret formula which all masters cherish. A suitable day must be chosen for the application of the varnish, which will give the finish to the instrument. Kate is already trying her varnish out on samples of the wood from which she has made the violin. Next February she hopes to apply it, and then will come the thrill.

Stradivarius and Amati never worked with more anxiety and enthusiasm at their studios in Italy than does this young Australian girl, who looks forward to some day placing her name among the great makers.

Kate is far too modest to tell her aspirations—these are only to be guessed at. So that she will be able to test for herself the singing quality of the seasoned woods that she has worked at so long and patiently in the making of her first violin the young artist is learning to play on it. Gerald Walenn is her master at the Conservatorium, and he possesses a Strad, said to be the only one in Australia.

The making of violins means a concentration of many qualities for its achievement; the time it takes would be long and tedious if the student were not most enthusiastic and determined to master the various details connected with the work.

Wood-carving alone takes time. Before one of the precious pieces of wood was entrusted to Kate she had to prove that her work was well and faithfully done; she had to understand the necessary tension for the strings was 70lb. and the downward press 20lb. All this, and much more, including a slight knowledge of chemistry, had to be mastered.

The long months of waiting until the time is ripe for the application of the varnish will not be wasted. Kate will work steadily on with her father. She is very proud of his knowledge, and she shares her admiration for his work with Balokovic.

OUR

UNDOUBTEDLY foremost among all varieties of dogs in point of view of popularity, the "foxy" well deserves this honor, being the essence of gentility, equally at home either on your best lounge or in his kennel.

As a working terrier he can hold his own against all comers. And as a rather—oh, boy!

As little as 40 years ago the fox-terrier was a very poor-looking



The Fox Terrier—everybody's darling.

DOGS

ing animal alongside present-day champions.

Blessed with a fine intelligence, an abundance of activity, a good temper, and friendliness, he is, in addition, extraordinarily plucky—no dog living can scare the "foxy."

His constitution is tougher than a restaurant steak; he can adapt himself to any climate.

He has, and is, everything—what a dog!

What Famous Men Said About Women

THE MAN who can govern a woman can govern a nation.—Balsac.

THE MISTAKE of many women is to return sentiment for gallantry.—Jouy.

IT IS easier to make all Europe agree than two women.—Louis XIV.

GOD CREATED the coquette as soon as He made the fool.—Victor Hugo.

OF ALL heavy bodies the heaviest is the woman we have ceased to love.—Lemontey.

A WOMAN who has surrendered her lips has surrendered everything.—Viard.

WHO TAKES an eel by the tail or a woman at her word soon finds he holds nothing.—Proverb.

WOMEN DECEIVED by men want to marry them; it is a kind of revenge as good as any other.—Beaumont.

AN ASP would render its sting more venomous by dipping it into the heart of a coquette.—Poincelot.

WE MEET in society many attractive women whom we would fear to make our wives.—D'Harleville.

A WOMAN who pretends to laugh at love is like the child who sings at night when he is afraid.—J. J. Rousseau.

WOMEN SWALLOW at one mouthful the lie that flatters, and drink drop by drop a truth that is bitter.—Diderot.

CONSTIPATION

What a grateful radio listener writes:—

21 Hamel Crescent, Earlwood,
Monday, 19/7/33.

To The Australian Broadcasting Health Society.

It is quite a habit of mine now to listen to 2PM Monday evenings at 6.15, and to-night it gave me some encouragement to write, when you mentioned a person re her experience of a lubricant. Last Monday night (June 12th), after your lecture, I purchased a 2½ jar of "Lubri-Lax," took liberal doses morning and evening, and within four days the result was convalescent, and I found it necessary to reduce the doses to half. My 2½ jar is nearly finished, and it has been 2½ well spent. My next purchase will be the larger jar, 2½, and will last longer, as I am sure a dose once a day will be all that is necessary, and I will not hesitate to recommend "Lubri-Lax" to any of my friends.

I am, a grateful listener,
(Sgd.) E. HOWARD.

LUBRI-LAX (Regd)

Is the only preparation for Constipation advocated by the Australian Broadcasting Health Society in their health talks from over 30 stations throughout the Commonwealth. Gives greatest relief in Gall bladder trouble and Piles. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

Two Hundred GIRLS Crying Their EYES OUT

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.—Copyright.

If young women could only understand what most older women live to learn too late—that your own character is your own fate, that your own happiness is entirely in your own hands—how happy they would be.

Here on my desk are two hundred letters from young women; each letter asking a question that is as old as our civilisation.

Shall I give up my job when I marry a man on a small salary?

Shall I marry my sweetheart, even though his mother must live with us when we do marry?

Is one hundred—two hundred—three hundred pounds enough to start on, in these times?

Is it safe to marry a person whose religious views are entirely different from my own?

Shall I marry against my parents' wishes, and take a chance with a man they consider entirely unfit for me?

The man I am to marry wants me to promise to put off motherhood until we can afford to give a child every advantage, which I feel would be wrong. How can we settle this?

These questions are asked over and over again by fine, conscientious girls, girls eager for love and life. They know, of course, that risk is implied in every one of these situations—they wouldn't be writing me otherwise, but they do long so desperately to take their chance! Another chance may never come. Love doesn't always come twice, and it is hard on young flesh and blood to wait for the hour when income, family relationships, religion, parental approval and the everlasting baby question shall all be satisfactorily settled.

GIRLS know that, ideally speaking, a woman DOES give up her office job, and devote herself to her home, as a bride. A man, ideally speaking, doesn't marry until he can take care of her and her possible children, too. An ideal mother lifts herself and her claims completely out of her married children's lives. And religion, which for all of us means love and peace, tolerance and understanding and harmony, should be of all issues the last to cause any friction between two hearts that love each other.

But, unfortunately, few of our lives move on ideal lines. The actuality is very different, and the girl, trembling on the threshold of the great change, is naturally afraid that she is not going to be equal to its demands.

The answer is the same, in every case. If you are a woman of strength and character, with generosity and humor and courage and intelligence in your make-up, you can marry under almost ANY circumstances and work your way through to happiness and success. If it has been done thousands of times. Indeed, I would say that almost all the successful marriages I know have given the woman not one, but many opportunities to use every ounce of ingenuity, endurance, wisdom and patience that she could command.

Five pounds a week, to a clever woman, who enjoys the job, will go much further than fifteen pounds a week with the other sort of wife.

Continuing with her work after marriage can be done, and often is done, by the right kind of wife, who shoulders her own end of the expense of the home, and perhaps enjoys her office

work more than her house-keeping. But the risk is much greater than the risk of getting along on the man's salary alone.

The wife is as tired as the man at night, as much entitled to consideration and comfort as he—a simple fact no male ever will grasp. She comes home to dust and unwashed dishes; the newspaper is still on the kitchen table, letters are lying on the hall floor, the telephone is ringing like a thing possessed. This sort of marriage usually falls into the "companionate" class, too—no babies allowed. And that is bad physically, and worse psychologically, for the woman. However, the right woman, with common sense and health and courage, can make a shining success of even this.

AS to Mother, well, there are thousands of mothers who are dearly loved and useful members of their daughters' and sons' homes. Sometimes this third problem solves itself and the second, too, and Mother is delighted to run the house all day long, and give Mary all the breaks when Mary gets home tired. It is the first year of marriage that is dangerous here; after that the women learn to really like and depend upon each other, if they are fine women. But for the first year nothing is normal, and if Mother is smart she will lose her son and her daughter-in-law for that twelvemonth, trusting to time and the grandchildren to restore them to her again.

To marry against parents' consent is always an individual matter; no rule really works here, except the rule that applies to the young man. If he is steady, straight, clean, devoted, then any girl over 18 has a perfect right to walk around the corner and marry him.

Continuing with her work after marriage can be done, and often is done, by the right kind of wife; but the risk is much greater than the risk of getting along on the man's salary. A wise girl will give home the first three or four years.

fool, and will pay, as fools usually do.

The tragedy in such a case is to be parents of a child over whom one has no influence. The eighteen years of your love and devotion to your daughter have been thrown away, if, when you give her good and sufficient reason for NOT marrying some man, she persists in flinging her life's happiness away. But young love, rushing into young mar-



There are thousands of mothers who are dearly loved and useful members of their daughters' and sons' homes.

GIRLS have married consumptives, penniless actors, ne'er-do-wells, and emerged triumphantly into health, success, devotion. The girl's own character and heart are the key. She can do anything, if she will. Sometimes I think we worry too much about these young creatures; they are wiser—they are saner than we think.

But on general principles, the marriage of persons of differing religions, when those religions really mean something to both boy and girl; marriages where the woman's salary, as well as the man's, are needed to keep the ship afloat; marriages where either mother must live with the young couple, or the young couple must live with the older family; marriages when there is a "companionate" understanding; all these are handicaps. And marriage is difficult enough without them!

Much of the anxiety these young persons feel would be obviated if boys were trained more thoroughly, or, indeed, trained at all, in the values of marriage. Few young husbands know what it means to a woman, or what they destroy when they destroy her home-making and her maternal instincts with a cheerful decision that she shall go on working, and that the home shall

FRENCH Jewellery IDEA has a Sardine AROMA

METAL and erinold are playing important parts in the fashions of to-day. Any smart dress or coat is not complete unless a shiny button or buckle is added to it. There is now a growing demand for bracelets and necklaces made from metals, but it is not generally known that quite nice ones may be made from the keys of sardine tins, hooks and eyes, and curtain rings.

By arranging the sardine keys alternately, that is, putting the "tops" and then the "tails" together, and then join-



ing each set of two with narrow pieces of leather, an attractive bracelet is designed.

Should you desire a necklace, just join the hooks as illustrated, and then the very latest thing in necklaces is the result. Small curtain rings also change into necklaces when joined together with thin thread.

An English paper tells us that the first persons to hit upon this queer method of making jewellery were two young enterprising French artists.

By **KATHLEEN NORRIS**
The Famous Novelist

another frets her continually. She is not wholly a business woman, because she is not free of thoughts of marketing, getting in a cleaning woman, paying the telephone bill, and she is not all a wife, because, like her husband, she must, in any crisis, put business first. She is PAID for that. And if Jack has a headache, and wants a day at home, and milk, toast, and magazines, and a little spoiling from his wife, and Mary's office is in any real need of her, she has no choice. She must put the office first.

A wise girl will give home the first three or four years, wholeheartedly. Then

EACH STEP WILL TELL

We seldom face a precipice
Where we must choose the right or wrong.
'Tis not as simple as all this—
Then even weaklings would be strong.
Life is a path we walk along,
The path an easy one to miss,
No crimson light, no sounding gong,
To warn us of some great abyss.
No: step by step we rise or fall,
And hardly know we fall or rise,
Each hour directions must recall,
And watch the way with open eyes.
Below the valley always lies,
But they who think to see a wall
That separates the earth and skies
Will never find it so at all.

she can decide whether Joan and Junior can get along without her or not. Often they can, for six or seven hours a day at least, and at that see more of Mother than most rich women's children do.

And marrying on a small salary? But I don't pity or advise girls who are young and strong and in love, and facing that problem. I envy them.

Special Introductory Offer OF THE FAMOUS AMERICAN

"OUTDOOR GIRL" WEEK-END BEAUTY KIT

The Perfect Make-up Ensemble

FULL 4/- VALUE for 2/6



Containing a generous Handbag size of each of the following—

Olive Oil Face Powder and Refill, Tissue-building Cream, Lifting Cleansing Cream, Lip and Cheek Rouge, Cleansing Tissues.

The final secret of beauty and charm lies in Olive Oil. Olive Oil powder nourishes the skin, keeps it smooth, supple, and youthful. That's why everybody's using Outdoor Girl Products and enthusiastically praising them as the best they ever used.

To enable you to test these products—especially this amazing new kind of Face Powder that clings better and stays on longer—this offer is made.

Outdoor Girl products are inexpensive—but the best opportunity to try the most marvelous NATURAL beauty products ever made—and giving the biggest VALUE ever offered.

Free make-up advice gladly given. If you cannot call, send this advertisement and your name and address with 2/6 postal note and the Beauty Kit will be posted to you.

OUTDOOR GIRL BEAUTY SHOP

320 Her Majesty's Arcade, opposite David Jones, Pitt and Castlereagh Streets, Sydney.

Also obtainable at—David Jones, Farmer and Co., Hordern Bros., McCallister, Way's, Anthony Hordern's, Ed Samuels, Mark Foy's, Hallams, and all leading Stores and Chemists.

OUTDOOR GIRL

OLIVE OIL
Beauty Products

DRESSING the WARDROBE

"Well, and how do you like it?" asked an American girl friend when I called in to see her the other day.

The "it" was the wardrobe, the doors of which showed the inside panels lined with a beige chintz, gaily patterned in pinks and reds, on which she had sewn eight pockets to take care of her four pairs of evening shoes, and two longer, slimmer pockets, one for her umbrella and the other for her sunshade.

Her dress bags (which were of transparent material) instead of being joined from toe to neck, so to speak, had a

long zip fastener. This, as she pointed out, enabled the bag to be opened almost flat, and the dresses to be encased without any risk of crushing. As an extra protection against dust, she had hung before the bags a curtain in rose pink poplin.

Her hat-boxes she had covered with a cream and silver striped wall-paper.

And, as a finishing touch, she had dressed the wardrobe shelf with a valance of the rose pink poplin, scalloped after the manner of that worn by kitchen shelves in the long ago.

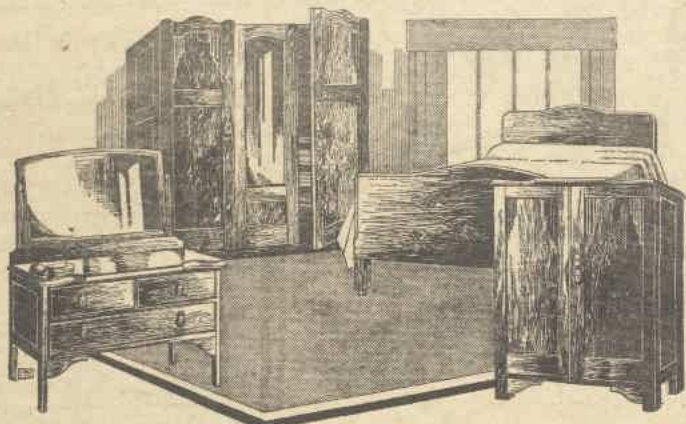
OUT! OUT! OUT!

WE MUST GO!

TO THE PUBLIC OF NEW SOUTH WALES!

This is an ill wind for us. It will blow us out of our Main Furnishing Emporium at 413 George Street; but it will be good for hundreds of buyers in New South Wales. It will bring into their homes high quality furniture which they could never, otherwise, hope to get at such ridiculous prices. . . . Look these suggestions over.

Famed throughout New South Wales for its quality, style, and value, BEAR and COY'S, furniture always has been sold at a price which has astonished.



FIGURED, POLISHED SEASONED OAK. Another newly-designed Bedroom Suite we know you'll appreciate. It's called the "Greta." The massive wardrobe has two-thirds hanging space and balance fitted with sliding trays, etc. Roomy dressing-table, with large bevelled mirror, and gent's fully fitted loughboy to match.

SELLING-OUT PRICE. They must be sold

Usually £19/5/-
£9/17/6



COMFORT IN THE BED-ROOM. Your own choice of patterns and colours for this chair. Best Continental upholstery.

SELLING-OUT PRICE .. **23/6**

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2KY EVERY SUNDAY AND THURSDAY

NIGHTS, 9 TO 10
Also 2CH, Thursdays, 7.30 to 7.45 p.m.

A truly magnificent suite. Deep, comfortable resilient springing in loose cushions, arms and backs. Upholstery in Genuine Genoa Velvet and available in a variety of colour schemes. Only for this emergency we would sell this suite for £22/10/-.
Usually £32/10/-
Price NOW, to sell off, only **£16/19/6**

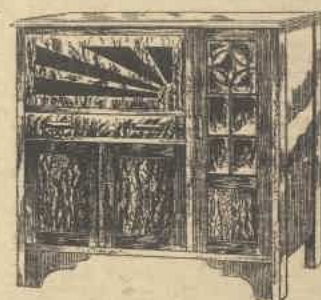
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The same advantages, as always, apply to our end-of-lease mammoth clearance. Send for details of our free freight offer, free samples of Genoa Velvet for lounge suite covers, and our free illustrated catalogue.

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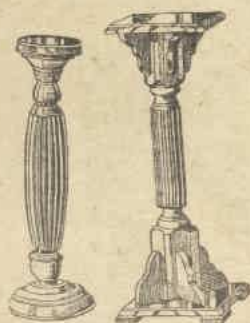


UNIQUE COMBINATION WRITING BUREAU



Limited number only. Solid, seasoned, imported timbers. Quality, workmanship. Usually £6/15/-.
SECURE ONE AT **£4/5/-**

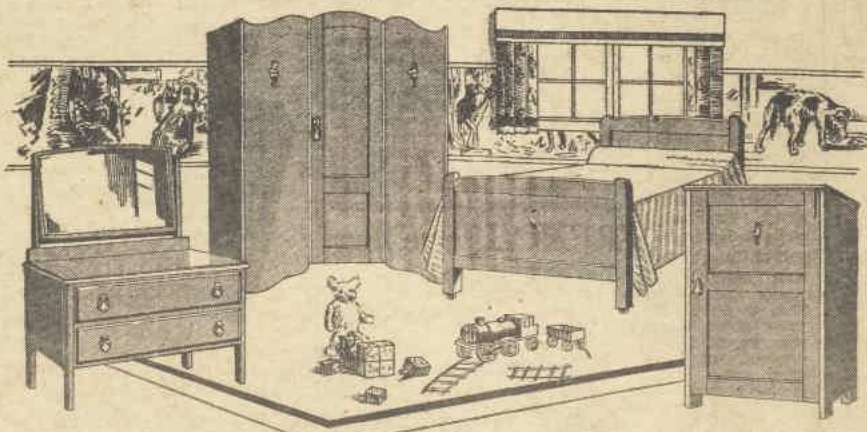
TWO MAPLE PEDESTALS



Very decorative model, polished Maple. Selling Out Price .. **39/6**

Square base and top style. Attractive design. Selling Out Price .. **13/6**

BEAUTIFUL LACQUERED NURSERY SUITE



Something specially for the kiddies' bedroom. A marvellously effective setting, full sized, consisting of a roomy wardrobe, neat dressing table with plate glass mirror, and loughboy to match. Expertly lacquered in any colour you wish, to harmonise with nursery surroundings. Unusual! Unique!—and exclusive to Bear's at this SELLING-OUT PRICE

£5/15/-



Upholstered Velvet BEDROOM STOOL. Highly polished. SELLING OUT PRICE **13/11**

BEAR & CO!

WE'RE VACATING OUR MAIN STORE PREMISES
OLD CIVIL SERVICE BUILDINGS, 413 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY
COME EARLY! COME EARLY! SECURE YOUR SHARE OF THESE PHENOMENAL BARGAINS!

STRANGE Disappearance of MRS. POTSTONE

IT has sometimes been said, and Mr. Potstone had once read it in a newspaper, that the qualities associated with commercial success are not necessarily those that make for domestic happiness. But Mr. Potstone had disagreed. Look at himself.

He was a successful man. And his domestic life, thanks to management, had been nothing to grumble about. Management it had meant, of course, and a firm hand. No good having two people, each thinking him or herself boss. But, given the right man and the right method, the thing was as simple as A.B.C.

"I don't stand any nonsense," said Mr. Potstone. "In my business. Nor yet I don't stand any at home. What I say goes, and there's an end of it. See what I mean?" and Mr. Potstone would wink.

When Mr. Potstone was in a good temper, or having a drink with some equally successful friend, he would frequently wink, and it was the sort of wink that generally produced a laugh.

He was a large man, with a flat, red face and a natural droop of his right upper eyelid. Samuel Potstone, of Potstone and Son, plumbers and decorators, 27 Brewery St., Camberwell.

It was now a year since he had added the words "and Son" to the legend above the shop window, and it was his happy belief that Bert, who was 22, was a chip of the old block.

Like his father, he was big and red, with a loud laugh and a gift of repartee, and he had long ago learnt, like his father, to keep the men in their proper places.

There were half a dozen of these in more or less permanent employ, with a few extra hands when times were busy; and Mr. Potstone could remember when, just after his own father had died, there were only himself and a lad. Not so bad, he would say, in 24 years—not at all bad, considering.

When asked why he did not move into larger premises in the Peckham Road or elsewhere, Mr. Potstone would declare that what had been good enough for his father was good enough for him. What was the sense, too, he would like to know, of expending all his profits in rent? Or servants? He and his son lived on the best, and his wife cooked every bit of it with her own hands.

THAT was what Mrs. Potstone had been doing for 24 years now—ever since she was 19—save for the brief interval during which Bert was born and Mr. Potstone's sister had taken charge.

She had been slender and pretty then, the daughter of a Scarborough landlady, with whom Mr. Potstone had once lodged during a week's holiday; and being naturally devoted to babies, she would have liked to have some more.

She was fond of flowers, too, and had taken a faithful pride in their little Camberwell garden. But Mr. Potstone had required it for the business, and it had been useless to protest.

For 33 years Mrs. Potstone had been thoroughly aware that it was always useless to protest. And, though it had been a little difficult, she remembered, to become used to this, she had ultimately succeeded, not without tears.

On this particular Thursday evening, however, early in November, there were no friends dropping in to supper except Gladys Marks, the latest of Bert's girls, whom he had taken to the 8 o'clock show at the Carlton Cinema. She was a blonde-haired young woman, with a laugh almost as loud as Bert's and not above flirting with his father, and she evidently believed that it was practically impossible to use too much powder and lipstick.

Though she often came to supper, she had never offered to assist in clearing the table afterwards; and Bert and his father apparently found her too amusing to relinquish her company for the purpose of washing up. Towards 9 o'clock the two of them appeared.

"Now then, Ma!" shouted Bert, "where's the food?" and almost at the same moment Mr. Potstone came in with Mr. Gus Hawkes, who lived in the next street.

"Hallo, Bert," he said. "Hallo, Gladys, Miss Marks, Mr. Hawkes. You can give 'im the glad eye, Gladys, if you like. Left 'is missus at 'ome. Aven't you, Gus?" Mr. Potstone winked, as he sat

An Unusual Type of Short Story

heavily down in his armchair to the right of the fireplace.

"Measly sort of fire," he added, "I call this. Where's your Ma? Hi, where are you, Emily?"

Mrs. Potstone exchanged good evenings with Gladys and Mr. Hawkes.

"What've you been doing to the fire?" Mr. Potstone demanded. "Expect us all to freeze?"

Mrs. Potstone bent over the coal-scuttle.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I hadn't noticed."

"I should think you were sorry," said Mr. Potstone. "Sit down, Gus, and make yourself at home."

He took off his boots and felt for his slippers, but was unable to find them. Mrs. Potstone had returned to the kitchen.

"Struth, and now my slippers isn't there. Hi, Ma!"

"Nor's mine," said Bert.

Mr. Potstone winked at Gus.

"Ave to see about this, Ma!"

Mrs. Potstone had just time to lift the soup from the stove before Bert's shout mingled with his father's.

"What've you done with our slippers?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Mrs. Potstone. "I forgot to put them back. You both went into the yard in them this morning, and I took them into the scullery to brush."

She was standing in the doorway, a little flushed, facing their four pairs of eyes.

"Well, bring 'em along," said Mr. Potstone, "and hurry up and don't keep us waiting all night for supper."

Mrs. Potstone returned with the slippers.

Mrs. Potstone produced a faint smile and went back into the kitchen to fetch the soup. This was followed by chops,

Hawkes had also departed.

Her husband blinked at her through his puffy eyelids.

"Got my hot water bottle up?" he inquired.

"No, do you want it?"

"Yup, it's a cold night."

His eyelids drooped again, and he began to snore.

It was half-past eleven when he joined her in bed and nearly one before she fell asleep, so that it seemed a comparatively short time before she felt him kicking her in the morning.

"Time for tea, isn't it?" he grunted.

Mr. Potstone believed in early rising. It was half-past six and there had been a frost during the night. Mrs. Potstone got up and went downstairs. But for half a moment she paused, glancing thoughtfully round the bleak kitchen, and four hours later, having tidied up the house, she glanced round it again.

Then she took a deep breath. Well, why not? For the last three years she had been quietly making her preparations. So why wait? Life didn't go on forever.

"And that's the last of you," she said softly.

She glanced at the clock. It was half-past ten. Both Mr. Potstone and Bert were out for the morning, and closing the kitchen door for the last time, she went soberly up to her bedroom.

She then packed a suitcase with various belongings, carefully freed from marks of identity, a couple of photographs, three books, and a new imitation-leather overcoat.

Finally, since it was raining, she donned an old waterproof, peeped into her purse, found her umbrella, and leaving her latchkey on the table, sauntered through the side door into the street.

At Camberwell Green she picked up a bus for the Elephant and Castle, where, she took the tube to King's Cross, and by 12 o'clock, having left her suitcase in the cloak room, she was sitting in a neighboring tea room, nibbling a bun and luxuriously inhaling the nectar-like fumes of a cup of coffee.

The rain had stopped now. The sun was shining. The wind was blowing out of a temperate south-west, and she caught the eye and returned the smile of the waitress who had just served her.

A pretty girl she thought. But everybody was looking jolly. Amazing how suddenly her landscape had changed, and it was fun enough in itself and really rather thrilling to consider and envisage her plan of campaign.

Twenty minutes later she had heard the front door close and assumed that Bert was seeing Gladys home. And when she returned at last to the sitting room, it was to find that Mr.

Running Water

By CLUYAS WILLIAMS



STARTS WATER RUNNING IN TUB FOR BATH. WHILE WAITING, IS CALLED TO TELEPHONE



FINDS IT'S MRS. MEEKLE. CALLS UPSTAIRS FOR SOMEONE TO TURN THE WATER OFF



MRS. MEEKLE BEGINS LONG DISCUSSION OF WAYS OF RAISING MONEY AT NEXT CHURCH FAIR.



REALIZES NO ONE HEARD HIM UPSTAIRS AND SHOUTS FOR PITY'S SAKE TURN THE WATER OFF QUICK, THE TUB WILL RUN OVER



HEARS SIGNS OF ACTION UPSTAIRS AND TRIES TO PUT MIND ON MRS. MEEKLE'S TROUBLES



SOUND OF RUNNING WATER IS SUDDENLY REDOUBLED, WIFE HAVING THOUGHT HE MEANT TO ADD COLD WATER SO IT WOULDN'T GET TOO HOT



BELLOWS ONCE MORE, AND WATER FINALLY GETS TURNED OFF



HASN'T MUCH IDEA WHAT MRS. MEEKLE HAS BEEN TALKING ABOUT AND IS RELIEVED TO HEAR HER SAY GOOD-BYE AT LAST



HUNGES UP JUST AS WIFE REMARKS UPSTAIRS THAT THIS WATER WILL JUST GET COLD, SHE'LL TAKE THIS BATH, AND DADDY CAN TAKE HIS LATER BATHROOM DOOR SHUTS

Things That Happen

New Way of Ironing

MY sixteen-year-old niece called on me recently, and, noticing a V-shaped burn on her chest, I inquired what had caused it. "I do wish everybody would stop asking me that!" she said. "I burnt myself with the electric iron."

It appears she had tried to press the collar of her frock after she had put it on, and it is just another example of the extremes a young girl will go to, to save herself trouble. Another girl in this district burnt her stomach the same way.

19/- to "Jill," Queanbeyan.

A Rough Passage

A PASSENGER friend of mine on the Bondi-Bellevue Hill tram to Circular Quay, Sydney, experienced such a rough ride that, on alighting at the end of his journey, he remarked to the conductor: "Well, that is the worst part of my journey over." "Where are you going?" Across the road?" said the conductor. "No," replied my friend with a scowl. "I'm going to England."—K.W., Sydney.

Cost of Gossip

WHEN two women of my acquaintance met on a railway station platform recently they became so engrossed in their gossip that a couple of trains came in and left without them. Suddenly, they came to earth and realised they were there to catch a train to the city; but they missed a third, for one of them had not bought a ticket.—J.W., Rydalmere.

Deals in Brightness

A REGULAR caller at our door is a man who cleans shoes and boots at a penny or twopenny a pair. So popular has it proved that he now has many customers, some daily and some weekly. You provide your own materials; but if he provides them he charges twopenny for shoes and threepenny for boots. Children's shoes he does at the rate of four pairs for sixpenny.—S.B.D., Ashfield.

Insult To Injury

A BRIDE I knew had an argument with her husband one evening. Next morning she refused to rise and prepare his breakfast. They lived on a farm, and the sleep-out was just outside the breakfast room window. After a lot of trouble the poor husband managed to cook himself some breakfast, which he carried in triumph to the breakfast table. Then he went back to the kitchen for his coffee, and when he returned he found his wife, a wrap flung around her pyjamas, calmly eating the eggs and bacon he had cooked for himself.—Mrs. G.W., Inverell.

Puppy's Strange Home

I FOUND a swaggle sitting on my back verandah last week, holding an extra large steel billy on his lap. He asked me for a job, and, after I had consented to give him one, I remarked on the unusual size of his billy. In reply he opened it for my inspection. It was divided into two parts, and, to my great surprise, in one compartment was a wee pup. This side of the billy was perforated for air, and the other side contained hot stew. The swaggle explained that the pup was too small to travel the road with him, hence the idea; for the dog kept the stew warm and the smell of the stew kept the dog contentedly snoring.—"Potrill," Leura.

Kittens With Wireless Set

A WIRELESS set was packed in a crate and sent from Newcastle to Sydney by a friend of mine recently. On opening the crate, three live kittens, about a week old, were discovered, all doing well. While the packer was away the mother cat had evidently deposited her family in the set. What she thought when the crate disappeared I cannot imagine.—C.E., Hurlstone Park.

Returned the Tobacco

A GIRL friend told me last week that an old lady came into the store where she is employed and asked if she could have her money back on a tin of tobacco. She said she had bought it for her son, but he had since died, and so she did not want the tobacco.—A.P., Sydney.

He Had a Job

IN the course of his duties on the recent census my father called at the police station with prisoners' Census papers. When filling in one of the prisoner's forms, he asked "Are you unemployed?" meaning before the man came into the station. The prisoner looked at him with a grin and said "Unemployed?" I should think not—I got six months' hard labor.—J.C. Narrandera.



I'm always being asked to marry. Who by—your father?

and since Mr. Hawkes had arrived unexpectedly, Mrs. Potstone contented herself with vegetables. It was nearly half-past ten before she had finished drying the last plate and prepared the teapot for Mr. Potstone's early cup of tea.

From what she had heard, Gladys was being what Mr. Potstone called fresh. Certainly her laughter had been loud and frequent, and at 10 o'clock Bert had put on the wireless, but without interfering apparently with the general conversation.

Twenty minutes later she had heard the front door close and assumed that Bert was seeing Gladys home. And when she returned at last to the sitting room, it was to find that Mr.

(Continued on Page 36)

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL



Sparkling Eyes

By PAM

"That pair of sparkling eyes" means everything to your facial expression — there is a charm and vivacity that attract with every glance — in fact, the importance of these members cannot be over-looked. The "windows of the soul" are in your care — it is for you to make the most of Nature's gift. Below: How to use an eyebath — an essential in the care of the eyes.

Your EYES NEED Every CARE

EMBELLISHMENT is permissible when such is imparted by the judicious use of cosmetics, but eye make-up in any form must not be overdone.

It is true that neither size nor color of the eyes can be altered, but with a minimum of care the average woman can have clear, expressive eyes, that sparkle with health and the joy of living.

The Daily Routine

First of all, it is important that the eyes should be able to do their work efficiently, for weak eyes will show the strain that they are forced to resist. Tired eyes can never be associated with beauty, for this means dullness and loss

of tone—wrinkles develop from this cause.

Every day, and especially when you have been walking or motoring to any extent, bathe them with a simple lotion of equal parts boracic solution and rose-water. Warm slightly for use as a wash, and apply by means of an eye-bath, where possible. The tepid foment made by soaking a piece of soft flannel or cotton wool in tepid boracic water is also of service, and this may be placed over



the eyes for a few minutes while still warm. Then, after drying, massage a little almond oil or cold cream gently about the eyes to nourish the tissues, and so minimise any tendency to wrinkling.

If the lashes are inclined to fall, smear a trace of yellow vaseline along the lid margins at night after bathing as above. Exercises for your eyes, which you may practice when you have a leisure moment during the day, are very helpful. Try the following:—

- (1) Without moving the head, look up and then down as far as possible.
- (2) Keeping the head still, look sideways, first to the right, and then to the left.
- (3) Revolve the eyes slowly, and reverse.
- (4) Open and close the eyes quickly.

These movements may be repeated several times, but do not tire the eyes in an effort to improve their brilliance.

Eyebrows and Lashes

Fine, dark eyebrows and lashes that frame the eyes, add charm to even the plainest face, and herein is the secret of many a woman's beauty. The eyebrows should be tidy, but not over-plucked. Thinned and scanty brows are no longer required, and they certainly detract from the expressiveness of the eyes. Pluck out any stray hairs with a fine pair of tweezers, and pinch the brows between the thumb and forefinger to encourage the hairs to grow in a graceful line.

The eyebrow brush should be used every day, if only for the purpose of applying a trace of oil for sheen. Brush upwards and outwards in the direction of growth, then smooth the brow over with the finger-tip. The lashes, of course, should be brushed carefully upwards to encourage the natural curl, and at night a trace of yellow vaseline may be applied to stimulate growth.

Remember that light eyes and fair lashes can be made more alluring by the occasional use of eye-shadow and mascara. The former adds depth to the eyes and intensifies their color, whereas the latter is for real lash beauty.

For day wear, brushing the lashes and brows with vaseline is, perhaps, preferable to mascara, although the latter can have quite a pleasing effect if applied sparingly with a tiny brush. In the afternoon or evening, a trace of grey or blue eye-shadow on the upper lid is an improvement, but here the blending must be perfect and most delicate. To make the eyes appear larger, apply your eyebrow pencil, black or brown, according to your coloring, in a short line from each outer corner towards the temple—try the effect for yourself.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME



..BY A DOCTOR..

TURNING THE EYELID

Question: Children often get a bit of grit or other foreign matter in their eyes. What is the best way to remove it? Sometimes it is desirable to turn back the upper eyelid so that we can see any foreign body that has managed to get underneath it. The best way to do this is to get the sufferer to sit in a chair and bend his head backwards. Now, standing behind him, put the end of a match about half an inch above the edge of the lid. Tell him to look down, and then gently turn the lid back over the match. One emphasises the word "gently," because if this is not done with the greatest gentleness, it is best not to do it at all.

THINGS IN THE EYE

One of the commonest of minor injuries is to get a cinder or bit of dirt in the eye. Sometimes the offending object is a small insect. Whatever it is, it generally lodges between the eyeball and the eyelid, and causes pain and distress. The instinctive reaction is to rub the eye, but this is not wise, for reasons not concerning us at the moment.

Sometimes it is helpful to open the eye under water by putting the head down over a basin. If this does not wash the trouble out, keep closed for several minutes, when the tears which collect are liable to carry it away. If this does not succeed, turn the lower lid down gently, and search in that part. The speck can be removed with the corner of a clean handkerchief.

Compacts—

HAVE you ever tried putting a piece of cheese cloth over your brush when giving your hair its 30 strokes at night? This is particularly effective in the case of greasy scalp, for it cleanses the hair and remedies the only condition.

JUICE of tomato is one of the most healthful beverages, and is said to be a great blood purifier. It has additional qualities, too, for it is also a good cleanser. Vegetable stains, and even nicotine stains, can be removed by its application.

MANY women have a dark patch of skin on the neck just below the ears, where a touch of perfume is added to complete the toilette. If the habit of applying perfume ceases the dark patch will usually fade in time without treatment.

A FEW drops of olive oil added to hard water will make the soap lather better, and keep the skin from getting rough.

BATH salts are unlikely to discolor a freshly painted bath if they are dissolved first in a jug of hot water and added to the bath water. Do not keep bath salts in the bathroom, where the steam and heat may spoil them. They should be kept in a jar in a cool, dry place.

SMOOTH, unlined foreheads are more than ever necessary to that youthful appearance in these days of revealing hats and hair-dressings. Massage upwards across the space between the eyes, and repeat daily if you are addicted to the habit of frowning. Work the fingers in an outward direction across the forehead, and continue in the same movement outwards towards the temples. Repeat several times from the starting point as above.

THERE is not a woman living who is totally without beauty—sometimes a discerning eye is required to see it, but it is there. All that is needed is to bring it into the light. Face, hands and skin must be regularly treated to attain an attractive appearance.



ROCK TO AND FRO in this position to strengthen the abdominal muscles to reduce any tendency there to fat.

MAKE-UP for Evening WEAR

Eye Cosmetics

EYE make-up comes into its own in the evening, and it is not too much to use mascara, eye-shadow, and eyebrow pencil in moderation. Used with discretion, these items will add much to the size and brilliance of your eyes, and there is a finished effect in the beauty that is imparted.

Of course, there is no need to give a hard, artificial look, as both mascara and pencils are made in tints from black to light brown, and there are many eye-shadows from which to choose.

The latter should be applied very carefully to the upper lids, as close to the lashes as possible, and then smoothed upwards towards the brows. If the shadow is in powder form, do not overlook the requirement of a thin oil base—a smearing of your tissue cream will do. When using mascara, remember to use a

second clean brush smeared with a little brillantine. This prevents the lashes from sticking together with the mascara, and so any artificial effect is avoided. The lower lashes should be brushed downwards with vaseline, their appearance being accentuated in this way. Should you dislike the use of eye-shadow, try the effect of a little vaseline or cold cream smoothed over the lids to give expression. The appearance of the eyes will be improved, and the lids will lose that wrinkled appearance of age.

From the above it will be seen that the discreet woman will exercise every care in choosing the color of her eye cosmetics. Apart from exotics in blue and green eye-shadow paste and powder, shades of brown are confined to four tints—blonde or chatain, light and dark brown, and black. It is best to match the hair color as near as possible, remembering, of course, that black eyelashes and golden hair can seldom be associated in the natural make-up other than for the stage.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

By RITA MOYA.

It is not every woman's good fortune to be endowed by Nature with fine features and a flawless complexion, but nowadays it is possible to make the plainest face attractive, and that, too, in the privacy of one's home. I shall endeavor to show you in the following lines how much may be done in this direction by any woman of ordinary intelligence. When facial applications are necessary, use only the pure ingredients just as they come to the chemist. The improvements in your appearance will be ample compensation for any trouble taken to obtain these simple and harmless beautifiers.

Excessive Fat.—Of all the ways suggested for reducing I know of none so simple, so safe and so certainly effective as that of taking clynd berries. They can be taken without fear of adversely affecting the health. Rather do they improve one's general health, while they reduce excessive fat in a natural manner. Do get some from your chemist to-day.

About Shampooing.—Even the best shampoo is somewhat drying, and if the hair is not naturally oily, I suggest that just before the shampoo you apply olive oil to the scalp, rubbing it into the hair roots vigorously. Then use pure talcum for the shampoo. Dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. This will leave the hair very clean with a becoming sheen, delightfully soft and feminine looking. For blonde hair it is really wonderful.

An Instantaneous Beautifier.—Instead of face powder, use sulphur lotion. This lotion will tone and clear the skin, and acts as a protection against sun and wind. A little applied with the finger-tip instantly gives the skin a delightful "bloom." No powder is necessary, and the result lasts all day long under the most trying conditions.

To Remove Superfluous Hair.—It is a simple matter to remove a downy growth of hair temporarily, but to remove it permanently is quite another matter. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that powdered pheninol may be used for this purpose. Apply it directly to the hair. The recommended treatment is designed, not merely to instantly remove the hair, but also to eventually kill the roots entirely. Pheninol is especially suitable for removing hair from the underarms.

The Real Cause of Most Bad Complexions.—It is an accepted fact that no truly beautiful complexion ever came out of jars and bottles, and the longer one uses cosmetics the worse the complexion becomes. Skin, to be healthy, must breathe. It also must expel through the pores its share of the body's effete material. Creams and powders clog the pores, interfering both with elimination and breathing. If more women understood this there would be fewer self-ruined complexions. If they would use pure mercurized wax instead of cosmetics they would have natural, healthy complexions. This remarkable substance is not absorbed by the skin; its action is just the opposite. The skin repels mercurized wax, and at the same time throws off all imperfections. An exquisite new complexion peeps out, quite free from any appearance of artificiality. Apply nightly like cold cream, for a week or two.

About Hair Tonics.—Each week almost one hears of some wonderful discovery for improving the hair, and although this paragraph may seem a little superfluous, an old-fashioned recipe may come as a welcome change. One thing about it is that it will grow hair, and also prevent it falling out. From your chemist get an original package of boranum, to this add a quarter-pint of bay rum, allow it to stand 30 minutes, then add sufficient water to make half a pint. Rub briskly into the scalp with the finger-tips, and you will immediately experience that clean tingling sensation which is a sure sign of healthy action, and the re-awakening of hair growth.



The FASHION PARADE BY JESSIE TAIT.

WHEN you see the new spring coats and jackets you will wonder how you ever did without them before. They will transform your dresses left over from last summer, and they will enable you to wear your light winter clothes all through the spring, until the warmer weather commences.

They can be put into three groups. First, practical coats for mornings, sports and travelling. They do up high at the neck, have square-looking shoulders, are fitted to the figure with a narrow belt, and have patch pockets. They usually do not have lapels, and a scarf is worn round the throat. These coats you wear over tailored frocks or two-piece costumes.

The second group consists of the very new three-quarter and finger-tip length variety, falling straight from the shoulders, often enlarged in the back by pleats or bias seams. Without collars, and having large sleeves. They are worn open over contrasting frocks.

Less popular, but also very smart, is the coat that fits trimly, is full length, and, contrary to the three-quarter style, it just meets down the front and is worn done up; often buttoned from the top nearly to the knees, and opening below when you walk to show your frock. This style is made for preference in black and dark colors. The sleeves are often short, and are bordered with fur. Fur is used on the shoulders and sleeves, but not round the neck.

Materials and Colors for the Loose Coats

The coats in the second group will be the most worn this spring and summer. There are jackets after the same style only just below waist length. The most

The NEW Spring COATS and JACKETS

popular colors are white, grey, and string color.

None of these coats and jackets need have the slightest apparent relation to their frocks and blouses. You have a frock in one material, and a coat or jacket of any length in another. You put the two together with your accessories.

All materials are used, the main ones being linen in all its forms, and pique.

White is Chic

The smartest and most useful color for one of these coats is white. You will see one sketched on this page. I would suggest one of white linen, made finger-tip or three-quarter length. Squared-off shoulders and the back flared

MISS JESSIE TAIT each week gives Australian women the benefit of her unusual talent for dressing, as exemplified in the frocking of many famous J. C. Williamson Ltd. shows.

To Brighten Up Your Old Dresses

ing out from just beneath the shoulder yoke. You may have big lapels—or none at all, the edge just rolled back.

This coat will look right over any plain colored dress—especially black, navy, blue or brown, in either wool, silk, or cotton. Over a printed frock, if the print has a touch of white in it. You can also wear it with a colored skirt and blouse.

It seems very early to be thinking of white coats. If you want one before the warmer weather starts there are so many new materials you could use. Cottons that look like tweeds, and every other conceivable fabric. These would be quite warm enough if worn over woollen frocks.

Light Shades are Best

These coats and jackets are made in almost every color, but very seldom in a darker shade than the frock beneath. There is a particularly good model by Lucile Paray. The finger-tip length coat



The smart coat suit above is fashioned of heavy sapphire blue silk combined with a large blue and white checked silk. The loose free hanging coat with big sleeves is in the same checked silk as the top of the dress.

A dress in black and white checked crepe-de-chine is worn under an emerald green linen swagger coat. A scarf of the dress material ties over the coat.



Schiaparelli's tray shoulder cape and skirt in bright red, worn over a chalk-colored printed dress. Black with white.

A coat just meeting at the centre front is made of beige camel-hair material. Its short sleeves are bordered with red fox fur.

The smartest coat for summer days. Made of white linen with large pockets and full back, it is worn over a dress of black crepe with a half sash of the linen.

is of string-colored linen crash. The dress is in navy blue crepe, with a scarf collar, which crosses in front, and the ends come through two slots at either side of the coat.

A dress of black wool has a loose coat of grey linen and a hat of the same. Black gloves, shoes and bag. A plain, high-necked dress of nigger brown, with the same color hat and shoes, has a below-waist length, full-backed jacket of beige pique, with full sleeves, that just come to below the elbows. Beige gloves, with long gauntlet cuffs, are worn with this ensemble.

A pale blue jacket is worn over a printed crepe-de-chine frock of navy and pale blue print.

The sleeves on these new coats and jackets are very often short, elbow length, three inches below the elbow, or about four inches above the wrist.

Check or Plaid

If you don't want your coat to wear with almost everything, have one made of check or plaid material. Wear it over a plain-colored frock. This will look extremely smart, but will not be so useful. The dress must be the color of one of the checks, or of one of the stripes in the plaid.

A blouse of heavy crepe is made attractive by fan shaped pleating.

A crinkled gingham blouse with its small red and blue check on a white ground. It has blue suspenders of fine pique that end in red buckles front and back. Yoke is piped with blue pique.

A little tuck-in blouse in tie silk. A discreet red and white pattern on a navy ground, it was copied from a man's tie. It tries hard to be mannish, but it is too soft and silky.

A jumper made of plain grocery string—so popular this year for all kinds of clothing.

REVILLE puts triple collars and cuffs of white organdie on a black coat.

Tailored Blouses

WHAT a spring this will be for blouses. It is on account of the quantity of suits everyone will be wearing. It is the spirit of the Gibson girl back again, when skirts and blouses and sailor hats were worn.

Very few of the new blouses are frilly and fluffy, although made in such materials as fine linen, organdie and taffeta. They are generally strictly tailored. Plaids, checks, stripes and spots are printed on all materials and used for blouses. The designers give you plaid blouses with dark suits and dark blouses with light ones.

OUR PARIS SNAPSHOTS

If you are shy about wearing a high-crowned hat, compromise by choosing one that is only high behind or at one side.

MONKEY fur is back again. Lanvin has a whole series of coats with monkey fur on the sleeves. Vionnet has a coat trimmed with its long, glossy black fringes.

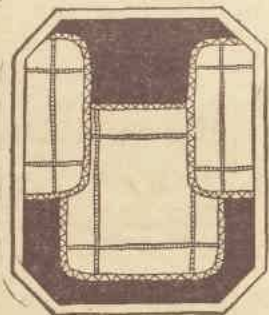
THE Queen of Denmark has chosen a simple black haquered satin evening dress to wear this summer.

FRANKLY, artificial pearls are fashionable again. Three and four strings of them are worn for evening.

VIONNET shows summer fur jackets made of shaved lamb. She dyes them pale grey or bright red.

SCHIAPARELLI gives women a new shoulder line to replace the square shoulder. Her new coats and jackets have shoulder trays, below which the sleeves are pleated.



NOVEL and
USEFUL

As a suggestion for your convenience when shampooing the hair, the quaint and inexpensive cape illustrated above will prove most useful. It is simply made and quite inexpensive.

ANOTHER sort of protection is needed when shampooing. A towel pinned round the shoulders always impedes the freedom of the arms, but the little shampoo cape in the illustration hasn't this disadvantage. You can make it in ten minutes at a cost of 1/6.

Get three large, thick face cloths at 6d each—the white ones with colored edges and stitching, forming a border, are, perhaps, the prettiest.

The second illustration shows how the cape is put together, without any cutting, by laying two of the squares over the third. They must overlap about six inches lengthways and three inches widthways to make the cape fit comfortably.

Join the squares invisibly under the colored decoration and put a press stud to fasten the little garment in front.

These ideas are as nice for yourself as for presents. In this case you can use the good portions of worn Turkish towels for the shampoo cape.

GREAT NEWS

Great news!—
It's hard to wait to tell.
Great news!—
She did, and never fell.
Great news!—
For father and for mother,
Great news!
We about to one another.
What news?
Why, all the laughing, talking?
What news?
Why, Baby's started walking!

Great news!—
Each day she's doing better.
Great news!—
Write all the rest a letter.
Great news!
What matters, here's the latest.
Great news!—
At least to us the greatest.
Great news!
And aunts and uncles talking.
Great news!—
For Baby's started walking!

CHARM IN
Crepe-de-Chine

With the return of waists and curves, lingerie has assumed an all-important role in the wardrobe.

UNIQUE Paris-Vienna JUMPER

Chic little velvet bows are a novel finish, but the outstanding feature of this model from our Paris-Vienna Service is the setting in of the shaped sleeves. It is very smartly ribbed, and the color scheme allows striking contrasts in the stripes.

THE directions are quite simple to follow, and the result is enchanting.

The jumper has been knitted by our expert, and is displayed in the wool department at David Jones, who courteously supplied the materials for the making.

Materials: 8 skeins of kasha, 1 skein each of black and blue 4-ply wool, pair No. 12 steel needles, pair No. 11 strapless needles, No. 1 crochet hook, 6 black buttons, 1 yd. 1 inch, 1 yd. 1 inch, black velvet ribbon.

Measurements: Length 22 inches, bust 34 inches, length of sleeve from shoulder 8 inches.

The Front: With No. 12 needles and kasha wool cast on 120 sts, k. into the back and rib 2 plain, 2 purl, for 34 inches. Change to No. 11 needles, and, still ribbing, increase sts. to 134 in the first row. Rib for 9 inches; then, on wrong side of work, cast off 40 sts, rib 54, cast off 40 sts. Continue on centre sts. for 3 inches, then divide sts. for neck opening, join on another ball of wool, and work both sides together.

Work for another 14 inches, then increase each end of needles as follows:—Cast on 2 sts. once, 4 sts. twice, 2 sts. twice, then 1 st. 10 times.

Now shape neck by casting off 4 sts. each side once, then decrease 1 st. every row until 14 sts. have been decreased each side altogether; at the same time still increasing each side of work until 3 more sts. have been added. Shape shoulders by casting off 10 sts. at beginning of every row until none remain.

The Back: Make the same as for the front, but omit neck opening. Shape shoulders as before, casting off remaining 28 sts. for back of neck.

The Sleeves: Both alike; the sleeves are knitted in stocking stitch, reversed every 3 rows to form ribs, the first purl rib being the right side. With kasha wool and No. 11 needles cast on 2 sts. Knit these 2 sts., then purl them.

Now cast on 2 sts. at the beginning of every row at one end of the needle, which will be the sleeve edge, and 1 st. at the other end, which will be the armhole edge, and work the following ribs: 5 kasha, 6 blue. At sleeve edge cast on 12 sts. and work another rib, this edge being straight from now on.

Still increasing at armhole edge, work 1 black rib, 1 blue rib, then decrease 1 st. at beginning of every row for 1 black, 1 blue, 1 kasha. Now, without shaping, work 5 kasha, 1 blue, 3 kasha, 1 black, 2 kasha, then increase 1 st. in each of the next 4 kasha ribs; without increasing, work 1 kasha, 4 blue; the next rib, worked in kasha, will be the centre of sleeve, and here you make the slit. Join on kasha, work 2 rows, then, at sleeve edge, cast off 20 sts., finish row. Knit next row and cast on 30 sts.; finish row.

Work other half of sleeve to correspond with the first, decreasing where you have increased. Cast off 12 sts. where you cast them on, and decrease 2 sts. at one end and 1 st. at the other, until 2 remain; cast off.

To Make Up: Join shoulder seams, sew sleeves into armholes; pin out the ironing blanket and press well with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Work double crochet along edge of sleeves and round neck, sew on buttons, join underarm seams, cut both lengths of velvet in half, make 2 bows with the narrow width, and sew one at each sleeve opening. Sew a length to each side of neck and tie a bow.



FOR SPORTSWEAR this gaily striped jumper is the very latest model. The interesting and unusual sleeve treatment gives the effect of a yoke.

MURDOCH'S

45/- & 65/- Racquets £1

NOW

Talk about Bargains! A wonderful opportunity to secure one of Kent's high-grade imported Tennis Racquets, "Blue Jay," and other famous models. Also Murdoch's "Now Wimbledon," "Viking," and "This" models.

Every Racquet in perfect condition. Now . . . 20/-



55/- "Triumph" Racquets

The well-known "Triumph" two-piece frame Tennis Racquets, products of the Empire Racquet Co. Overlay over wedge and throat. Black tacky calf grip. Tightly strung with Bentley's high-grade gut.

29/6

Murdoch's Famous "Truflex" Golf Clubs

An unprecedented saving opportunity for golfers! "Truflex" Drivers, Spoons and Brassies, in left or right hand, with fancy sight line, perfect balance, chromium plated steel shafts.

Usually 27/6. Special . . . 21/-

"Truflex" Matched Irons, perfectly balanced, Nos. 1 to 7. Chromium plated heads and shafts. Formerly 24/6.

Murdoch's 18/6

Kindly write to Desk "C26."

Murdoch's Ltd

"Sydney's Leading Sports Depot"

We pay freight, except on Golf Clubs too long or heavy for post. These go half freight to nearest Port or Railway Station in N.S.W.

A SLIP that creases under one's frock completely mars the smartest effect. This slip has been designed to hang in such simple lines as to be tailored, were it not for the dainty Alençon lace and the delicate tracery embroidered on it.

The design of the scanties shows the same attention to line and detail. The well-cut yoke fits quite smoothly on the hips, while the flared legs will hang perfectly under any skirt.

Paper patterns, also transfers, to embroider the dainty designs, are available for this delightful lingerie.

1447.—Material required: two and five-eighths yards 36 inch. To fit size 36 inch bust. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1. TRANSFERS, 6d.

9425.—Material required: one and a half yards 36 inch. To fit size 36 inch bust. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1. TRANSFERS, 6d.

Prince Leads Fashion

The Prince of Wales turned up at an important place recently wearing a fur-lined overcoat, which boasted a large fur collar.

It is amazing with what rapidity West End tailors follow the lead of the Prince, for it is well known that his dress sense is infallible. There is a slogan among tailors: "The Prince wears it, so it's all right."

"VAREX" HEALS BAD LEGS
No Need to Rest-up

Sufferers from Varicose ulcers can be assured of quick and permanent relief by the "Varex" method of treatment. This modern treatment and operations have failed, and it allows you to go about your work without hindrance. Sufferers should call at the Treatment Rooms and discuss their cases with the skilled nurse who is in charge. A free booklet, giving full particulars of the "Varex" Treatment, which has cured thousands, may be had free of charge from Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 202 N. George Street, Sydney (over Angus & Coole Ltd.).

WEATHER WINTRY WEATHER

WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE

The famous medicinal value of the Compound provides the safest and most efficacious treatment for Coughs, Colds, Chills, Influenza - Colds, Sore Throats and Bronchial Affections of young and old, which ailments are always prevalent during winter's seasonal severity.

FOR COUGHS & COLDS

Sold in 3 Sizes — 1/3, 2/1, 3/5.

GRACE BROS

12

DAYS

SALE

**FINAL
THREE
DAYS**
Sale Ends
Sat. July 22nd

FINAL SALE BARGAINS ABOUND IN ALL DEPARTMENTS!

Extra
Special
Bargains in

DRESS & SILK FABRICS

In extending their usual 12 Days' Sale to Saturday next, July 22nd, Grace Bros. offer a further opportunity for thrifty shoppers to save! During these final three days Bargains galore will be offered in all Departments, and in addition there will be some extra reductions on all oddments, in order to ensure a quick clearance of them before the opening of the new Spring goods.

These Bargains in Dress and Silk Fabrics are typical of the savings to be effected. All have been greatly reduced—many to Half Price and Less! Included are the Season's most popular Fabrics for Day and Evening wear. Silks and Woollen weaves that will win your instant approval at Sale prices you will be unable to resist. See them to-day!

Special Purchase of 36" REVERSIBLE CREPE SATIN

Heavyweight quality in a big range of beautiful colors and Black Navy and Ivory Usual Price 4/11 yard
SALE PRICE, Yard

2/11

36" CREPPLE CREPE, CREPE CRAQUELE and RIPLE CREPE

In a large range of the latest colors 6/11 to 9/11 qualities
ALL ONE PRICE, Yard

4/11

38" French Crepe SATINS, MAROCAINS and CELANESE SATINS

Odd lengths. All to go at one price. Good colors. including Navy Usual Price 4/11 to 6/11
All One Price, Yard

1/11

36" STRIPED FLAT CREPE

French manufacture, in fashionable awning stripes. Usual Price 6/11 yard
SALE PRICE, Yard

2/9

36" FRENCH FAILLE and BIARRITZ MAROCAIN

In Baccarat Green, Rhum Brown, Lido Blue, Nigger, Navy, and Black shades only Usual Price 5/11 yard
SALE PRICE, Yard

2/11

36" Brocaded French Lame

Beautiful, coloured floral designs in Gold and Silver. The quality is exceptionally rich. Usual Price 16/11 to 25/6 yard
ALL ONE PRICE, Yard

7/11

31" CAMBRICS

Fast colours. Over 100 neat, printed and colourful designs. A Special British Manufacturer's Purchase. The colourings are Apple Green, Fawn, New Blue, Nattier, Vieux Rose, Helio, Brown, Red, Pink Sky and Navy
SALE PRICE, Yard

7/2

36" Kashir Dress FLANNEL

Special Offer 200 Yards only. Special quality, offering in a good shade of Saxe Blue only. Usual Price 3/3 yard.
SALE PRICE, Yard

1/11

38" CHECK GINGHAMS

A fine quality Gingham in woven checks of Pink and White, Saxe and White, Helio and White, Brown and White, Apple Green and White, Red and White and Navy and White
SALE PRICE, Yard

1/3

54" All Wool Flecked KASHIR

A Special Purchase! Available in shades of Lido Blue, Wine, Burgundy, Rhum Brown, Signal Red, Nigger, Beige, Arab Green, Cinnamon, and Navy Usual Price 7/6 yard
SALE PRICE, Yard

4/11

38" English Wool GEORGETTE

A fine quality, all wool. Plain shades of Almond Green, Bois de Rose, Beige, and New Blue only Usual Value 5/6 yard
SPECIAL SALE PRICE, Yard

2/6

36" All Silk GEORGETTE

A beautiful quality for day and evening wear, in a large range of the newest shades.
SPECIAL SALE PRICE, Yard

1/9

36" All Silk Blousing SATIN

A special Japanese Washing quality for Blouses and Lingerie. Pink, Salmon, Lemon, Eau de Nil, Biscuit, Rose, Beige, Putty, Buttercup, Turquoise, Brown, Grey, Sky, Saxe and Cream. Usual Price 3/9, 4/9 yard
SALE PRICE, Yard

2/8

45" Black Fur Fabric

Rich, close pile of lustrous finish. Allover mottled effects. High grade quality and splendid black. A large range of designs to choose from. Usual Price 10/11 yard.
SALE PRICE

4/11

HALF PRICE! Black and White Special

36in. BLACK & WHITE HOPSAC. Black ground with White flecked design. Also White Hairline Check. Usual Price 4/6 yd.
SALE PRICE, Yard

2/3

56" ALL WOOL TWEEDS

We are offering a fine range of All Wool Tweeds at less than Half Price. This collection comprises Diagonal, Basket Weave, and Fancy Designs. A few of predominating shades are Wine, Brown, Navy, Fawn, Bottle, Saxe, Arab Green & Black and White. Usual Price 7/11 yard.
SALE PRICE, Yd.

3/11

Ground Floor GROSE STREET BUILDING Bargains

Do not fail to see these Bargains from the popular Ground Floor of our Grose Street Building. All have been specially reduced, and each one is an individual money-saver!

Ladies' Traced NIGHTDRESSES

Good quality Winocoyette, Nights, traced in a most range of designs, in Sky, Pink, White, and Lemon. Usual Price, each 3/11
GRACE BROS. SALE PRICE

1/11

Bargain in Art NEEDLEWORK

54 x 54 in. Cloth and Vanity Set to match, in superior quality Cream Irish Linen, traced in a splendid range of attractive designs, with hemstitching. Usual Price, each 5/10
GRACE BROS. SALE PRICE

5/10

Ladies' Traced COVERALLS

Best quality Calico Coverall. Pleated Aprons, traced in a wide range of selected designs, finished with strongly bound edge and colored bands to match.
GRACE BROS. SALE PRICE, each

1/10

Art NEEDLEWORK HALF PRICE

Special Clearance of Broken Ranges—best designs—comprising Quilting Cloth, Dishcloths, Pillow Slams, Centres, Doyles, Napkins, etc.
ALL MARKED AT HALF PRICE!

Ladies' Handkerchiefs Less Than Half Price

35 only—Boxes of 6 beautiful White Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, finest quality and exquisitely embroidered corners, finished three ways—spotting, stripes. Usual Price 22/-, 11/6, and 15/6 box.
GRACE BROS. SALE PRICE, box

9/11

Genuine "Lissac" HANDKERCHIEFS

Ladies' Genuine "Lissac" Handkerchiefs, in a large variety of attractive colored woven, striped, and checked. Usual Price each 1/3.
GRACE BROS. SALE PRICE, each

8 1/2d.

Special in FUR COLLARS

Do not miss this Bargain from our Fur Trimming Department. Short Lamb Collars, in smart Modest design, in various color only. Size 18 x 30 in.
GRACE BROS. SALE PRICE, each

12/11

GRACE BROS. Ltd., Broadway, Sydney PHONE: M 6506

HOLLYWOOD Expresses GRACE and CHARM

WHETHER lounging in luxurious ease or colorfully attired for informal occasions, Hollywood fashions have personality. It may be a subtle touch at the neck, a skilful line in the skirt, or a vivid contrast in the color scheme, but the effect is there.



semble of flesh-toned satin and lace, cut long and trailing. The design is accentuated with strasse, imparting a little glitter to the dullness of the lace. It is worn by Helen Twelvetrees, but it would grace the wardrobe of a princess. (Paramount.)

• WILLIAM TELL is an ensemble in blue and white worn by Adrienne Ames. The frock

is blue and white diagonal material, the attractive cross-over bodice is lined with pique and the three-quarter swagger coat

is made in the same material. The hat also of diagonal striped tweed has a daring red feather—it is a William Tell cap! (Paramount.)

• POUR LE TRAVEL, Adrienne Ames wears a tailleur of dark brown worsted and beige flannel. The sailor hat is brown felt, and in the scarf brown, yellow, and beige are artistically combined. (Paramount.)

• LUXURY, a boudoir en-

semble of flesh-toned satin and lace, cut long and trailing. The design is accentuated with strasse, imparting a little glitter to the dullness of the lace. It is worn by Helen Twelvetrees, but it would grace the wardrobe of a princess. (Paramount.)

• CHERITA, a mannish jacket of yellow chevritte suede, for golf. It is tailored trim and worn with a brown cloth skirt mannish! (M.G.M.)

Semi-precious stone jewellery . . . mounted in Silver



Green or red corneal ear-rings, set in silver—15/6.



Blue Swiss lapis lazuli ear-rings, set in silver—15/6.

The vogue for antique semi-precious jewellery is at its height, and Fairfax & Roberts are showing some delightful pieces of charming design and thoroughly reliable quality. Prices in every instance are most reasonable.



Blue Turquoise matrix, in antique silver setting brooch—21/-.



A beautiful brooch of Blue Swiss lapis lazuli, in silver setting—10/6.

FAIRFAX & ROBERTS Ltd.

"The Oldest Jewellery House in Sydney,"

23-25 HUNTER STREET.

AUSTRALIAN in THREE BIG Billowing PETTICOATS

From Nell Murray, Special Representative in Europe for The Australian Women's Weekly.

LONDON.

AN Australian who attracted many interested glances on Gold Cup Day was Lady Wilkins, wife of Sir Hubert Wilkins. She set off her brilliant red hair with a billowing gown of black organdie and lace, a Peter Russell creation.

It had three petticoats beneath, each measuring 20 yards round the hem, and with it she wore a black organdie cart-wheel hat and a sunshade of the two materials combined.

Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein also chose for Ascot a Peter Russell model of navy and white striped crepe. She wore with it one of the new swagger coats in white organdie, and a white organdie hat.

This year's experience has demonstrated once more how fickle is the English summer climate. A number of sensible women went to the races in frocks and accessories of water-proofed materials which look right if the sun shines, and which are not damaged if there are showers.

Several days at Ascot this year the weather was warm, and the women had it all their own way with yards and yards of organdie and trailing lace and chiffon.

This was decidedly an organdie Ascot—the humble cotton material taking the place of the printed chiffons and ginghams of last year.

This new idea is being developed, and a well-known London designer says that water-proofed Ascot clothes will soon be the general rule. Eventually it will be possible for the flimsiest Ascot gowns and hats to be so treated in advance that they will not be ruined by rain.

The Swagger Coat

In the meantime the swagger coat continues its triumphal progress in London and Paris. I hear from Paris that the latest idea is to wear it in some bright color over a black dress. For instance, a smart woman having tea in the Flower Court of the Ritz was "swaggering" in a coat of bright canary yellow, over the most nun-like of slim

black frocks. The combination of matt wool and lacquered satin for street, too, continues popular.

One very successful Paris model coat has very wide sleeves of lacquered satin, carried on past the normal shoulder line into the back and front of the coat, which is made of a soft matt woolen. From the neck downwards is a long, pointed gusset of the same shiny satin, let into the coat and encrusted. The ends of the sleeves widen slightly, and are finished with heavy bands of silver fox to match the separate "necklace" collar of fur. The high, pointed hat worn with this is also in lacquered satin, and so is the small bag in the new round "beret" shape.

Intimate Jottings

How Do You Like—

BARBARA RAMSAY'S political good works, and the way she "swishes" the cards at bridge?

Kath. Garvin's quaker outfit? Myrtle Beard's zippy riding in Centennial Park on Sunday?

Mrs. John Purves' unique oblong pastry savories?

The little patch of England in a bowler hat that is John Mansfield?

Mrs. Malcolm McCormick's taste for Anthropology, as shown by her becoming a member of the Anthropological Society?

Mary Wentworth's alleged preference for Englishmen compared with their Australian brothers?

Do Angels Smoke?

Certain members of Newcastle's Younger Set, before appearing as angels in the pageant play, "Christus Consummator," staged at the Lyric Theatre, puffed away at cigarettes behind the scenes to "calm their nerves."

Both the cigarettes and the nerves don't seem to quite fit one's preconceived idea of angels!

Blood Stock and Brown

At the Journalists' Ball, Captain Spring Brown, of the "Monowai," had to listen for a long time to the nagging acquaintance who insisted on re-iterating, for the benefit of all assembled at a party, that he was related to one of the foremost families of England, with known direct ancestry as far back as William the Conqueror.

The skipper stood the brag for some time in silence, but at length his patience gave out. He promptly offered any wager the boasting blue-blood cared to take that his own name was more illustrious.

"One of the Browns," said the skipper, while the crowd smiled broadly, "was John Brown; and if I remember rightly, a gentleman of that name was hanged somewhere on a sour apple tree."

The skipper collected.

A Club Burlesque

When I called at the Dungowan, after the Kooroorra Club members had concluded their quarterly dinner, it was to find the wax-like representation of Queen Elizabeth and nearby the figure of Sir Walter Raleigh, in the course of being wound up for action. As with stiff gestures and much ceremony he stepped forward and threw down the cloak, it must have been a shock to the good queen when Mrs. Jarley, in charge of the proceedings, broke in with the rough order, "Step on it, Lizz!"

There were dozens of such amusing sketches. The "weekly speaker" was represented by a realistic looking bull; Ebenezer it was called.

Is She the World's Worst?

I NOTICE that Mr. Kitto, of the Postal Department, announces an increase in the number of telephone subscribers, and he says this indicates a return to prosperity.

Well, maybe he's right. I know one of the new subscribers. She lives at Bellevue Hill, and reckons that Sydney is so dull at present (as far as entertainment goes) that she can't be bothered going out of doors. And so she spends hours on the phone.

Oh, yes, I really mean hours when I say hours. An hour's talk with her sister at Chatswood; another hour with her mother in Strathfield; a half-hour trunk-call to her great friend who's visiting the country; and anything up to an hour with some friend or other who happens to be in when she rings.

As she has a veritable torrent of conversation her listeners haven't a chance to end the talk except by hanging up—and very few have courage enough for that.

Light Lunch—Heavy Talk

Although he was looking much more like a happy father who digs his garden at the week-ends than a Prime Minister (while his clever wife looked like a society butterfly, all furs and flowers), Mr. Lyons soon proved himself the complete statesman when he began his speech at the Sane Democracy League Luncheon.

Marvellous lists of figures (we girls would never understand them) simply poured from his lips, proving all sorts of marvellous things, chiefly how greatly the present Government had reduced unemployment and given Australia back her credit abroad.

Gastronomic Graph

Of course, one has heard with bated breath, be it said, of the aftermath of mess dinners—the term is used strictly in its military sense. Further, one has conceded to the "sappers" and the "gunners" a fund of the most amazing knowledge. But the finesse, that combines the two qualifications, can only be appreciated to the full by a visit to the officers' mess of the Medium Brigade.

Framed according, no doubt, to army regulations, and hung "on the line" is a skilfully drawn graph, depicting the course—and courses—of a mess dinner. Starting with cocktails, it traces the meal, or the effects thereof, through subsequent courses, mounting steadily to the peak of hospitality at approximately the eighth course. Here, sad to relate, it takes a sudden plunge to a point well below normal, and marked "corpse revivers."

The gentleman responsible for this work of art is Major Davies, who was farewelled at a cheery function prior to his departure for two years in England.

Fruity Decoration

What might be termed topical decorations were used by Mr. B. B. O'Connor for his table at the King's School Old Boys' Dance. The central motif was a street barrow, piled high with real fruit. There were no "specks" either.

The scheme was probably designed by Margery Halloran, B.B.'s fiancée, who accompanied him.

We Love to Dance

Controversy regarding the social attributes of the average Australian has been rife overseas since William Locke gave full rein (we conclude) to an inordinate sense of humor in "The Coming of Amos." Amos, on inheriting one of the finest station properties in Australia, gives, on his arrival overseas, a very fine representation of the perfect boor.

Our Complex

Still, it would seem that we are happy enough among our own kin, despite our inability to measure up to the standard of England's "very naicest" people. Given a perfect floor and a delightful jazz band, ten thousand people flock weekly to the Palais, without displaying any symptoms of an inferiority complex.

And, though "charity begins at home," it certainly receives a helping hand at the Palais. On gala night, last Friday, eleven organisations with uplifting objectives benefited.



Have you ever felt like this in public—with a hole in your glove?

They Appreciate Cooking

Mr. Drummond, when he laid the foundation-stone of a new Domestic Science School at Willoughby recently, said he thought a Home Economics course should be provided at the University. He is appointing a committee of experts to investigate the matter. Mr. W. M. Hughes also says he is delighted the system of education is to be overhauled. Domestic Science has been neglected, he thinks, and it would be a godsend to the country, and to the poor men in it, if every woman was better informed on this subject. Cooking should be a qualification for citizenship. With good cooking we could extend the expectation of life for another decade at least.

Did He Forget?

Does Mr. Drummond know that the Domestic Science course is still open to women at Sydney University, but only one woman has availed herself of it. Doris Williams graduated Bachelor of Domestic Science four or five years ago, and was at once snapped up by a Mr. State. She was employed on the staff of the Training School, but the Married Women Teachers' Act put a stop to that.

Doris conducts her home on a wonderful system, and has a wonderful baby. A sudden influx of visitors has no terrors for her. Her outside interests include amateur theatricals.

A Novel Hobo-ess

At one of the main Southern Line stations a few nights ago, officials were perturbed when a well-dressed and well-known woman, who will remain unnamed for reasons that are obvious, got out of the train, and informed them excitedly that a man had fallen underneath it.

Instantly the staff got busy with lanterns on an extensive search, while the informeress, in the excitement, picked up her skirts and walked off un-noticed. It happened like this.

At a late hour, after an unlucky day and evening at bridge, at a place much further down the line she found herself all dressed up and somewhere to go, but moneyless and ticketless. Rather than suffer the indignity of a railway inquisition for travelling without a ticket, she relied on the harmless, but aggravating deception aforesaid—and won out!

Did You Know—

Lilian Frost has given 737 organ recitals?

Ronnie Churchward chases blowflies, and calls it Veterinary Science Research?

Mrs. John Barlow came as a young and beautiful girl to Sydney from Ireland to visit relatives, and has not yet used the return half of the ticket?

Mrs. William Moore has a spinnet at her home in Manly, and Mrs. Cyril Monk has one also at her Mosman home?

Dr. Margaret Mead belonged to a group, when an undergraduate, whose code was never to break an engagement with a woman on account of a man.



The three graces and the three tigers. A study in eyes and expressions.



MISS DAPHNE LOWE, who recently returned to Sydney after playing the leading role in the Australian Opera Company's production, "Les Cloches de Corneville," in Brisbane for five weeks. Miss Lowe played the part of Musetta in Grand Opera in Sydney last season. —Raymond Sawyer.

YOUNGER SET

AT the annual meeting of the "Renwick" Younger Set, Miss Phyllis Gover was elected president, and Miss Dorothy Fitzmaurice hon. secretary. The Younger Set maintains a cot at the hospital, and helps with the maintenance of equipment. Its next effort to raise funds will be a tennis party at the home of Mrs. Gover, 39 Wonga St., Strathfield.

WOMAN and HER WORK

How Social OUTCASTS Are HELPED

In his remarks upbraiding the social welfare societies of Sydney for their seeming negligence in saving girls from wasting their lives in Chinese dens, Mr. MacMahon, S.M., may have overlooked the difficulties of their task in helping these women and girls.

THE law as it stands allows a woman, once she is over the age of 18, and with the consent of her parents, to live with whom she wishes, and to marry whom she wishes. After the age of 21 she does not require even that consent.

Members of welfare societies state that they may see good-looking white women outside the homes of Chinese, perhaps with half-caste children; but how are they to know whether the woman is married to the Chinese or not?

Even if she is not, the situation bristles with difficulties.

They may use all the tact and moral suasion in their power, but they have not even the law on their side. In most cases there is not even the desire for food and clothes to serve as an inducement for the women to listen to well-meaning and helpful visitors.

There are several institutions in Sydney engaged in this particular work,

the most successful being the Salvation Army.

There is an officer of the Army who every morning waits at the Central Police Court for women coming out, and she proffers material help to each one.

At the present time there are at least 20 women at a Salvation Army Home who have come direct from the court, and are now engaged in as congenial work as it is possible to procure for them. Of quite recent date, members of the Army have made eight unfortunate girls so happy and at home that it seems unlikely that they will ever return to their old life.

Big-hearted and with a sympathetic understanding of human failings, Brigadier Mary Bentley is in charge of this work.

The Sydney Rescue Work Society is another body which endeavors to help in this cause. When a member of the unfortunate class comes to one of its hostels, one of which is in Beauchamp Lane, off Reservoir Street, she is given friendly advice, and efforts are made to get her away to the country and from old associates. The society has homes and hostels in the city and suburbs.

Catholic associations also have institutions, including the Good Shepherd Home at Ashfield, and the St. Magdalene's Retreat at Kogarah, which aim to help unfortunate women.



MRS. F. B. WALKER, who is acting-president of the Women's Loyalty League during Mrs. Macarthur Onslow's absence abroad. —Dorothy Welding.

GRIFFITH WOMEN'S CLUB

The Griffith Women's Club, which came into being in June, 1932, sponsored by Mrs. Albert Littlejohn, has celebrated its first birthday. In choosing the new committee the club was unanimous in re-electing Mrs. P. W. Blumer to the president's chair, and Mrs. P. K. Watson to the secretary's duties.

Flower Gives Name To Women's Club

By B.S.F.M.

You will know the members of the Fuchsia Club at their happy rallies held each fourth Tuesday in the month at St. Peter's Hall, Woolloomooloo.

They all carry a fuchsia, a la Bonthorne, which typifies:—

- Friendship.
- Unity.
- Cheerfulness.
- Helpfulness.
- Selflessness.
- Independence.
- Miability.

Little did Herr Fuchs, the German botanist who, in South America, discovered this novel plant with its long, pendulous flowers, as long ago as the 16th century, ever imagine it would be used to symbolize such charming human qualities!

Founded just a year ago by Mrs. Victor White and Mrs. Horace Sheller (at the instigation of Mrs. Marion Pickett, who brought out the idea from England), this friendly club held its first birthday party recently.

Thronged by its members, who arrived joyously, out for a happy evening, from Surry Hills and Woolloomooloo and its environs, about 150 sang lustily community songs under the direction of Mrs. Tourie, who is also responsible for the prettily-made fuchsias and decorative floral work which add a touch of color to the hall.

During the year interesting talks—non-political and non-sectarian ideals are the basis of the club—are delivered by good speakers. Entertainers, both oral and vocal, as well as educative classes in dressmaking, craft work, hat trimming and other activities, all stimulate helpers and helped alike.

Great fun is the guessing competition, when the lucky winner carries home a good, juicy leg of mutton, or a nice tender round of beef.

A tasty supper is always served at the conclusion of the proceedings, and paper bags filled with goodies are taken home to the children.

Just a little spot of cheer during the depression unostentatiously helping those not so well off. Rather a record to be proud of!

Girl Citizens' Week, which is organized annually by the Y.W.C.A., opened with an Elizabethan Fair in the grounds of the Sydney Girls' High School, Moore Park. Elizabethan costumes were worn by a number of the girls taking part, and team games in uniform were attractions of the afternoon. A May Day Festival at the Y.W.C.A. Hall and church parade at the Pitt Street Congregational Church next Sunday, are other big events in the programme.



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If you want to learn how to cook, if you would like to improve your cooking, or if you want to know something about cookery short cuts, come, along to the Free Demonstrations of modern gas cookery held every week in the Gas Company's Head Showrooms and various suburban centres.

Make a note of the time and place of the Demonstrations in your locality.

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Branch Showroom, Beamish St., Campsie—Mondays

" " Bay St., Rockdale—Wednesdays

" " Elsie St., Burwood—Thursdays

" " George St., Parramatta—Fridays

H. T. Seymour Ltd., Marrickville Rd., Marrickville—Wednesdays

Diment's Store, Forest Road, Hurstville—Fridays

(All Suburban Demonstrations commence at 2.15 p.m.)

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PROGRESS of Women In NEW ZEALAND

By M. B. SOLJAK

The fact that after 40 years' use of the vote New Zealand women have not yet succeeded in placing one of their sex in Parliament invariably surprises overseas visitors, who seem to take it for granted that female franchise means feminine progress in every phase of public life.

THAT the woman elector does not take sex into account when weighing the claims of candidates for her favor is only too evident; party influence is the deciding factor, and all other considerations are swept aside.

The time for removing from the door of Bellamy's in the House of Representatives the sign "No Ladies Admitted" has not yet arrived.

In the field of work on public bodies women have attained and held positions for many years.

In Auckland Miss Ellen Melville, a solicitor, and well-known leader of several women's organisations, and Miss Alice Baston, accountant, and owner and director of one of the city's oldest-established typists' schools, have both completed 14 years of service as city councillors. They have often held office on special committees, where their particular ability has been of great service in civic administration.

Two women occupy seats on the Hospital Board, while of Auckland's dozen women Justices of the Peace (one of these, Mrs. Rewa Bennett, being a Maori

MAORI MAY BE FIRST WOMAN M.P.

Dame Rumor whispers that Mrs. Rewa Bennett, J.P., may decide to contest the Northern Maori seat as an independent candidate. Owing to her prestige as a member of the famous Ngapuhi tribe, and her activities on behalf of the native race, she stands a good chance of securing election.

Thus it may happen that New Zealand's first woman member of Parliament will be a Maori.

social worker) three are entitled to sit as magistrates' associates in both the police and children's courts.

Wellington and Christchurch each has its quota of women on City Council and Hospital Board. One of these, Mrs. P. Fraser, J.P., wife of a Wellington Labor M.P., is especially prominent as magistrate's associate, child welfare officer, and member of the Mental Defectives Board.

In Christchurch, where, as in Auckland, feminine influence in public affairs is of long standing, Mrs. Elizabeth McCombs, wife of Mr. J. McCombs, M.P., and member of a family well known in University circles, has achieved considerable attention by her flair for keen administrative and organising ability, as well as for distinctive prowess in oratory and repartee.

Twice a candidate for Parliamentary honors, this lady has succeeded in securing on each occasion such a high percentage of the total votes registered that her entry into the House is considered in some quarters to be certain at the next election.

Government Officers

Such Government posts as medical officers of schools, inspectors of hospitals, mental and general, and of factories are all occupied by women in New Zealand. The recently-appointed special committee to deal with unemployment among women is composed of three women and one man.

On county councils, education, and road boards, as school commissioners, and as members of school committees women are doing excellent work, their fresh outlook, mental alertness, and strength of purpose all helping to clear the way for reform where necessary.

Despite all this feminine activity, New Zealand is still very much a man's country—women having no direct influence in the making of laws. Being still outnumbered by men wherever she has succeeded in getting a footing, she has but small opportunity for making her voice heard in the council or committee room.

All that women have to their credit, as a result of their activities in municipal affairs, is the establishment in some centres of children's libraries and women's rest-rooms.

The Wellington municipal milk supply, a most important civic service to women and children, was established long before a woman had sat on the council, and no serious attempt has as yet been made by women administrators elsewhere to emulate the capital city in this direction.

The community services throughout the Dominion are all in need of women's attention. While men predominate changes are slow and difficult to secure.



Nurse looks round at the babies awaiting her attention. This group is typical of the scene at the Baby Health Centres on any day of the week.

STATE Safeguards HEALTH of MOTHERS and BABIES

(By Dr. E. SANDFORD MORGAN)

The State is playing an important part in safeguarding the life of our mothers and babies. Its various activities are detailed in the accompanying article by Dr. Elma Sandford Morgan, Assistant Director of Maternal and Baby Welfare.

Dr. Sandford Morgan is a graduate of Sydney University. After a term as resident at the Children's Hospital and Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, she went abroad and gained experience in London, Glasgow, India, and Iraq.

THE work of the maternal and baby welfare division of the Public Health Department is, as its name suggests, comprehensive.

What might be described as the most spectacular part of its activities is found in the baby health centres, with their annual attendances of over 400,000.

There are 100 of these centres throughout New South Wales, conducted on uniform lines and staffed by nurses who have all trained in mothercraft at "Trevelian" Mothers' moving to different parts of the State are thus assured of receiving advice along the same lines, whichever centre they may attend.

In these days of financial stringency most of the country centres (and there are 50 of these) would never have come into being but for the Country Women's Association—which in many cases provides the quarters and equips them.

Ante-Natal Clinics

Besides baby health centres proper, the division of maternal and baby welfare conducts more than half of the ante-natal clinics in the State. At present these departmental clinics are of necessity limited to the metropolitan area, but one or other of the ten clinics conducted at baby health centres is within reasonable access of every suburb of Sydney.

Ante-natal clinics in the State, in conformity with those all the world over, are handicapped by the unwillingness of expectant mothers to place themselves under medical supervision. The health centre sister, however, in her role of family confidant and counselor, is so situated that she comes into touch early with the expectant mother in numerous instances, and through her persuasion many women present themselves at the beginning of pregnancy.

Extra diet is obtained in special cases, dental treatment arranged, and, where necessary, the patient is sent on to a public hospital or private doctor—though there are not many in this latter category.

After the baby is born the mother is requested to come to the ante-natal clinic for a final examination, after which she attends the baby health centre in the usual way with her baby, and is encouraged to do so right throughout its childhood.

Another important part of the work



DR. E. SANDFORD MORGAN

By means of test feeding and weighing, the nurse is able to estimate if baby is receiving sufficient nourishment for his requirements. If artificial foods are necessary the mother receives instructions in its preparation, and other details,

of the division is the supervision of midwives and private hospitals—this again linking it up with other important branches of the Public Health Department.

In every case of childbirth the nurse in charge is required to observe certain procedures and precautions, and to keep full records, which are examined regu-

larly by treble-certificated and highly-experienced supervisory nurses sent out by the division.

Similar regulations apply in the case of private hospitals; all these institutions are required to conform to certain standards, and are subject to frequent inspections. When a case of infection occurs no further patients may be admitted until written permission is granted by the Director-General of Public Health.

Many hundreds of investigations into cases of deaths of infants under one month old and deaths of mothers in childbirth have been carried out by the division during the last few years. In fact, every maternal death is investigated, and the information thus obtained is being tabulated at present, and should throw a great deal of light on the conditions contributing to these disasters.

Much of the work of this division is necessarily of such a nature that it does not fire the imagination, and results do not show as rapidly as one could wish, but the indisputable success of the aspect of the work dealing with infant welfare encourages one to believe that the work of maternal welfare will flourish also—even if more slowly.

PLACE of HAPPY MEETINGS

"Kooroor," meaning "Place of Happy Meetings," was a delightful choice of name on the part of a number of girls employed in commercial and business houses in Sydney, when they banded themselves together in happy fellowship and took for their motto, "We Live to Serve."

THE club, which was founded by Major Sandford Morgan in 1929, is non-political and non-sectarian. Members meet at a weekly luncheon so that acquaintance may be developed into friendship; for the exchange of ideas; the promotion of sound views on business, conduct, citizenship, and ethics.

The club aims at establishing a high standard of citizenship and developing a sense of responsibility in regard to the further progress and development of the Commonwealth.

The foremost aim and object of the club is service. Besides assisting St. Luke's Hospital, for which the



MISS NELL HARVEY, president of the Kooroor Club.

—Rene Pardon.

Founder Who IS STILL PRESIDENT

THE work of the British and Foreign Bible Society is very well known, but the work of the Sydney Ladies' branch is not brought so prominently before the public.

The Ladies' branch was founded 26 years ago by Miss A. M. L. Mayers, who has remained its active and capable president.

The co-operation and value of women in the work is, and has been, since its beginning, greatly valued and appreciated by the society.



MISS MAYERS
—Women's Weekly

In the early days of New South Wales there was a women's committee which visited the poor parts of the city, and endeavored to place Bibles in all the homes. This branch of the work was discontinued later, but right down the years women collectors in town and country have rendered staunch service in gathering in funds for prosecuting the world-wide work of the society. These women carried on their work in their own districts with no central organisation.

Twenty-six years ago, however, it was recognised that more could be accomplished by the formation of a Central Women's Auxiliary, to bring the scattered workers into fellowship with one another, and the Sydney Ladies' Branch came into being.

What Is Aimed At

Its aims were to increase knowledge among women of the world's mission fields, and the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society in particular, by intensive study, to bring collectors and other workers into fellowship with one another by social gatherings, to co-operate with the general committee in any of its schemes, and to raise funds for the support of native Bible women in India and China, who carried the message of the Bible to the secluded women in their own lands.

All the aims have been steadily followed through the years, right up to the present time.

In many parts of India, the work of the missionaries among women can only be done by women, and the Sydney Ladies' branch works at home to raise funds for the movement, by organising sales of work, and raising subscriptions.

For a number of years, the branch supported six Bible women in India and China, and still contributes to their support.

About 1924, the branch members raised funds for the publication of the Bible into Dobun, the language of Papua, the translation having been made by the late Dr. Bromilow. Mrs. Bromilow is still an active member of the branch in Sydney.

At a recent meeting of the branch a Psalm was read from a very old Bible (1775) which is believed to have belonged to Captain John Hunter, and which was probably one of the first Bibles to arrive in New South Wales.

FOR CHILDREN'S LIBRARY

The founders of the Children's Library and Crafts Club, Surry Hills, Misses Elsie G. and Mary Rivett, and all interested in the work, are feeling very thrilled because they have had a pleasant surprise. This was the gift of £20 for books and material sent to them by the trustees of the Walter and Eliza Hall Trust.

The gift will be of great assistance to the work being done at the library.

club is pledged to hold one special effort yearly, many other worthy causes find the sympathy and support of the members. The N.S.W. Home for Incurables, Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Far West Children's Health Scheme, Peter Pan Kindergarten, Rachel Foster Hospital, Bush Book Club, Stewart House Breviary (Curl Curl), Sydney Hospital Egg Day Appeal, Poppy Day Collection, and Tin Hat Day Collection have all found ready response both in service and in kind from the members of the club. The Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children and the Infants' Home, Ashfield, have benefited from the knitting efforts of the members during the winter months.

There are in the club several smaller circles, such as the Literary and Debating Society, the Dramatic Club, the Tennis and Walking Clubs, members of which enjoy themselves in their own chosen sphere, and organising functions for various needy causes, including the "Kooroor" Welfare Committee.

The club extends a welcome to all women engaged in professional or commercial work who are interested in its aims and ideals.

CRIPPLED CHILDREN

Hundreds of sad little folk are grateful for the help given to them through the kindly efforts of the women's auxiliaries working for the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children.

The first auxiliary was started in February, 1931, on the North Shore Line, with twenty members. So great has been the growth of interest in the work that there are now twenty-one auxiliaries in the suburbs, with over 400 members, and another auxiliary will be formed at Bankstown next month.

There is a Central Council, which comprises members nominated each year by the Board of Directors of the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children, together with three delegates from each auxiliary. Mrs. Muscio is president of this council.

The work of the auxiliaries is to assist the society to realise its objective of bringing surgical and curative treatment, education, and vocational training within the reach of every crippled child.

HAVE SOFT SPOT IN WOMEN'S HEARTS

But the members do more than this. They visit the homes of the crippled children, spreading cheer and friendship, and it has been found that where the children have been taken out of their environments as malformed, ill-equipped members of society, treated medically and provided with a new interest in life, such as vocational training, a transformation has taken place. Despair has given away to courage, and the future has become full of glorious promise.

It is not only the crippled child who benefits by these kindly deeds. Where the parents find that someone cares about their trouble, and is willing to help lift the burden, the atmosphere of the home becomes brighter and happier.

Where possible, members of the auxiliaries lend their cars for the transport of the children to and from hospital, and some of the auxiliaries have built up circulating libraries for their chil-



THESE BOYS are being helped by the society.

dren. In addition, they have provided surgical appliances, supplied milk, cod-liver oil, and such body-building necessities, arranged holidays, and made gifts of clothing and toys.

From the date of registration and examination of every crippled child, its progress is inquired into and recorded by the society.

WOMEN will take PART in FARM CONFERENCE

Women are taking an increased interest in farming matters, and there is a growing tendency on their part to obtain more scientific knowledge on every subject pertaining to it.

Nowadays women want to know more of the why and wherefore of farming. They are anxious to introduce methods that will bring quicker and better results, and not just follow habits and customs blindly.

The Agricultural Bureau of N.S.W. is supporting women in this regard, and gives particular opportunity of acquiring knowledge at the annual conference held at Hawkesbury College.

THE bureau was instituted in 1910, and in 1927 it was decided to branch out into wider fields of usefulness, and to include subjects of interest to women in its curriculum.

Miss Lorna Byrne was then appointed organiser, and under her guidance this department has grown amazingly.

There are now 500 branches, and in some cases there is a bigger membership of women than of men. Many of the branches have their own women's committees, whose periodical sessions deal with such subjects as health, home-making and home-efficiency, cooking, poultry-rearing, and the innumerable departments in which country women are necessarily largely absorbed.

The annual conference will be opened by his Excellency the Governor at noon on July 25, and the afternoon session will include an address on "Women, the University, and the Land," by Miss Janet Mitchell, acting-principal of the Women's College.

Interesting Programme

Sessions of special value to women will include a demonstration by Mr. J. M. Arthur (orchardist, Hawkesbury Agricultural College) of preserving and jam-making and varieties of fruit suitable for home gardens, also a demonstration of cake decoration by Mrs. A. Shearer, of Glendon, and Miss Gwen Varley's talk on "Health and Physical Culture."

During the conference a debate will be held, when Miss Beatrice Phillips, Mrs. Linda Littlejohn, and Miss Edith Hulih will affirm that "Democracy Has Failed," and Messrs. J. Watson, A. E. Suter Clarke, and Col. F. B. Hinton will oppose.

At last year's debate the women won the contest with flying colors, so that the coming debate is creating much excitement, especially as the women participants are all excellent speakers and know exactly how to "state a case."

Mrs. W. W. Watson, of Tichborne (wife of the general president) will give



MISS LORNA BYRNE

the presidential address at the women's session. The selection is a popular one, as Mrs. Watson is familiar with the needs of women on the land from all points of view; and Miss J. Davies will give a valuable display of articles made from waste wool which has been home scoured and otherwise home prepared.

The whole period of the conference is not given over entirely to serious business. There are many bright interludes, when gaiety takes the floor. The college is set in an attractive spot, and conference members enjoy the happy atmosphere, largely contributed by the president and his wife, who have the happy knack of bringing people together on the pleasantest terms.

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Don't Forget



MUSICAL numbers, smart ballets and topical sketches will be among the bright items that the Follies Revue Company will present at the Savoy Theatre on August 1, 2 and 3. The funds are for three charities—The N.S.W. Institute for Deaf and Dumb and Blind, the Lambeth Soldiers' Association, and local Jewish charities.

THE nursing staff of the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children will hold a ball at Farmer's on July 25. The proceeds are for the hospital's convalescent home, Colliery. Miss Eisenberg is the hon. organizer.

ST. ALOVIRUS' COLLEGE Old Boys' Union will hold its annual ball at the Blackland Galleries on July 24. A large committee, with Mrs. F. J. Barlow as president, and Mrs. Craig McMur as hon. secretary, is working for its success, and the proceeds will be devoted to the library fund and new sports ground.

THE N.W. Bookstall Co. Ltd. will hold a staff dance at the State Shopping Block on August 10. Many delightful novelties have been arranged, and the proceeds are for the "Caldwell" Red Cross Home and the "Caldwell" Children's Home.

THE Illions ("Armada") Old Girls' Reunion dance will be held at the Tivoli Cafe on August 11.

A **CARD PARTY** will be held at Farmer's on August 7 for the Bush Nursing Association at Mungah Centre, which is 70 miles west of Bourke. The proceeds will be used for necessities for the patients who are unable to provide for themselves.

THE staff of the Golders Advertising Agency are working for the success of their seventh Annual Dance, which will be held at the Wentworth on July 27, at 8.30 p.m. The proceeds are in aid of St. Margaret's Hospital. Miss Helen Tudhope and Miss Thora Prince are honorary secretaries of the dance committee.

A **BALL** of Work arranged by members of the Sydney Ladies' Branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society will be held at the Board Room of the Society, 243 Pitt Street, Sydney, on August 9, at 7 p.m.

THE Medical Society's Library will benefit from the proceeds of the Jubilee Ball at Farmer's Blackland Galleries on August 1.

THAT on July 22 the North Sydney branch of the Country Women's Association will hold a Dance at Weymouth Hall.

ON July 22 a carnival evening will be held in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, following the Futurists' Tea in the hall on July 21. It will commence by a brother and sister duet, followed by displays and stunts, and an entertainment of music and revues. The Ladies' Auxiliary, Mothers' Club, and other clubs throughout the Association have combined in efforts to make the function a success.

THE Carnarvon Golf Club's annual ball, which will be held on July 28, at Honora Bros. There will be a miniature golf course upon which a putting competition will be held among the attractions of the evening, and the committee working for its success includes: Mrs. G. Heston and the Misses T. Steele and A. Dow.

THE Superintendent, officers and members of the Macquarie nursing division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade will hold their annual social evening in the Masonic Hall, Macquarie Road, on July 27.

"MY LADY'S PATRE," which the Women's Christian Temperance Union will hold at the Y.W.C.A. Hall, Liverpool Street, on August 11. It will be opened by the Lady Mayors (Mrs. R. C. Hagon), in addition to addresses by prominent speakers, there will be music, pageant, mannequin parade of early Victorian costumes, and a number of attractive stalls.

CITY TATTER-
SALL'S CLUB
75th Annual "Carnival" held in the past six years has raised more than £1400 for metropolitan charities. The ball this year will take place at David Jones on July 27. His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Danks, the State Governor and Lady Glens will attend.

AN address on "The Greek Outlook on Life" will be given by Professor Angus at the Lyceum Club on July 27, at 8 p.m.

Mrs. H. Loyd-Strom, member of committee of City Tattersall's Club Ball. The Greek Outlook on Life will be given by Professor Angus at the Lyceum Club on July 27, at 8 p.m.

THE bridge party in connection with Blackfriars Infants Health Movement, to be held at the Pickwick Club, has been postponed from August 4 to August 18. The Premier and Mrs. B. B. Stevens will be present. Arrangements are being made by Mrs. C. Walmsley. An early Victorian Tea will be held at David Jones' on July 27 for the same object. Mrs. Norman McLeod is organising it.

THAT the Sydney University Medical Society will hold its Jubilee Ball in the Blackland Galleries on August 1. Mrs. E. W. Fairfax is president of the committee, and Mrs. G. Halloran and Mr. A. K. McIntyre hon. secretaries.

THE annual Levee Work Ball will take place at David Jones on August 29. Miss Elizabeth Plummer is the president of the committee. Miss Lilian Mitchell, whose waltz composition will be played at the ball, has offered a prize to the younger set for an old-fashioned waltz competition.

THE MIRROR OF SYDNEY

BY JANE ANNE STEWART

I SUPPOSE something of outstanding interest did happen in social Sydney during the week, but if so, only the privileged few heard of it.

Concerts have been the popular thing of the moment, and in passing one might remark how much more these can be enjoyed when a little real warmth, apart from the emotional quality of the performers, is provided for the audiences.

Numbers of ex-students' dances have taken place, and these, by the way, are being much better attended this year than last. Depression as an excuse is probably getting a bit time-worn.

FRANCE'S national day was celebrated with all due dignity, interspersed with gaiety. The French are proud patriots, and no matter how often the "Marseillaise" is played and the tricolor exhibited, they can always feel a great emotional thrill and make it infectious. A special programme of national music on the University Carillon, a reception at the Consulate, and a dance at the Wentworth (organised by the Alliance Francaise) were included in the programme of the "day."

THE Journalists' ball for the benevolent fund of the A.J.A. was one of the most successful of the week. It was held on the "Monowai." The shrill call of the bosun's whistle signalled to Captain Spring Brown that the Vice-Regal party had arrived on his quarter deck, where the committee, with Lady Gordon as president, was assembled to receive their Excellencies, the Governor-General and Lady Isaacs, who were at-



BETTY COLLIN, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. F. Collin, of Bowen Terrace, Brisbane, who is visiting Sydney. Betty's father and uncle control the William Collin shipping firm in Brisbane.

PETER DAWSON gratified popular taste when he sang as encores at his first concert Kipling's Australian ballads. The singer was very generous with his encores, and even the longest word in the English language, albeit Australian, "Warrigaberrigooma," sounded musical as he sang it. "The Fica" owed a great deal to the singer's facial expression. Again and again he seemed to absolutely enter into the personality expressed in the words he was singing, which made songs such as "Du bist die Ruh" ring true, and "Simon, the Cellarer," a living character. When Mr. Dawson turned and told members of the audience seated on the organ steps that he was "going to sing to my friends on the dresser" the house rocked with applause.

I SUPPOSE next month will find lots of Sydney's youth and beauty going north to Brisbane for Show week. Phyl Crossley, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Crossley, I believe, will be there, as also Mrs. Mick Dalton, that most attractive matron from Orange. Speaking of Mrs. Dalton, I must mention that I saw her lunching at the "Australia" only the other day, wrapped in two of the loveliest silver fox furs I have ever seen. She was accompanied by her daughter, Myra.



THIS IS Valmai Fleming Dunstan, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Fleming Dunstan, of Melbourne. Miss Dunstan, who was staying with friends at Hampton Court, has now returned to Victoria.

CARLETON KELLY has arranged to spend the long summer vacation in travelling out to Australia, and then back to Oxford again. His short stay here will be just to greet his family and then return with his mother, Mrs. T. H. Kelly. Mr. Kelly will travel with his wife and son as far as Colombo on their return journey. Mrs. Kelly to Italy and their son to England.

I WONDER how Mrs. C. A. Clowes, wife of Major C. A. Clowes, will like Darwin? Her husband has been appointed commander of the garrison there, and they will take up residence in October, I understand. Major and Mrs. Clowes are living at Mosman at present. He is a graduate of Duntroon. Mrs. Clowes was formerly Miss J. Magennis, of "Jeh" Station, Yass.

LADY GAME turned to the poet, Adam Lindsay Gordon, for a quotation to express her meaning and appreciation of the work done by the Soldiers' Mothers, Wives and Relatives Victory Association, when she attended an informal meeting of this organisation last week. "Kindness in another's trouble, courage in your own," she said, applied to this society, which, by the way, is as comprehensive in its work as it is in its name.

THE Sydney Hospital Auxiliary Junior Committee is to lose its bright young secretary, Miss Jean Lonsdale, very shortly, for she will be married on August 31, and her future home will be at Nambour, Queensland. She will be missed exceedingly, and at the bridge party at Farmer's, which the committee held for the Gertrude Winn Memorial Fund, I heard whispered arrangements of a farewell party in her honor. Miss Dorothy Twine, one of the foremost workers of the committee, presented the prizes for the bridge afternoon.

THE attractions of Sydney and Kosciusko have lured Mrs. A. Campbell and Miss Doris Campbell from Coolangatta for a holiday. They will return home next week.

EVERYONE is on tip toes of excitement for the wedding, of Olina Osborne to Bill Gordon. The invitations are out, and it promises to be one of the biggest social events of the season. Olina is the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Osborne, and graced with her retinue of six lovely bridesmaids, it should prove a most spectacular wedding. On Tuesday, August 1, at St. Mark's, Darling Point, the ceremony will take place, and the reception will be held at the Rose Bay Avenue. Mrs. Oliver Osborne is one of the most picturesque figures in Sydney society to-day, and is well known for her lovely coloring and smart frocking.

THE cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. Ken Scott—she was Jean Kilgour, and sister of Gordon—at their flat the other day was more in the nature of a house warming. Among some of those invited were Mrs. Ian Campbell, Mrs. Farncombe, Mrs. Ronald McWilliam and Miss Elsie McWilliam, Mrs. St. Vincent Welch, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Mant.

AFTER three hard-working weeks for members of the Kindergarten Union, the Loan Exhibition of Antiques, which had been such an undreamed-of success, concluded on July 15. Busy though the days and nights had been for all concerned, everyone worked harmoniously—all the jars being on the shelves. It is estimated that well over £1000 was raised, and this amount will be devoted to the building of a very much needed kindergarten in Lyne Street, Alexandria, to accommodate 60 children. The idea of the exhibition, which was arranged principally by women, came from Melbourne, though it is to Miss Florence Sulman that credit is due for her persistence in bringing the matter under the notice of the council of the Kindergarten.



IRIS BRODZIAK is home after an enjoyable visit to New Zealand. Iris is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Brodzia, and lives at Gladwood Gardens, Double Bay.

MRS. DUDLEY DOWLING, who hails from Queensland, is enjoying her first visit to this capital after an absence of many years. She is at present the guest of Mrs. Pat Pigott at Neutral Bay, and is enjoying a round of parties.

THE artist dwellers in No. 12 Bridge Street gathered together all their kail kai bowls and other island treasures last week to give local color to the "Prehistoric and Primitive" party in honor of Mr. George Duncan, who, as the invitation announced, is leaving "Sordid Sydney for Peppy Paris."



ing the primitive grass skirts of the shy Marys of Samara. As a missionary ready for the pot Mr. Albert Collins kept the primitive savages of the studio well amused.

HAVE you heard about the Troubadour Ball which the Dante Alighieri Society is arranging, to commemorate the fourth centenary of Ludovico Ariosto, whose classic, "Orlando Furioso," placed him high in the ranks of world poets? It promises to be a wonderful party, but it is a demanding research into Italian history, on account of the scenes and tableaux that will be produced in the interludes of dancing. Dattilo Rubbo, I believe, is designing the backgrounds.

ENGAGEMENT

QUITE the most exciting engagement announced for some time is that of Marjorie ("Marna") to her friends, younger daughter of the Seppie Osbornes, of Rose Bay, and Arthur Cobcroft. Congratulations have simply been pouring in, as we can well imagine, as Arthur and Marna are just as well known in the country as they are in the city, and everyone wants to wish them the very best.

MISS JOAN DODDS is over from Tasmania making preparations for her wedding, which is to take place in September. The bridegroom-to-be is Mr. Donald Lawes, of Sydney. Miss Dodds is the grand-daughter of the late Sir John Dodds, a former Lieut.-Governor of Tasmania, and at present is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Mitchell, of Warner's Bay.

A LOT of the glamor associated with St. John's College dance was absent this year. Guests were overshadowed with the anxiety caused by the indisposition of Dr. O'Reilly, and, in addition, the attractive setting of the beautiful college (to say nothing of the famous supper) was missed. The next best thing was obtained—Farmer's Blackland Galleries—and students succeeded in making the party go with a swing.

AN added thrill was provided for the 40 debutantes at the Scottish Royal Arch Masonic Ball by the fact that they had to pass under an arch of steel along a red carpet previously trodden by their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Isaacs. Mrs. A. J. Foster presented the debutantes, who, after they had made their demure little curtsies to the Vice-Regals, danced a minuet, and later, a jazz waltz.



PEGGY BUTLER is sweet and twenty. On the night of her birthday she danced at Wesley College. She is the daughter of Mrs. Frank Butler, of North Sydney.

FORMALITY is not always a matter of arranging chairs in rows, and receiving guests with just the correct bow as the Lady Mayoress (Mrs. Hagon) proved, when she gave a musicale in her rooms at the Town Hall. Usually her rooms are arranged in the approved drawing-room fashion, chairs in careless abandon and so on. At the musicale, which was to assist the Infants' Home, Ashfield, chairs were set in regular order, and there was a certain amount of solemnity in the proceedings. But all this ensured greater enjoyment of the delightful programme provided by the artists, who included Mrs. Milton Jarvie, Elsie Filday, Inez Lang, Laurence Macaulay, Helen Turner, and the accompanist, Mrs. Guy Atkins.

TO welcome her daughter, Alix, back after her trip to Suva, Mrs. Tom Lamb gave a delightful cocktail party at her flat in Edgecliff Road on Monday afternoon. Alix has been away with our hockey team, and looks very well after her trip.

THE chilly westerlies were not felt by those who were fortunate enough to be the guests of Captain and Mrs. Marshall at Deane at their residence, Eastbourne Road, Darling Point, last Sunday. Cozy rooms and good bridge made the hours fly by for Admiral and Mrs. Dalglish, Captain and Mrs. C. Bradley, Commander Woodhouse, Lieut. and Mrs. Rhodes, and many others.



MRS. HERBERT DOUGLASS, photographed on the terrace of her home, "Carrar," Rose Bay. With her is Mrs. Alan McGregor, who now lives at "Wilga," Potts Point.

tended by Captain Bracegirdle and Captain Finlay. Later on, much later on, the assembling of the debutantes took place, and this, too, was announced by the bosun's whistle, which gave a touch of local color to the evening's entertainment.

MRS. DU PAIN and her two daughters from Port Moresby are not dismayed by such things as flat hunting and the "settling down" process. Soon after their arrival they took a flat at Dalkeith, Edgecliff Road, and twenty-four hours later, Diane gave a party for a number of her young friends.

WHAT a "sporty" lot of dances we have had lately! Tennis being the thing of the moment, it was only natural that supreme heights of enjoyment characterised the annual ball of the N.S.W. Lawn Tennis Association. The combined Catholic Tennis Club ball was another success. The swimmers of Sydney were determined not to be out-rivalled, and the combined associations arranged their dance last week also. This association has future Olympic Games in view, and will use the proceeds of the party to send promising amateurs to compete in them.

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No. 5430. Large under-arm design. In genuine Seal Morocco. Fancy silk lining, inside frame, and large mirror, etc. Real Chromium mount on flap. Size 10 1/2 x 6 1/2. Price, 15/-



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CHATS ON SHOPS AND THINGS

By SAIDE

With a firm resolution not to spend and an avid desire to see all that was to be seen, I set forth on my tour this week. Of course my resolutions broke down, but the results of my tour leave no room for repining—and here they are.

Variety in Handbags

THE fact that my old "utility" handbag presents an aspect something between a moulting door-mat and an antiquated felt hat, halted me precipitately beside one of these heaps of handbags round which cluster women.

What a temptation to be really reckless and splash—there is such an amazing assortment of shopping bags, engagingly rotund and opulent looking, in plain or stamped leather, rich browns, blacks, reds, greens, blues. Capable of carrying innumerable oddments, their zipper or clasp fastenings, and their security for the inner purse and facial renovators, make them an excellent bargain at prices ranging from 12/6 to 21/.

Bags for dressy occasions appear to follow no set design or size. They traverse a whole field of small dainty affairs to hold hanky and lipstick, midway sizes, and quite large examples, exploiting all kinds of skin, all kinds of clasps, and all manner of linings and fittings.

One bag, on the largish size, which attracted me is in real morocco, a smart and durable thing in the newest top-opening thumb strap style. The frame and ornaments are in chromium, so new and effective, and a large mirror and divided central purse accentuate its charms and capabilities. A nigger brown would be my choice at 14/6, lately 22/6, but a facsimile in black is available at the same price.

Heat Laid On

WHEN imagination soared and fancy ran free, heat laid on was one of my dreams. I found the answer, a contrivance known as the "quick heat" electric installation water-heater—a wonderful arrangement which you attach to any mundane water tap, bath, kitchen tap, or what not—and, presto! before you know where you are you have boiling water running into your bath or sink!

The gadget plugs into the ordinary power point, and a clever arrangement fits over the water tap to be used. Of course, it can be moved from one point to another.

Its perfect simplicity is its attraction. You need no plumber to make the adjustment. You just read the directions and fix it on with your own fair hands. Think of it! Hot water on the instant!

Crystal Enchants

THE glitter of crystal and its "ring" always enchant me. Its deep-cut patterns tug at my purse-strings. Happening across an "exhibit" of cut glass in a handy shop, I lingered over it till the girl in charge eyed me with suspicion, fingering this and that and putting it down with a sigh. Trays, perfume bottles, violet vases—so quaint in design, with a narrow



mouth to receive the stems of the "modest darlings"—vases, bowls, bedside lamps, and a long list of eccentrics.

For birthday or wedding gifts I asked myself what could be more delightful. In particular I noticed a powder bowl in Wunder rock crystal, 4 1/2 inches, whose impressive price had been 15/6, but which for some time to come will be available at 8/11. A perfume flask is another gorgeous item in Wunder rock crystal, also drastically brought down from the altitudes of 15/6 to 8/11.

Three-tiered Waggon

I HAD intended to mention only "moderate" things; but a tea-waggon—"just modern" they called it—to me was the Rolls-Royce of "nervy" traffic, a lovely thing of three tiers. The two upper trays had bevelled edges, and the lower was plain, awfully useful for odd plates. The sides came down straight to the depth of the middle tray, then curved upwards, and finished on slender but substantial feet above four rubbered castors.

Australian manufactured, the veneer was in some exquisite Queensland wood, highly polished. The price was £5/17/6. I hesitated, and, true to the old adage, was lost.

Replacing Synthetic Pearls

FOR many years beads have been a beloved accessory to the feminine toilet. In questing round I have found that they are still a prominent feature of daytime and evening dressing, though with a difference.

The very latest, bearing the hall-mark of fashion centres abroad, are in the form of plated strands in two colors of, say, 1 inch wide, finished with long double tassels at either end. Intended to be worn with evening dress, they are passed round the throat, the ends tied at the back, and the tassels allowed to fall free.

Another perfectly new idea in bead necklets is made from beads of two shades, tiny seed pearls forming a collar, deeper in front than at the back, where it fastens with an ornamental clip. The collar itself is worked in a diamond or cross-pattern, and a border of small colored beads in looped fashion carried right round the collar.

Young girls with pretty necks will adore both of these bead innovations. They form such a novel substitute for the eternal string of synthetic pearls which has been with us for such ages.

Hot off the loe—so to speak—these necklets are agreeably inexpensive, the tasselled variety marked at 4/11 and the collar at 7/6.



SHADES OF BROWN are popular this spring. In Paramount's picture, "A Bedtime Story," Adrienne Ames wears this gown of dull gold beads with a wrap of rich dark mink.

Novel Torch

Browsing among things electrical, I saw the duckiest "fountain pen" torch, a most deceptive article which clips into the pocket like the common or garden fountain pen. Instead of ink, however, it sheds a glow when you press the little pocket clip. At 3/6 (battery and all) it struck me as remarkably cheap. Refills cost 8d each.

Cosy Underwear

MY eyes are perfectly good, but I thought they had deceived me when I spied knitted Shetland wool pyjamas, in charming colors, at the absurd price of 4/11 the suit. However, sight did not play me false. There they were, so soft and fleecy.

Further investigations brought to light all-wool knitted "panties" (all colors) at 2/11; all-wool knitted "vests" to match at 1/11; and bed-jackets at 3/11 each.

For the menfolk, too, all-wool underpants (long), well shaped, of gratifying weight and excellent finish, I found docketed at 4/11 a pair; and undershirts in the same quality and make at 3/11 each. What an opportunity to replenish a husband's stock—not to mention those of the growing sons!

Back to "petties" for women. I unearthed a range of hand-knitted jumpers in the newest and smartest styles, with long sleeves, let me add, and in delightfully warm shades, ticketed at 17/11 each.



HEADACHES Cost him £8/- a week!

HE was a foolish martyr to headaches and neuralgia. Used to "put up with the pain," said he "didn't intend to get into the way of taking medicines." He became "nervy"; less and less efficient; then, lost his job. Headaches had cost him £8/- a week. Two Nyal Esterin Tablets would have given him quick relief, soothed his nerves and would not have formed a habit. A flat tin of twenty-four Esterin tablets would have cost him only 1/3 at any chemist! Esterin contains a new sedative agent, Esterin Compound. That is what makes it so effective in relieving Headaches. 24 tablets cost 1/3.

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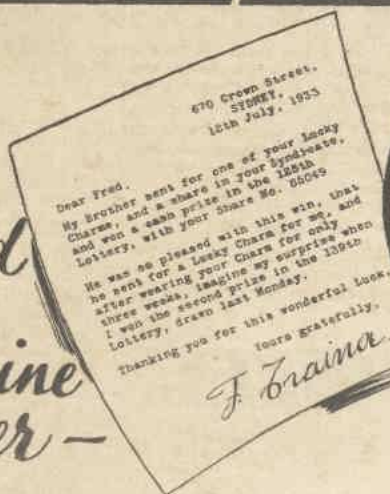


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Use VIEWS and COLOR to ADVANTAGE

GLIMPSE of Riviera HOME Gives NEW IDEAS

By
MARGARET JAYE

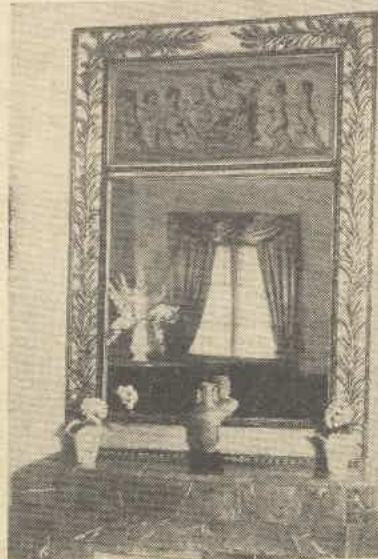
Though the writer tells us of a villa in that mecca of holiday-makers, the French Riviera, the following suggestions are sufficiently practical to be used to advantage in Sydney, where there is so much natural beauty.

ONE of the most delightful villas I know on the Riviera was the simple, unpretentious home of a London writer. The villa was really a converted and modernised farmhouse, perched high above the blue ocean, overlooking Nice, nestling among orange groves and olive trees, and commanding a magnificent view.

The aim of the house was to get a maximum of sunlight and balmy air, and to secure, as far as possible, a perfect view from every room. When these folk took the villa there were quantities of violets and freesias in bloom along the garden borders. They decided to make the lovely parma violet color and the cream of the fresia their color scheme throughout the interior.

The odd-shaped house was painted a deep cream color, with shutters and window boxes picked out in lavender. The boxes were full of gay flowers and hanging ferns. The house was just the right note in the surrounding scenery. There were no carpets on the floors; all the boards were polished and waxed. Gay, striped rugs, secured from Italy, in soft buff, cream, and deep violet tones were placed in the various rooms. Rough cast, deep cream walls and ivory paintwork, easily kept clean and fresh-looking, were the work of the local painter at a very small cost.

The large, high living-room, with its roomy, sun verandah, had plenty of low, comfortable chairs and lounges, covered



An attractive mirror presents an unusual view—made possible by arranging the mirror opposite a window.

with an old faded - looking lavender needle-point tapestry. Long curtains of a marvellous

amethyst color hung from wrought iron rods near the ceiling; a number of table and floor lamps shed a welcoming glow over the room. Floor cushions of parchment color leather, with bright mauve and green silk tassels, could be brought out on chilly evenings and assembled round the great log fire, while we listened to the strains of music from the grand piano in the distant corner of the room. Low bookshelves, which ran round two entire sides of the room, were filled with favorite books.

Lacquer in Bedroom

The bedrooms were all very simple. Painted furniture, lavender lacquer in the main bedroom, curtains of a gay, small chintz, panes or violets or other old-world flowers in bowls were in each room. Bedspreads of the same chintz, with little frills and a number of amusing little organdie cushions in mauves, creams, and greens on the heads of the beds, a freakish doll from one of the Monte Carlo cabarets in one room, all lent their charm. Pierrot and Pierrette, won in a competition on the Promenades des Anglais, crooned together on the low chest of drawers in the little girl's room. Everywhere there was a sense of holidaying, a complete change from the formal, dark furnishing of the London home.

It was just the sort of place that, on a dark, drizzly, foggy November day in London, draws and draws you in imagination till nothing will satisfy you. You must pack up and away to the sun and the sea.

BRAINWAVES!

Conducted by L. W. Lower

"UNCLE KARL, vere is der Vatican?"
"Oudt in der tool-shed, my poy. Vy don't you use der hose?"

"HE!" said the gay old gentleman, "I feel like a two-year-old!"
"Yeh?" said the girl from Darlinghurst, languidly, "Horse or egg?"

"SHRINKING VIOLET" seeks to embarrass us. She wants to know the definition of the word "chemise." A chemise, my dear shrinker, is a female chemist. Likewise, a brassiere is a thing for burning coal in, and while we're on the subject, stanties is another name for dole rations. You don't seem to know anything.

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Daughter: "Look at that funny man across the road." Mother looking in shop window: "What is he doing?" Daughter: "Sitting on the pavement talking to a banana skin." Prize of 19/- to A. E. Barrington, 18 Lindsay St., Camper.

RESTAURANT Proprietor (to waitress): "Now, girls, I want you all to look your best to-day. Add an extra dab of powder to your cheeks and take a little more care with your hair. The beef's tough."

STRANGE question asked of Miss Muffitt by the notorious spider, "How do you get that whey?" Equally brilliant answer provided by the famous Miss Muffitt, "Aw, it's just a curd to me."

A MAN recently crossed Broadway, New York, by walking a rope stretched from the top of one tall building to another. The coward.

"MY wife is like an angel." "Really?" "Yes. She's always up in the air; always harping on something, and she never has anything to wear."

NEW ten shilling notes will be issued soon. About time, too. We've been aware of the shortage for a long time.

"REDDITCH, a good jumper, was picked to win again, but failed..." -Turf note. They ought to unpick a jumper like that.

TAIL-WAGGER CHATS

MISFITS IN DOGS

On Choosing the Right Pet

By "PHILOKON"

WHY not choose your dog with as much care as you would select a piece of furniture or a book? You hope that he will live with you some years, during which time he will be an important member of the household. I heard last week of a lady's troubles with her terrier. Considering her circumstances and disposition, one of the toys would be far more suitable for her, as they are more sedate and do not clamor for as much exercise. There are good reasons why terriers are so generally popular, one being that, unless they are show dogs, they are very cheap, but two or three pounds more spread over a number of years do not make much difference.

It is a mistake to assume that the toys are not doggy. Their character depends principally upon the way in which they are treated. Of course, it is easy to make fools of them if you are too indulgent, but there is no reason why they should be petted and spoiled. Bring them up in a rational manner and they will be amusing companions. A doctor of my acquaintance, who has bred and judged bulldogs most of his life, admits that his favorite is the family Pekingese. Another man with sporting proclivities has a similar weakness, and I know others who are attached to Brussels griffons, which are capable of taking long country



SHE: "I love those tricky little steps that you are doing."

HE: "Tricky little steps? That's my suspender slipping."

walks, and are all the better for being regarded as terriers. Pugs are devoted little creatures that are practically no trouble, thanks to their short, smooth coats.

The "Poms."

In fact, any of the eleven toy breeds can be useful companions, provided they are brought up as dogs and not subjected to excessive petting. Show Yorkshire terriers are not to be recommended for ordinary people on account of the great length of their coats, and the same remark applies to Maltese, but those below the exhibition standard are all right. Everyone is familiar with the vivacity of Pomeranians, which may be somewhat noisy and excitable unless they are controlled when young. Then the objection does not apply. The old-fashioned King Charles spaniels are an acquisition to any home, with their long, silky ears and languishing expressions. A hundred years ago they were like diminutive cockers, and teams were sometimes worked for driving game to the guns. The abnormally short noses are a development of the show period.

Papillons, or butterfly dogs, are also dwarf spaniels that have a history extending back for centuries, and they are charming and dainty little creatures. Black-and-tan miniatures are of English extraction, having been bred down from the larger Manchester terriers.

The advantage of the toys is that they occupy scarcely any room, do not need so much exercise, and cost scarcely anything to keep. For most of them four ounces of meat a day is adequate, mixed with a little Roddum, pet biscuits, or ovals. Two meals a day are sufficient. Scraps of fish may be given occasionally as a change, and just a little carrot or tomato in the food two or three times a week will be beneficial.



Now FULL VISUAL TUNING ON A "4" VALVE SUPER-HET

Every station marked clearly on the Dial. Before you buy any Radio, investigate the Essex. Tone Quality that is positively amazing—Superb Cabinetry that will win your instant approval. The Essex is real Quality Radio, and cannot be equalled for Value.

MODERATE DEPOSIT—EASY TERMS. A.W.A. and S.T.C. Radio also in stock.

WINKWORTH'S

337 GEORGE STREET
(Nearly opposite Martin Place)
AND AT ANNANDALE
LET US ARRANGE A FREE HOME DEMONSTRATION. No obligation. Phone B 1623—write, or call.



ECZEMA

... Stop the terrible itching irritation

with REXONA

From Mrs. Latty of Orange comes this letter of thanks which tells its own story of Rexona's wonderful power to heal Eczema.

"I am writing to tell you that my baby who has suffered for the past six months with a form of eczema on his chest, has been completely cured by one week's treatment of your Rexona Ointment."

Always use Rexona Ointment and Soap for...

Poisoned wounds, piles, ringworm, cracked lips, sunburn, "Surfer's Foot", boils, pimples, and all skin complaints.



REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

You Wouldn't Deceive Me, Sir? She Said

He had remarked that her colouring was so Fresh and Natural. Yes, even other girls can't believe she uses rouge!

Nice eyes and teeth, lovely hair. But what men most admire about her is her glorious colouring — no hint of sallowness, yet no suggestion of artificial. That's the wonderful thing about Kathleen Court's ROSE PETAL Rouge. It flatters—marvellously, but once it's on the face, no one ever detects it as rouge. Rose Petal Rouge isn't "pink". It isn't rouge of oil in the old-fashioned sense. It's a wonderful colouring medium, that goes on as smoothly as fine powder, never leaves a hard edge, requires no rubbing in, doesn't get hard in the box, and never smears on the face. Yet it stays on as long as you wish it—tintingly, beautifully, gracefully. It is so devised as to be actually beneficial to the skin (the first rouge ever to dream of such a thing). And how it helps a dull, ageing, plain or commonplace face! The magic. More women use Rose Petal Rouge than any other kind. These exquisite shades—Blonde, for the fair, Bronte for dark girls, Phantom Red for medium colourings, and for dance, theatre, and other artificial light occasions. 1/6 a box, with a special skin puff, at all high-class cosmetic counters. Be sure it's ROSE PETAL Rouge!



New Style in SWAGGER Coats :: Tailored Note in FROCKS

OUR FASHION SERVICE



In "between-seasons" wear the hand of the tailor is very apparent. Its severity is softened, however, by snappy boxes and puffings, which skirts are subject to gracefully flared lines.

FREE PATTERN

NO wardrobe is complete without a swagger coat. The main feature of this new style of coat is its looseness. It swings loose from the shoulders, and may be anything from three-quarter to full length, according to choice. Our free pattern (on left) this week is a particularly smart model, finished at the neck with a cravat collar.

It is cut to fit a 36in. bust. When cutting allow for all seams and hems.

WX12.—Double-breasted frock of striped velvet, with broad shoulder effect. Material required, 3½ yards 36in. and three-eighths yard 36in. contrasting. To fit size 36in. bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 in. bust. Width at hem, 1½ yards. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WX16.—Boys' dressing gown of blanket cloth. Material required, three yards 54in. or three and one-quarter yards 44in., to fit size 12-14 yrs.; or, one and one-quarter yards 54in., to fit size 4-6 years (other sizes, 2-4, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100). Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon and stamps for postage you will receive a Free Pattern of the coat illustrated and described above on this page.

Name
Address
Pattern Coupon, 22/7/33.

Patterns of these models may be obtained at the prices shown. Send your order to The Australian Women's Weekly, G.P.O., Box 4988W, Sydney, and be sure to state the size required. Give full name and address.

WX13.—Jacket and skirt or herringbone tweed and under-bodice. Material required, for jacket and skirt, four and five-eighths yards 36in.; under-bodice one and one-eighth yards 36in. To fit size 36in. bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 in. bust. Width at hem, two and one-eighth yards. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX14.—Frock, with ring collar and lacing in front and on sleeve. This frock would look very smart if made from wool-de-clins with belt and collar of contrasting velvet. Material required, four and a quarter yards 36in. and a quarter of a yard contrasting. To fit size 36in. bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 in. bust. Width at hem, two and three-eighths yards. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX15.—A beret of cheek velvet, with the new forward line over the eye. Material required, three-quarters of a yard of 36in. material. Fit size 21, 22, 23, and 24 in. head. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Our NEW Stock Pattern Department



BABY'S LAYETTE

IN the baby's layette there is a pattern for each garment that the new babe will want. Finishing touches are suggested in the illustration, but the actual patterns can be adapted at will.

The pattern of the tiny yoked frock would be equally useful for baby's first flannel nightgown, if made a little longer. The bonnet could be trimmed with lace or the collar of the carrying coat used with the matinee jacket. These patterns are a definite guide to size and shape when cutting, and from them the very daintiest layette can be made.

Next week another number from our stock pattern department will be published.

These tiny garments are the first of the series of "stock" patterns which will be available at all times. The complete series includes just those utility garments that the seamstress in the home is constantly wanting. Each pattern is quite simple, and the instructions with them are straightforward and easy to follow.

Our "stock" includes patterns for a schoolgirl's tunic and blouse, boy's trousers and shirtwaist, pyjamas; in fact, any utility garment you may need.

WX17.—Layette. Material required: Coat, one yard 36in. Bonnet and bib, three-eighths yard 36in. Frock, one and one-eighth yards 36in. Petticoat, five-eighths yard 36in. Matinee jacket, three-quarters yard 36in. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

When ordering, state clearly the name of the garment and size. Give full name and address. The price of all "stock" patterns for sizes over twelve years is 1/1, and under twelve years 6d.



Bridge your difficulties

FEMMETONE is an invaluable and invigorating tonic, containing wonderful health-giving ingredients, produced from the formula of Dr. Bernhardt, the noted French Women's Specialist, and is particularly useful in all cases of nervous debility, lassitude, neuralgia, insomnia, loss of appetite, and that run down feeling resulting from the vicissitudes of everyday life and women's peculiar weaknesses.

Femmetone

Price 6/- Per Bottle

Obtainable at Washington H. Soul, Hallam's Ltd., and all Chemists and Stores.

If unobtainable locally send postal note for 6/6 to Femmetone et Cie, Box 3773 S.S., G.P.O., Sydney.



Screen Oddities

By Captain Foxcett



THEATRE ROYAL AT 7.55
Mat., Sat. & Wed., 2
J. C. Williamson's
Glamorous Stage
Production
'MUSIC IN THE AIR'
WITH
SYLVIA WELLING,
FRANK SALE,
CECIL KELLAWAY,
CARRIE MOORE,
SHIRLEY DALE,
JOHN MOORE,
SIDNEY BURCHALL.
"BEST IN YEARS,"
says the "Sun."

Hygienically
warm day and
night.
PRINCE EDWARD
L/1, 1/6, at 11 a.m.

Have you seen Chevalier's Baby Star
in
"A BEDTIME STORY"
with HELEN TWELVETREES, EVERETT
HORTON? The Brightest, Snappiest
Musical Play of the Season.

3rd
WEEK

EVERYTHING NEW!
AT THE
NEW PALAIS ROYAL
PRICES CATERING, DECORATIONS, SERVICE.
AND
JIM DAVIDSON and his
NEW PALAIS ROYAL ORCHESTRA
POPULAR NIGHTS, Mon., Wed., Sat.
OLD TIME BALL every Thursday.
Gala Dress Night, Fridays, 8.30 to 1 a.m.
Saturdays, 3 to 5, Afternoon Tea Dance.

THE FOLLOWING GREAT MEN

Sir Frederick Treves, Surgeon to the late King Edward.
Sir William Osler, Professor, Oxford University.
Dr. Abercrombie, F.R.C.P., London.
Dr. F. Billings, President of American Medical Association.
The late Dr. Maitland.
Lord Dawson of Penn, His Majesty the King's Physician.

AND 500 OTHER PROMINENT MEDICAL MEN
over a period of half a century have proclaimed the fact that if
vaseline were palatable enough to be used internally as much as it
is used externally, there would be no CONSTIPATION. This to-day
is POSSIBLE.

Vaseline is a pure petroleum jelly.

So is **LUBRI-LAX (Reg.)** As alubricating laxative it will CURE and PREVENT every case of
CONSTIPATION, and is pleasing to the palate.

THIS WEEK'S £10 QUANDARY

A GAMBLE with
a CHILD'S LIFETELL US THINGS
THAT HAPPEN

In response to the large number of readers who voted more space to "Things That Happen" on their Preference Voting coupons, it has been decided to enlarge this feature and to offer special cash awards in order to encourage better entries.

SO keep your eyes and ears open and ransack your memories, and you will surely see, or hear, or remember, some real incident worth sending in.

First of all, however, read these conditions.

"Things That Happen" have got to be true incidents. Items will be judged from three angles—truth, interest, and news.

"Made-up" stories will not be accepted, and the same applies to items taken from other papers, or entries which have been submitted previously to other journals.

Readers who submit "Things That Happen" which offend in any of these respects will be debarred from all future competitions.

DON'T FORGET COUPON

Each separate entry must have attached a competition coupon; it must bear the sender's name and address.

COMPETITION ENTRY
FORM

This form covers ONE entry in all or any of the competitions conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly.

If more than one entry is submitted in any one competition, an additional form must accompany same.

In all cases, the Editor's decision is final.

Name and address must be written on every separate entry or contribution.

A.W.W., 22/7/33.

and it must be signed and endorsed "Original matter," and addressed to the Editor.

In some cases, when the "Things That Happen" incident is particularly good and newsworthy, it may be published in another part of the paper. Entries of this kind will, of course, be awarded prizes just the same.

PRIZE-WINNERS

"Best Letters" winners this week were: Miss Constance Ashton Taylor, Hotel Braemar, Kilmahilly, E.I. She writes:—"Having read it from cover to cover and enjoyed every page, I sent The Australian Women's Weekly to a doctor's wife in the Solomon Islands with a request that she will circulate it via the hospital throughout the Malanaland Mission. In these islands papers are eagerly sought after."

Mrs. E. Strong, Grey Street, Glen Innes, E.I. "I posted The Australian Women's Weekly," she writes, "to a friend, each page bearing another's address. . . the last page my own. Each one posted it on to the other. So it goes forth on a visit and back to me, a 'keepsake' from pleased friends."

Mrs. Josephine Stevens Christie, 317 New South Head Road, Edgecliff, E.I.:—"Being one of the fourth generation of Australian born citizens, I thoroughly appreciate The Australian Women's Weekly," she writes.

Mrs. T. Edmund, Apple Tree Creek, via Childers, Queensland, E.I.:—"We never thought we would receive such a good all-round paper. I will recommend it to all my friends as the best women's paper we've ever read."

Mrs. Beryl B. Corbin, 44 Lackey Street, Summer Hill, E.I.:—"My husband and son are keenly interested, and isn't this nice for men to become interested in a woman's paper?" she asks in a good letter of constructive criticism.

Consolation prizes of 5/- are awarded to: Miss Jean Pateman, 98 Concord Road, North Strathfield; Mrs. H. L. McRae, "Wy Warrie," 108 Perry Street, Forbes; Mrs. H. J. Cambridge, Box 10, P.O., Ryman.

What
Would
YOU
Do?

Here is another quandary, a problem of real life which anyone might easily be called upon to decide to-morrow or even to-day.

In organising this interesting "What Would You Do?" competition, with its weekly prize of £10 for the best entry, and five consolation prizes of 10/-. The Australian Women's Weekly is helping thousands of readers to become decisive and to know their own minds.

ONE of the fascinating things about life is that you never know exactly what is going to happen next. There are some people who, by knowing very clearly what they want, and by adopting a right mental attitude towards life, can, to a certain extent, order things the way they want; but even they come up against fate from time to time.

All kinds of problems crop up unexpectedly, and some of them, if not faced resolutely and tackled promptly, can turn a successful and happy life into a failure.

Decision, therefore, is a cardinal virtue; a quality which everyone must cultivate, and it is by exercising this faculty of the mind on such quandaries as will be suggested in the "What Would You Do?" competition that readers will fit themselves to tackle real problems.

Here is the difficulty you have to face this week:—

Your child, aged about 15, was one of the passengers on the mail train which crashed last week. Only by a miracle did the young passenger escape alive. The child's face, however, has been gravely disfigured. Rushed to Sydney in an ambulance, a plastic surgeon has made an examination and told you that the child's features can be saved only by a major facial operation, but that the operation will endanger the child's life.

It is for you to decide whether your child shall go through life disfigured, or whether it shall be operated upon . . . and face a very serious risk of death. What would you do?

To give country readers a full opportunity to enter, entries for each competition will close on the Thursday of the week following—in this case July 27. Winners will be published the week after. The use of pen-names will be permitted, but full names and addresses must be given with each entry, and where more than one entry is sent in, coupons must be attached to each one.

SIMPLE RULES

Here are the rules:—
Entries close on July 27, and must be addressed to "What Would You Do?" Competition.



WOULD you risk a child's life to prevent it growing up disfigured?

Tangled Letters

WOULD readers who, as a result of entering the Tangled Letters Competition, are entitled to six issues of The Australian Women's Weekly, PLEASE NOTE that an order has been sent to them, upon receipt of which, by presenting to their local newsagent, they can arrange to receive the six consecutive copies free of charge.

If entrants have received an order from The Australian Women's Weekly, and are having any difficulty in getting the paper, would they please write to the Publisher, The Australian Women's Weekly, Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4089W, G.P.O., Sydney. Envelopes must be endorsed "Quandary Competition."

The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final.

Answers should not exceed 100 words, and may be as brief as desired. Other things being equal, the briefer the answers, the better.

Entries should be written on one side of the paper only, in ink, or typewritten if possible, and should bear the sender's full name and address, including State.

The coupon on this page must be attached to each entry. More than one entry is permitted, but a separate coupon must be attached in each case.

THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St., Sydney.

THE Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly will gladly consider stories, articles, verse, paragraphs, and photographs on any subject of interest to women, and such contributions accepted will be paid for. Payment will be facilitated if contributors comply with the following:—

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gammed on to a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which par was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and State.

(c) Each claim to reach this office not later than the last Friday in each month.

Payment for contributions claimed for will be made on the 15th of the month following publication.

Unsuitable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

We shall take all reasonable care of MS., but will not be responsible for its preservation or transmission.

Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

Special claim forms for contributors are available on application.

PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS: Contributors need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication.

LUBRI-LAX is a scientific combination of Petroleum Jelly in its purest form, Agar Agar and Phenolphthalein.

Children and adults will find it not only pleasing to take, but will look forward to their daily dose. One or two teaspoonfuls taken slowly to ensure good health.

The Natural Lubricant
FOR CONSTIPATION

LUBRI-LAX (Reg.)

PRICE 2/- AND 2/9

at Washington H. Soul's, Hallam's, and all Chemists and Stores.

See
Testimonial
on
Page 14.

PRIVATE VIEWS

"TELL ME TO-NIGHT"

IT hardly seems worth while at this stage to write a critique of "Tell Me To-night," for it is like "Cavalcade." If you want to know what "Tell Me To-night" is like, ask the person next to you. He will have seen it. If by any chance he has been out of town, however, this picture is an artistic, as well as a box-office, success. Jan Kiepura's splendid voice is uplifted in ideally non-formal situations, the musical background and the story blending with the utmost harmony. Magda Schneider is an unusually charming heroine, comedy abounds in the persons of Sonnie Hale, Athene Seyler, and Edmund Gwenn. The scenic effects and general direction are faultless.

—Mayfair.

THEATRETTE THRILLS

WHERE do men go in the winter-time? After a peep into the State Newsreel Theatre, the answer is obvious. No longer can we think of society divided into: (a) Man slaving in offices, (b) woman malingering at the pictures. The men malingering, too.

Well, we crept down a sinister concrete passage—like the one at Wynyard—into a room divided into two by an aisle in suburban railway carriage style. Here we hugely enjoyed ourself for an hour watching ex-Crown Princess and women wood-choppers. Then we crept out of another door and along another sinister passage—still like Wynyard—



THELMA TODD and Dennis King in "Fra Diavolo," the screen's first comic opera, which opened at the St. James on Wednesday, July 19.

into the daylight. But in that hour we saw.

Row after row of man after man, mostly middle-aged and all earnest, with only one other woman besides ourself comprised the audience. The man we sat next to first winced away in terror, but later became quite soothed and mated (no, of course not!), and explained. It seems that the tired business man is by no means only tired with his occupation; but, just as we butterflies might, often pops for an hour or so into a picture palace. With one difference only. We want a story, with a Greta Garbo to copy, and he wants news. We want romantic fiction, and he wants cold facts. What have you? (French).

JOAN BLONDELL is riding a bicycle now. She rides all over the Hollywood hills, where she lives. Because the grades are so steep, her husband, George Barnes, won't let her ride alone, so her chauffeur usually accompanies her on a second bicycle.

THREE motion-picture actresses have become very fine singers—good enough for the concert stage—after being successful in pictures. They are Doris Kenyon, Bebe Daniels, and Carmel Myers. Richard Powell, who came to pictures as a singer and master of ceremonies, has been taking singing lessons from a famous teacher, and is learning all the fine points of classic ballads and such.

PATRICIA ELLIS now believes everything they tell her on the lots in Hollywood. Asked what an old-fashioned steam fire engine was to be used for, her director explained that it was to heat her bath water. It was quite true, as the engine heated up the lake in which the star had bathing scenes to

"BEDTIME STORY"

AN amusing and bright show, of which the director is the real genius, and an infant the apparent one. The plot is nil. Maurice Chevalier is Maurice Chevalier, charming still, but with no further development, suffering a trifle from loss of spontaneity through being continually allotted the role of the adored - of - all - women - without - the - slightest - need - for - effort - on - his-part rascal. The various ladies in the case are satisfactorily lovely. Maurice returns from a trip to Africa with a baby which has been abandoned in his car. At first intending to send it to an institution, he later relents and decides to adopt it on the strength of its protruding under-lip. The plot discloses the complications that ensue when a bachelor tries to act as nursemaid, the anger of his fiancée when she sees the child, and the affinity Maurice finds in baby's nurse.

—Prince Edward.

"FRA DIAVOLO"

AS we go to press, "Fra Diavolo" (mis-translated "The Devil's Brother") is having its premiere at St. James. It is based on Auber's delightful light opera, with Dennis King as "Brother Devil." The comedy is a special surprise. It is a Laurel and Hardy release, so its success is assured. Dennis King has a glorious voice and a charming personality for a romantic comedy of this type, and Thelma Todd is not to be blamed in the least for losing her heart to him.

St. James.

S.U.D.S. Pioneer of Little THEATRE

THE Sydney University Dramatic Society, commonly known to undergraduates as "Suds," is by far the oldest of the amateur groups in Sydney.

It started long before the Little Theatre Movement developed, and has been running for over half a century. Its membership changes from year to year, and it has had its ups and downs. But the constant stream of new blood that pours into the University has kept it alive; if one set of freshers provides no acting talent, the odds are that the next will, especially from the Law School.

The reason why not so much has been heard of S.U.D.S. as of other Little Theatres is that its activities are mostly confined to University buildings, and that its habit is to give only one public performance a year.

The play chosen must possess literary merit, and S.U.D.S. has to its credit many revivals of stage classics, notably Congreve's "Way of the World" at the old Repertory Theatre, and Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," at the King's Hall.

Last year it produced "Love for Love" at the University Union, and this performance before a critical audience scored an artistic success.

At the moment S.U.D.S. has a big enterprise in hand. On August 8 and 9, at the Savoy Theatre, it will present the English version of "L'Aiglon," Roostand's famous play about the son of the great Napoleon. This play has been seen in Sydney before, first with Sarah Bernhardt, and then with Tittell Brune, in the name part. There is a large cast, men as well as women, sumptuous in the costumes of 1832. In "L'Aiglon" the glamor and romance of the vanished Court at glamorous Vienna lives again.

Gordon Ramsay (Scrubby), who is said to be a little paper-boy in real life, with no previous stage experience, was the star of Alon Hynes' "Scrubby," presented at St. James' Hall on July 11. Jack Whittel (Squizz) was "runner-up," and Ann Grey, Margaret Chambers, Helen Blood, Jack Saul and Marjorie Jones were also capable. The play itself is rather below the standard of the author's previous productions, although entertaining. It includes a theme song, "Scrubby Boy."

CLARK GABLE has no objection to his birthday celebration being bruited abroad.

luxurious clothes. So that the star whom the screen depicts as a de luxe marquis of exotic appearance leans, seemingly, toward the simple life; while the petite Heien, whose roles show her, despite their emotional trend, as an unassuming personality, is a lover of luxury.

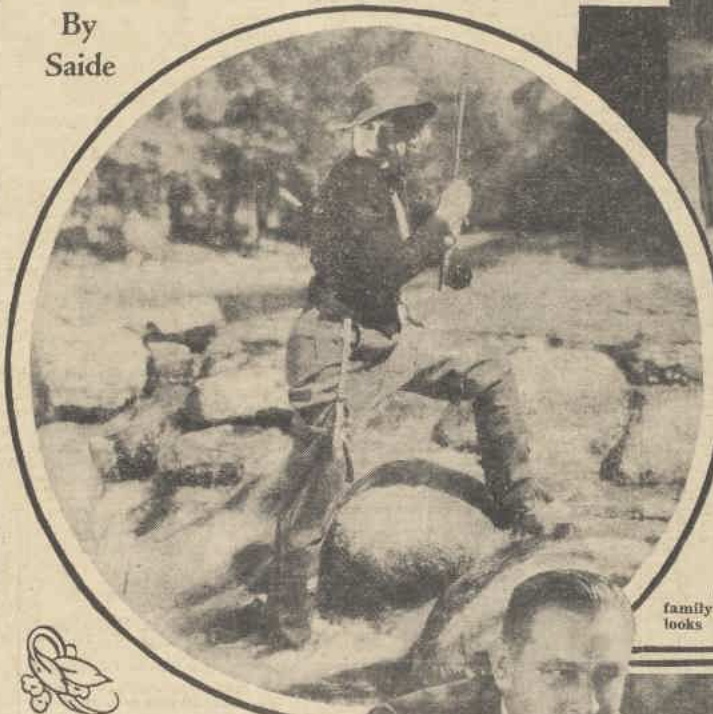
Lionel Barrymore has an old suit, one that has not been pressed for years, to which he is very much attached. The Barrymores have been jestingly called

This STAR PUBLICITY'S a HEADY Wine!

Are screen and stage stars just ordinary folk, or do they develop a publicity complex? They live in a ceaseless glare of publicity. Their every movement is exploited by the merciless publicity man. Their home life, their habits, their clothing, their romances, are all "good copy." How do they react to it all?

We who remain just commonplace mortals are apt to view a visit to the photographer in much the same way as a visit to the dentist. If, however, we were to see ourselves on the screen in alluring guise, as heroes or heroines of fiction, would we overcome this natural diffidence, and live for the glamor of the spotlight, or would we become surfeited with publicity and long for quiet and obscurity?

By Saide



(Above): Did Joan Crawford know that the camera-man was in the offing when she sought the simple life? (Left): Wynne Gibson is agreeably conscious of the charming tout ensemble as she pursues her favorite hobby. (Below): The Barrymores stage a family reunion, and only Baby John looks bored with the proceedings.



the "royal family" of the screen, and the birth of a "crown prince" to John and his wife, Dolores (nee Costello), was the occasion for general family rejoicing. Yet the camera sought them out, and only the "crown prince" looks entirely bored with the proceedings.

Wynne Gibson is a devotee of the fishing rod, and likes to don gum-boots and breeches and angle for trout. We can only conclude that she fully appreciates the charming picture she makes, silhouetted against picturesque backgrounds, for she makes no complaint when the cameraman still pursues her. And he does.

Victor McLaglen, the he-man of the British stage, has been soldier, boxer, and silver prospector. When he arrived at Hollywood he had ten dollars only in his pocket. On his own confession, he thoroughly enjoys life, and is something of a sybarite. His home boasts the very height of luxury, but whether he re-acts to the camera-man or not is difficult to say, for his favorite hobby is his bath!

His bathroom is equipped with baths of every type—Russian, Turkish, and even needle baths. Walls of solid marble, gadgets with complicated fittings for electrical massage, all play their part. Wallace Beery (and surely his rugged

exterior would debar him from photographic vanity) makes straight for the aerodrome on every possible occasion. When wanted for an unexpected call in "Flesh" he was in the air. To summon a man from such lofty heights would surely try the patience of any director.

Apart from the question of their pursuing off-screen, the psychological reaction of playing a part on stage or screen is far-reaching in its result. The tragic suicide of Annie Ahles in London after her phenomenal success in the role of "The Dubarry" is a pathetic example. Finding the emotional strain was exacting a too-heavy toll, she

asked for a week's respite. The management recalled her, as a result of the box-office returns, after two days. She returned to play the part for three nights, and then committed suicide.

It would seem impossible to estimate just whether the stars accept the public estimate of themselves as super men and women or whether they year to the other extreme, and long to be just plain Mary Smith or Bill Jones away from their work.

Certainly the camera-man would have us believe that he is the most popular man in the studios.

MOTHERS & YOUNG WIVES

By A Doctor

The Editor has given me an interesting little article written by a mother, which I am including in this section this week. She has promised to contribute other notes from time to time.

"Where did you come from, Baby dear? Out of the everywhere into here."

JUST quaint lines from an old song, but they have a peculiar significance for the young mother with her first wee babe. The advent of the little stranger brings a multiplicity of duties to the mother, all manner of odd jobs that never seem to be finished. But, worse than the actual duties that devolve on her shoulders is the anxiety, the constant striving to care for her babe as no babe was ever cared for before. Her babe must be the cleanest, sweetest, fattest, happiest babe that outsiders, especially relations, ever saw.

And so, with untiring zeal, she strives from dawn, not only to dark, but often to midnight. She has hardly the time or the courage to take a deep breath until baby is twelve months old, able to take solid food and toddle round the house on sturdy legs.

This is really a tragedy. Baby should not be just a star exhibit for the delectation of doting aunts and grand-mamas and girl friends. Almost every day, as his little powers expand, there are tiny points that his mother should have leisure to enjoy. The first thing for mother to realise is—don't worry. With his great big eyes, tiny, crumpled hands and feet, baby looks so frail. But he is not. When my second babe was six weeks old, my doctor—a big, jolly, cheery person, and a great personal friend—said to me: "Stop worrying, nothing can happen to him." I was staggered. Evidently, I thought, he doesn't understand how precious this little fellow is. He gave a boisterous laugh: "Oh, you young mothers!" he continued. "You all think your babies are delicate; they're not. They are as strong as young poddy calves."

As that man was one of the leading doctors in the town where I was living, I had to concede him some knowledge of his subject.

As baby thrives, I gradually appreciated the full force of his statement. Unless a baby has some definite physical complaint that calls for medical treatment, he is not frail because he is tiny. But he is sensitive, quick to react to uneasy influences around him. Haven't you often seen your babe perfectly happy with one person and then fretful when someone else took him?

So I say first to young mothers, don't worry. Smile at your babe, talk to him in happy, confident tones, hold him firmly, and he will soon respond. By the time he is three months old, his little backbone will be strong enough for

him to try small adventures in the realm of moving about. Help him. Move his little arms and legs. Show him how to splash in his bath, and your happy confidence will be reflected in his smile.

DEAFNESS

DOCTORS who specialise in the trouble tell us that most deafness starts in childhood, and that many people who are deaf can trace a history of constant sore throats in their childhood days. Deafness is due to many causes, not the least of which is the after-effect of illnesses like the common cold, adenoids, measles, scarlet fever, etc. Rough tests to show whether a child has normal hearing or not include listening to a watch ticking 30 to 50 inches away, hearing a conversational voice at 60 to 70 feet, and hearing a whispered voice at 20 feet.

The time to treat the condition, however, is before it happens, when it can often be prevented by suitable medical methods.

MORNING COCKTAIL

A DELICIOUS morning cocktail that can be enjoyed by the whole family is orange juice, served as a drink. Many school children and fathers, rushing for the morning train or ferry, would eat an orange or two if it did not take so long. If mother prepares a jug of orange juice and puts it on the table it is an excellent thing with which to start the morning meal.

There is no need to worry about it "turning things sour in the stomach," as many seem to think. Milk is "sour" as soon as it reaches the stomach by virtue of an essential constituent of the gastric juice.

And THEN the WOMAN LAUGHED

(Continued from Page 12)

THE woman had given him her solemn pledge. He had trusted her implicitly. And now, in her cold, shallow little soul, she was heaping contempt and ridicule upon him.

More than that, she was eager to see him taken—brought in like some wild, bloody beast out of those cold hills. A man who had treated her as he had done. A man who had trusted her.

The soldiers found Tala the Tiger just as the early dawn was breaking over the paleness of the hills. He fought—fought like the tiger after which he had been named. Seven lives he took, before they bore him down and put thick iron chains about his feet and hands.

The dawn had grown rosy when they brought him into camp. He was

EMBROIDERY as a REST for NERVES

Judging from all the embroidered table spreads, pillow-cases, d'oyleys, and undies on show now in Sydney's largest shops, it seems that embroidery is coming into its own again.

At present girls are to be seen knitting as they travel each day to and from their homes. But as the warmer weather draws near, embroidery work will take the place of the wool and needles.

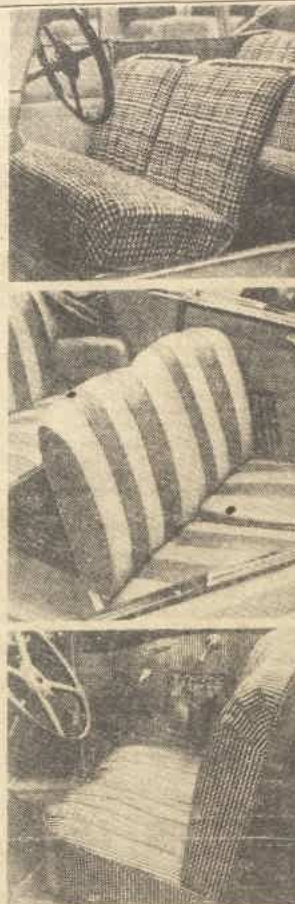
The success of the little shops which depend solely on their profits from embroideries does in itself assure us of a growing demand for embroidered articles.

In the present stress and turmoil of modern life many women find that a little embroidery work is a nerve-easing occupation.

Trace your memories back to the time of the War, and it will be recalled that many of the convalescent and shell-shocked men took up embroidery work as a rest cure.

Now comes further news confirmative of the return of embroidery. Special schools have just opened in London to teach girls the art, and the attendance indicates the rapidly growing popularity for the needle and thread.

This does not promise too well for those who predict more masculine clothes for women. If undies are to be embroidered, it stands to reason that women will, to be consistent, wear feminine clothes. So an increase of embroidered materials for summer wear is anticipated.



MINUTE attention to detail is typical of the newest fashion decrees. This applies, not only to the trimmings of one's smartest ensemble, but to the general effect. Even the upholstery of the car should conform to the prevalent note in midday's outdoor wear. It calls for a little foresight and adds distinctive charm.

Problems of Life

Mother Or Husband?

By "The Matron"

"MY only daughter, who is 26 years of age, has recently married, in direct opposition to my wishes. I have nothing against my son-in-law, beyond the fact that he is not earning enough to run a home comfortably, but it is a bitter awakening to a mother who has devoted her life to a child to find herself supplanted in that child's affection by a stranger."

"I have worked very hard and denied myself many pleasures and all luxuries to educate my daughter, and to fit her for a business career, and just when things were becoming easier for us, she suddenly and selfishly takes it into her head to marry. The result has been a quarrel and estrangement, and I have not seen her now for some weeks. I am very unhappy, and do not feel that it is a mother's place to make the first move towards reconciliation, and from what I hear, she is perfectly content, and does not appear to miss her home or her life-long associations. Can you advise me as to what I should do to make her realise my position, and to win an assurance of affection?"—Mrs. C. Brisbane.

Your position is certainly an unfortunate one, and I can appreciate something of what you are feeling. But as

Louise Mack Advises

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag and bring them to Louise Mack, the brilliant Australian writer and traveller. Her world-wide experience has given her a kindly outlook on life and its problems, and a deep interest in girls and women. Watch for next week's article.

You have asked for my advice. I must be frank and confess that I think your attitude rather unreasonable, that a good deal of the trouble has been of your own making. A woman of 26 is old enough to please herself as to whom and when she should marry, and you should understand that the love your daughter has given to her husband need not affect her affection for yourself.

It is a pity to miss a chance of happiness, and for your own sake as well as for hers, I would advise you to seek a reconciliation as soon as you can. As to your son-in-law's position—it does young people no harm to make a few mutual sacrifices in their early married life.

LOUISE MACK'S DIARY

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS

GREAT improvements, are there? Not for this family in Donnelly Road, Naremburn. Six children. Mother dead. Father out of work for two years. Now working for dole money. Eldest girl in charge. Father paying off home. Falls into arrears through unemployment with rates and taxes. Presto! Along comes our Water Board—cuts off water, carries away pipes. All the water for those six unfortunate children and their father has to be fetched from an empty house in the next street. Winter. No water. No gas. No mother. No money. And the Water Board screaming at them to pay to have their pipes put back and the water service renewed. This case hurts. It hurts to think Australian children should be suffering so cruelly. Can such things be in Sydney? Yes, this is true. The Police Court clerk referred it this week to the women's club I am personally interested in.

A BIT MORE ABOUT "NINDOOWIMBAH" AND MRS. WILLIE COLLINS

Mrs. Willie Collins, all in white, was as exquisitely gowned as though she had just come from Paris when I arrived at "Nindooimbah."

Tall, with grey hair, big grey eyes, and a fine figure, this handsome woman wore a white cloth suit and a fine white crepe-de-chine blouse, all perfectly tailored, and white silk stockings and white antelope shoes, and a wide, black sailor hat, and round her neck was a string of pearls that ran into four figures.

"Is this the bush?" I asked with a smile; "or have I come back to Europe?"

For here, at the world's end, twelve thousand miles from European civilisation, was the most exquisitely-run household, with every luxury and every grade of fineness in the running of the

ETIQUETTE



HOW GAUCHE he looks. Of course, he should have replaced knife and fork on plate when he replied to her remark.

house, and no trace anywhere of roughness or crudeness or makeshift. Careful servants, carefully dressed, waited daintily. Everything seemed to be going by clockwork. Thick, soft carpets lay on the floors, and there were chintz coverings, and silver gleamed everywhere, just as in some old county home. And yet all around was the wild Australian bush, and not a sign of a house as far as the eye could see.

THE LITTLE CHURCH IN THE BUSH

One day we went in motor cars to see the church erected to the memory of the dead father and mother who had been the original pioneers of the Collins family.

No expense had been spared in the building. They had made everything as beautiful as they could. They had planted all manner of lovely flowers in the grounds outside, and inside they had lined the walls with the rarest cedars, and they had brought stained-glass windows from Italy, and they had had wonderful sets of vestments specially made by delicate, subtle fingers in purples and browns and greens. And there were silver vessels on the altar, and an organ was built into a recess, and on the dark red cedar of the walls a white marble tablet was fixed, setting out the simple history of the mother and father who had come to Australia over half a century ago, had fought with droughts and floods and the forces of Nature, had reared a splendid family, and had won their way to the most honored position in the district, crowned with great fortunes, and had passed away, leaving their children to call them blessed.

Eczema Cured

Marrickville Chemist's Amazing Success with New Skin-Disease Treatment

Remarkable Results With So-called "Hopeless" Cases

A succession of simply amazing cures of many types of skin diseases has been effected by a Marrickville Chemist, Mr. J. J. McHugh, M.P.S., Ph.C. Notice was first drawn to Mr. McHugh's new treatment some time ago, when he



absolutely cured two cases of eczema of long standing which had been given up as absolutely hopeless. When these cases were inquired into it was found that Mr.

McHugh had been curing such cases for a number of years without it being publicly known.

One lady from Bexley writes to say that this Chemist cured her of a varicose ulcer in three weeks after it had resisted all treatment for 8 years. Another, from Artarmon, says that Mr. McHugh had cured her eczema in three weeks, after she had suffered the tortures of this complaint for six years.

Two outstanding cases recently were the complete cure of a fright-

ful leg ulcer given up as hopeless 20 years ago, and the permanent cure in four weeks of Eczema, from which a Marrickville girl had suffered for years (after treatment by four Sydney skin specialists). On every hand patients of this brilliant young chemist rejoice at the amazing success of the treatment.

Mr. McHugh has successfully treated Eczema, Psoriasis, Germ Under Nail, Ulcers, Acne, Tropical Ringworm, Barber's Rash, Pruritis, Varicose Veins, and many other distressing cases of skin disease. His remarkable new formula will quickly give relief where there was previously little or no hope.

Mr. McHugh states that the secret of his success is the correct use of his personally-discovered special formula—known only to himself—and his exclusive method of individual diagnosis and treatment. He has scores of original letters on file proving a cure of many difficult cases, from people throughout Australia, New Zealand, Pacific Islands, and even U.S.A.

Readers are advised to write Mr. J. J. McHugh, Consulting Chemist and Skin Specialist, 447W. Hawarrn Rd., Marrickville, N.S.W., regarding any skin trouble.

SAUCES and GRAVIES add RELISH to Every MEAL

By
MARGARET
SHEPHERD

Gravies and sauces add a certain piquancy if you know just what to use in the way of flavorings. The following suggestions will be very welcome to the housewife who studies variety in the menu, for they give a subtle difference even to the time-honored roasts.



FEW people when cooking a dinner take into consideration the importance of serving a smooth, well-made sauce or gravy with it.

The latter should be velvety smooth, nut-brown, and discriminately seasoned, without a trace of raw flour or burnt fat. Gravies to accompany roast chicken, mutton, or pork are lighter in color than gravy for roast beef or game.

Use a little forethought by saving stock from vegetables or preparing it, using the bone from the joint, be it shoulder, leg of mutton, or sirloin of beef. Cut the bone in two or three places, put into a saucepan with 2 cups of cold water, 1 small onion, 5 or 6 peppercorns, a level teaspoon salt. Bring very slowly to simmering point, simmer for about 1 hour. Strain and use as a base for gravy.

It is very important that the meat should be nicely cooked, so that the meat juices that collect in the pan are not burnt, but nicely browned. Remove the joint to a warm dish. Pour off all the fat except 3 tablespoons, taking care not to disturb the sediment at the bottom of the baking dish, which contains the flavor. Now place the pan on top of the stove with a slow heat under it.

Add 3 tablespoons of flour, stir until the fat and flour have formed a smooth, brown paste as dark as you wish the gravy to be when finished. Now add 2 cups of boiling water or stock, stirring all the time. Cook gently 3 minutes, add salt to taste. If stock has been used do not add salt until it has been tasted. If care has been taken in making the

SAUCES and gravies should be quite smooth. If carefully prepared, there should be no need to strain.

gravy it may not be necessary to strain. In case there should be peppercorns or small lumps of flour it is as well to strain through a coarse strainer. Serve in a warmed gravy boat.

All sorts of flavorings may be added to a good gravy to vary it, taking care not to over-season it.

Worcester sauce may be added or tomato sauce when it is to be served with lamb's fry and bacon.

For a roast of pork add 2 tablespoons of chopped pickle.

When serving a roast of veal, try using less water or stock, and at the very last add half cup of sour cream.

Finely chopped ham added to gravy to be used with sweetbreads is delicious, especially if bacon or pork bones have been used in the preparation of the stock.

For onion gravy use one finely chopped onion, fry in the roasting pan until a light golden brown, then add flour, and proceed as for gravy. It may be strained or not before serving.

The chief sauces are white, brown and

melted butter. Many other sauces are made from these.

WHITE SAUCE or cream sauce is a great stand-by, and quite as many liberties can be taken with it as with gravy.

The foundations for a plain white sauce are equal quantities of butter, flour, and 3/4 cup of milk or white stock to every dessertspoon of flour. Always choose a small, smooth saucepan to make this sauce.

Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour, mix into a smooth paste, then add the milk or stock (it is as well to add the liquid a little at a time until a smooth paste). Add the remainder of the liquid, return to the fire, and stir until it boils, allowing it to simmer at least four minutes to thoroughly cook the flour. Remember, it takes four minutes to cook flour and three minutes to cook cornflour.

Should it be necessary to stand this sauce aside for a few minutes, cover with a saucepan lid, for if allowed to stand it forms a skin on top and appears lumpy. Also, if it is impossible to give the sauce constant care when cooking, put it in a double boiler, stirring occasionally.

CHEESE SAUCE—Add 3 tablespoons of grated cheese to the above white sauce. Beat well.

PARSLEY—Add 2 tablespoons of finely chopped parsley.

ONION SAUCE—Add 2 tablespoons tiny pearl onions to the white sauce. Another way of making onion sauce is to cook a whole onion in sufficient water to cover. When nearly cooked, strain, cut into small pieces, add to the white sauce.

SAUCE MOUSSELINE—Substitute half veal or chicken stock and half cream for the milk used in white sauce. When the sauce is cooked add 2 well-beaten egg yolks, and just before serving, 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Do not re-heat after adding the lemon juice.

CREAM TOMATO SAUCE is made by adding 1 cup of tinned tomato puree to the white sauce. Re-heat.

BECHAMEL SAUCE—Put 1 cup of milk or white stock into a saucepan, add 1 slice onion, a piece of lemon rind, 4 peppercorns, and a blade of mace. Bring slowly to boiling point, and allow to stand 10 minutes. Strain. Proceed as for white sauce. When it has cooked 4 minutes add 1 tablespoon of partly whipped cream.

DRAWN BUTTER SAUCE—This is a semi-transparent sauce, and is an excellent foundation for caper sauce.

Blend over the fire 1 tablespoon butter and flour, when well mixed and bubbling add 1 cupful of water. Cook until thick, and simmer 4 minutes, then add salt and pepper. Just before removing from the fire, add 1 dessertspoon butter, divided into small pieces. Cayenne may be added.

SAUCE BEARNAISE—For fish or artichokes is made by adding to the above 2 well-beaten egg yolks, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, and 1 teaspoon butter cut into bits.

SAUCE STREME is made by adding half a cup of stiffly beaten cream to drawn butter sauce; then beat vigorously.

BROWN SAUCE is made the same way as drawn butter sauce, except that the butter and flour simmer together to a light golden brown. It is then finished in the usual way, adding the water and simmering until it thickens.

OLIVE SAUCE is a delightful accompaniment to roast duck, or even stuffed shoulder of mutton. Add 3 tablespoons of finely chopped olives to the brown sauce.

To serve with roast lamb, add 1/2 a cup of red currant jelly and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Beat together well.

Another Cocktail

If you are prohibitionist, and even if you're not, here's an interesting cocktail recipe. It is used by a well-known American hostess:—

Six small oranges,
Three tablespoons pineapple juice,
Powdered sugar,
Three tablespoons lemon juice,
Mint (fresh).

Separate the orange into sections and remove the thin skin. Leave these in ice chest till they are thoroughly cold. Place in glasses, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and add the syrup made of the pineapple and lemon juice. Sprinkle with chopped mint. Before filling the cocktail glass you can moisten the edge, and invert the glass in finely chopped mint. This will leave a line of green around the edge.



£5 for ORANGE RECIPE

In our last issue it was announced that the cookery prize this week would be awarded for the best orange recipe. The response has been so overwhelming that it has been impossible to finalise the matter as yet.

RECIPES from the country are still being received, and, as in many cases it has been impossible for entrants to receive their copy of the paper and submit their recipes sooner, the competition will not close until Tuesday, July 25, and the results announced next issue.

The special article by Miss Shepherd, in which she tells of the health value of the fruit, and gives some proven recipes, will also be published with the results of the competition.

There are just three more days in which to enter your recipe for the use of "stored sunlight." If you have not already made an entry, send it along by the next mail.

The first prize is £5, and consolation prizes of 2/6 each will be paid for every recipe published.



Polish the aluminium ware regularly.

£5 for RECIPE THAT MAKES SEVEN PUDDINGS

FIVE CONSOLATION PRIZES

Country people are still holding their own in the best recipe competition, but the city people have something to say, too.

This week three consolation prizes go to the country and two to the city. Next week's announcement of the winner of the best orange recipe competition will show us who takes most advantage of our citrus fruit.

WINNING the first prize of £5 this week is a recipe that will be very welcome to the housekeeper who gets very tired of the eternal problem of trying to vary the puddings for the family dinner.

This recipe is wholesome and nourishing, and, if the members of your family enjoy steamed puddings, it offers a different pudding for every night in the week—a whole week's pudding menu in one recipe!

Consolation prizes have been awarded both for sweets and for savories. Even the good old chop can be served in a different way.

CONSOLATION PRIZES

To make an award in the recipe competition is still proving a very difficult matter. Recipes, therefore, that may be called "runners-up" are published, and 2/6 paid to the entrant as consolation prizes.

You will appreciate each of these dishes.

BAKED CHOPS

Take 1 lb. lean leg chops. Roll in flour and sugar (about a tablespoonful flour heaped and 1 teaspoonful sugar mixed well together). Put in casserole. Sprinkle any flour or sugar left over on chops. Pepper and salt to taste. Pour tomato sauce well over chops. Add 1/2 cup water. Cover well. Bake 1 1/2 hours in slow oven. When you dish, add a little more water, and stir well.

Mrs. M. Samuels, Helping Hand, Relief Dept., 15 Goodly Street, Ashfield.

FRENCH TEA TWISTS

Sift together 1 lb. of flour, a pinch of salt, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Rub in 3 oz. of butter, then add 2 well-beaten eggs and enough milk to make into a stiff dough. Roll out and cut into 3 strips. Flatten these strips, and then cut the plain into small rolls. Brush each roll with a little egg and milk mixed. Place on a greased slide, and bake in a quick oven for 15 mins. If sweet twists are wanted, add 2 tablespoons of sugar.

Mrs. H. F. Baker, Asian Street, Roschill, N.S.W.

ADAMS PUDDING

Take 1 1/2 cups rice, 1 or 2 egg whites, 3/4 cup sugar, 1/2 cup butter, 4 or 5 chopped apples, 1 or 2 egg yolks, 1/2 pint milk, 1 gill water. First cook rice in the milk and a little water until creamy. Turn into a basin. Add sugar, butter, chopped apples and the egg yolks. Beat mixture well, and pour into a buttered pudding. Bake for 1/2 hour in a moderate oven. This egg whites stiffly whipped and mixed with caster sugar on top, and cook in moderate oven until whites are set, but not brown. Serve sprinkled with sugar.

This is sufficient for four persons.

Mrs. J. Hamilton, 41 Love Street, Cessnock.

CUTLETS IN ASPIC

Meat jelly: One quart of meat stock, a small piece each of onion, carrot, celery, parsley, and a few peppercorns, 1 1/2 tablespoon of salt, 1/2 teaspoon of Devoril or Marmite. Put all together in saucepan, with white of an egg beaten stiff, and bring to the boil. Strain into a shallow dish. Cook a small loin of

This Wins £5

USEFUL PUDDING BASIS

This mixture makes seven different puddings.—

Cream 2 1/2 tablespoons butter and 3 tablespoons sugar, add 1 egg and 1 cup milk, few drops essence, lastly add 1 cup of self-raising flour. Steam 1 1/2 hours, serve with jam sauce.

DEVON PUDDING

Add 3 tablespoons sultanas, FRUIT PUDDING Any stewed fruit put in hot-tom.

DATE PUDDING

Add 1 lb. chopped dates.

COCONUT PUDDING

Three tablespoons coconut, 2 tablespoons more milk, and 4 drops essence of almonds.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING

Add 1 tablespoon cocoa, and 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

LEMON PUDDING

Add 2 tablespoons finely grated lemon peel, and grate of nutmeg.

£5 to Mrs. W. Collins, 3 Park Street, Goulburn, N.S.W.

Lamb, and put into the jelly; pour more jelly over it, and let set. Cut out of dish, and serve with mint jelly.

Mint Jelly: Half teacup of water, 1/2 teacup of vinegar, 1 dessertspoon of gelatine, 1 tablespoon chopped mint, salt and pepper to taste. Dissolve the gelatine in the water, and add other ingredients. Leave until set. Very nutritious and tasty.

Mrs. S. Sneyd, 20 Tupper Street, Marrickville.

SWEET CROQUETTES

Take 1 cup (large) of stale cake crumbs, 1/2 cup of blanched chopped almonds, grated rind of one lemon, 1 tablespoon of lemon juice, 1/2 cup of orange juice, 1 egg, fine cake crumbs. Mix the first five ingredients together in a saucepan. Let them stand 10 minutes. Then slowly beat to boiling point, stirring all the time. Remove from stove, add salt, and allow to cool.

Then shape as croquettes, dip in the egg white, slightly beaten, with one tablespoon of cold water; roll in the cake crumbs, and fry in fat.

Sprinkle with sugar, and serve with hot chocolate sauce.

Mrs. W. A. James, Post Office, Lorton, N.S.W.

This is the food to give your boy!

Child specialists recommend this delicious cheese as a complete food, and kiddies love it! In sandwiches or on biscuits Kraft gives an abundance of nourishment—rich goodness and valuable body-building minerals. Light and very digestible. Never constipates. Protected in silverfoil. Packed in convenient 8-oz. and 4-oz. cartons, 1-oz. portions, or cut from 5-lb. loaves.

ECONOMICAL—NO RIND... NO WASTE

KRAFT CHEESE

"Only the finest Cheese is made by Kraft"

DON'T ARGUE
EAT
PINEAPPLE
PORK SAUSAGES
SOLD IN 1 lb. PACKETS, NEVER SOLD LOOSE

FOR she was going to disappear, whether it was legal or not. She wasn't quite sure about that, but no matter.

There was nobody to care, too—not really—except, in a mild sort of way, her own sister. And some day she might let her into the secret, especially as she had been an unconscious ally. But not just yet. It wouldn't be safe.

She began to feel hungry and ordered another bun, and the nice girl asked her if she had come by train, to which she replied that she had just come up from Sheffield.

That was part of the plan. And, sipping her coffee, she ran over it again in her mind—from that summer evening, three years ago, when the wild idea had first occurred to her.

It was so new then that it had almost scared her. But from that moment she had begun to weave—odd ten shillings, and occasional pound notes, squeezed from the housekeeping money doled out to her. Sixty pounds she had saved, hidden in the lining of the suitcase, and last year she had begun to prepare her hiding place.

That had required a good deal of thought, since it involved a new personality. And at last she had de-

STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE of MRS. POTSTONE

(Continued from Page 17)

cided to become a Mrs. Millicent Langrish, the widow of a grocery manager in Sheffield. She had found the name in a second-hand Bible lying upon a bookstall in the Old Kent Road, and beside it there had been copies of the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Ben Hur," inscribed to Millicent from her Aunt Kate. She had bought the three of them for sixpence each and kept them hidden away in a cupboard, and she had chosen Sheffield because it was a town in which she had several times stayed as a child.

She had then come to the conclusion that, for purposes of concealment, there was nothing better than another part of London, but it was clearly advisable that she should have become known there well in advance of her flight from Camberwell.

This had necessitated taking a certain risk, but luckily she had been successful. Every summer, while Mr. Potstone disported himself for a week

at Brighton, she had paid a visit to her sister at Scarborough and last year she had cut it short at the end of four days.

Telling her sister that she had promised to return home, she had journeyed to Sheffield, where she had had her suitcase labelled. And on arriving at St. Pancras she had taken a tram to Gospel Oak, where she looked about for suitable lodgings.

By an introduction from a local post-office, she had discovered a motherly woman in a quiet side street—a Mrs. Mottram, whose husband was a jobbing gardener and the caretaker of a neighboring chapel.

They were kindly people, to whom she had explained that she had come up to London to visit her daughter, who was then undergoing an operation at the Hampstead General Hospital. She had also informed them that since Mr. Langrish's death, she had been cook and housekeeper for an old

lady at Sheffield, and she had taken care to leave the Bible lying about in the hope that it might help to reinforce her story.

But she had liked them and shared their meals. She had helped with the chapel and been introduced to the minister. And long before she had left to return to Camberwell they were on familiar and friendly terms.

Glancing at the clock she saw that it was a quarter past twelve—time to be setting off for Gospel Oak to see if the Mottrams could put her up now that the old lady in Sheffield had died.

At the very moment, therefore, when Mr. Potstone and Bert would be staring at each other across the empty kitchen, she was knocking upon the door of the neat little house within 10 minutes' walk of Parliament Hill Fields. And a minute later there was Mrs. Mottram wiping her mouth and calling to her husband.

"Why, Fred, if it isn't Mrs. Langrish, and just in time for a bite of dinner!"

She held out her hands.

"Who'd 'ave thought it? Come you in, my dear. How are you?"

Mrs. Potstone sat down, abandoning

Our Remedy

This is the trouble with our laws; We treat the symptom, not the cause. Wait for the crime, on that intent, The crime that wisdom might prevent.

And punish that—combat its force When at the flood, not at the source.

We hang the man, forget the boy And those who would his soul destroy;

Yes, while to prisoners we preach, Leave anyone who will to teach Whatever he may choose to say To those without a place to play.

Yet not a youngster has gone down The crimson trail in this man's town, Or maiden down the path of shame, But you and I must share the blame; Yet when in parenthood we fail We hide our failure in a jail.

herself to the luxury of enjoying a meal that she had not cooked.

"And so the old lady's gone," said Mrs. Mottram. "And how's your daughter and the dear baby?"

Mrs. Potstone explained that they were both well, though she wished her son-in-law was stronger. They had moved to Croydon, she said, for the sake of his health, and her own plans were rather uncertain.

The old lady had remembered her to the extent of fifty pounds, and she meant to take a little time to look about her. But she thought, on the whole, that she would try and find a situation somewhere in the south of England.

"And meanwhile I was wondering," she smiled, "if I might have my old room."

"Why, of course you can," said Mrs. Mottram, "and welcome."

After an early cup of tea, too, Mrs. Mottram insisted upon going to King's Cross with her to fetch the suitcase. And by half-past ten, feeling 20 years younger, she was blessedly in bed, dropping off to sleep.

DESCRIPTIONS of missing ladies of 43, of average height and looks, are notoriously vague, and, as the police pointed out to Mr. Potstone, they were considerably handicapped by the absence of any recent photograph. But it had never occurred to Mr. Potstone to have his wife photographed.

Nobody could be found who had seen her on the morning in question. And although in due course descriptions were circulated and posted up outside various police stations, it could not be stated in what sort of clothes the vanished lady had probably been dressed.

All that could be said, in fact, was that she had gone and seemed unlikely to return. But why? Across an underdone steak, Mr. Potstone stared balefully at his son.

"Can't 'ave done it a-purpose," he said. "I'll never believe that."

But somehow or other the uncomfortable thought remained.

"And with not even a thank-you," he said, "for all I've done for 'er. Darn this steak! I can't eat it."

Meanwhile, at Gospel Oak Mrs. Potstone was visibly blooming beneath the placid eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Mottram.

"Well, I must say," said Mrs. Mottram, "the air up here seems to suit you, dear."

And so it did, together with the unruffled peace of the little house and its inhabitants and there had been only one moment in which Mrs. Potstone's heart had apprehensively missed a beat. The Mottrams seldom read newspapers. But one evening Mr. Mottram happened to blink through his spectacles.

"I see there's been another," he said, "of these disappearances—woman missing from her home in Camberwell."

Mrs. Mottram continued her knitting.

"What do they think's happened to her?" she inquired tranquilly.

"Don't seem to know," said Mr. Mottram.

"Where's Camberwell?" asked Mrs. Potstone.

But that had been all, and for a couple of months Mrs. Potstone had lived a life of leisure, save for a journey to Sheffield, where she bought a box and a few necessary garments.

For three weeks, too, during which the Mottrams had influenza, she acted as caretaker of the chapel, winning golden opinions from the minister and his wife and preparing the way for her next move.

This, as she confided to them, was to obtain work in some pleasant country town, preferably as companion, housekeeper, or cook to some invalid lady with a garden. She was in no hurry, she said. She wanted to find the right place.

But it proved to be a matter of no great difficulty, and by the following spring, with references from the minister, she was already installed with the widow of a Wesleyan baronet upon the outskirts of Bournemouth.

(Continued on Page 37)

TWICE THE SIZE OF LAST YEAR'S ISSUE!



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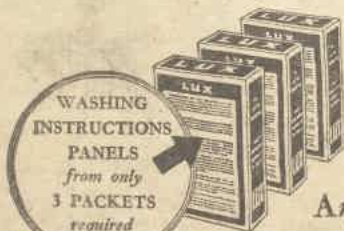
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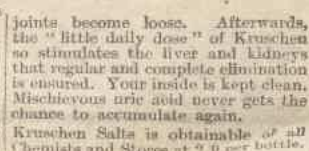
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Prudential Heritage Policy Benefits:

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Age next birthday

Prepare NOW for the BIG Garden EXHIBITION

THE Royal Horticultural Society of Sydney is holding a floral display on October 18, 19, and 20 in the Sydney Town Hall. A week before this there will be a garden competition. If you are entering, the Old Gardener's tips this week will help you.



"THIS is as nice a little garden, you got here, Miss, as I seen anywhere. It's a good shape, tucking itself around your home the way it does. You ought to enter it for the Garden Week competition in October. Oh no, Miss, that don't matter. There's several sections, you see—yours would be in the small garden class, and a mighty good chance it would have too, I reckon. I know one thing, and that is, that the judges like to see new kinds of flowers in a garden."

"JUST pass me that spade a moment, Miss—thank you. Now I'll tell you what we'll put in here—'Golden Gleam' nasturtium. This is a new variety, and a novelty of the season. It has semi-double flowers and a beautiful musk perfume. You can grow it in pots or window boxes, as well as beds. I'll fix a pot for that living-room of yours, Miss—it'll look like a ball of sunshine when it blooms."

"Oh—I beg your pardon, Miss, did I hurt you? I didn't see your foot there. I ain't hurt you, have I? That's good. You see that sunny corner there? I'm going to put Ceratostigma there for you."

"This shrub is another novelty—with a blue flower that flowers most of the year. It'll be a permanent patch of color for your garden."

"THEN there's another new shrub called Othonna aethanaseae. This one has a mass of yellow flowers, and is very pretty, too. You try your nurseryman, and see if he can get you some of that, Miss, and I'll plant it for you next week. If he says he hasn't got it, make him send for it. You'll be pleased with it."

"Give me that fork, Miss, while I have a go at them Stocks. You been

giving them a bit too much water. Oh!—it was the rain, was it? Stocks like a good well-drained spot, Miss, and plenty of morning sun."

"July isn't much of a month for sowing and planting, Miss, but there's a few hardy annuals that can be sown and which will give you a bright showing in the spring and summer. Them Ten Weeks Stocks are all right."

"A bed of Nemesis would look nice too. Plant them from four to six inches apart. In that raised bed of yours you'd plant some Salpiglossis. If you mix the shades the bed'll look real beautiful. No, Miss—put them in close together."

"A GARDEN is a lovely thing, Miss. Isn't it? I always feels contented like when I'm in a garden. It's friendly and warm. The flowers don't look at you as though your clothes didn't fit, like some people do. That is a good idea, Miss—I know a young woman not far from here who always goes and does a bit of gardening after she has had a quarrel with her husband. She reckons you can't be angry for long when you're busy tending the flower folk, and she says they tell her things that make her happy."

"Just look here a moment, Miss—them P. H. L. Drummondii—put them in a sunny position—those are Rosy Morn petunias—put them and the large double petunias in a bed separate from other colors. Make them the society folk of your garden. That lot there's Godetia, and those are Eschscholtzia—my favorite flower that last—they make a dainty effect in a bed with their mixed shades. Sow them thinly and leave 'em alone. They won't transplant. You can sow or plant any of these now, Miss—I'll do some for you before I go to-day, but I'll see to the drainage of them Stocks first—it don't look too good to me."

Tips From The Old Gardener

Plant some Jerusalem artichokes.

Give plenty of liquid manure to those cauliflowers; they are heavy feeders.

Set out leaks.

Hurry up the cabbages with liquid manure or sulphate of ammonia; dessert-spoon to every gallon.

Prepare bed for asparagus roots. Sow more carrots and plant out rhubarb.

Sow peas, lettuce; plant eschallots, onions, beetroot and spinach, thyme, and sage.



CLEVER IDEAS HINTS FROM READERS

For the best "Clever Idea," 10/- will be paid. A minimum of 2/6 will be paid for other ideas published.

THE BOILING of potato peelings and other vegetable matter in aluminium pots which have been blackened by burnt food will be found an excellent cleanser.—Mrs. C. M. Skinner, 36 Doncaster Avenue, Kensington.

COSY SLIPPERS are so necessary these cold mornings, and can be made quite easily from discarded felt hats.

Open up an old pair of slippers for a pattern. Trim round the tops with fancy stitching, and put a small bow on the front or side of each one. For the tiny tot, decorate with a "black cat" or "bunny" cut from colored flannel.—Mrs. Beatrice Sephton, 3 Allawah Place, Rattray Street, Waverley.

INSTEAD OF wasting eggshells, save until washing day and put in the boiler with all white linens. This will relieve them of all stains, and bleach them snow white.—Mrs. Sharp, No. 6 Park Street, Clovelly.

NOW THAT fires are here and such a lot of fuel is needed, and very little money sometimes to buy it with, it is a great saving to soak all old newspapers in water, then roll into balls, and dry. When thoroughly dry they are as hard as wood, and make an excellent fire.—Mrs. E. E. Wain, Beaumont Street, Campsie.

IT IS not generally known that the grass cut from the lawn and dried in the sun makes excellent cushions for outdoor use. Nothing can be more suitable for garden seats and hammocks. Make loose bags from cheap cretonne or unbleached calico, leaving one side open, which may be just tacked together after cushion is filled.—Mrs. H. Jefferies, c/o Mrs. Vohrer, Maun, Algate, South Australia.

IF YOUR tap leaks, insert a little oil into the space between the upper part of the tap that turns and the stationary part into which it fits. The oil will work down to the washer and cause it to swell as it absorbs it, with the result that the leakage will soon stop.—Miss Ella Smilie, 10 Raglan Street, Mosman.

EVE'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 3)

A FUNNY old thing life, real life. The gold in her hair, the ripe cob-yellow gold, and the marvellous yellow satin of it, was clutching at the heartstrings of this end-of-the-world lover, while she, the Chelsea artist, was being completely bowled over, as it were, because he was so old-fashioned, trying to win her as per Rex Beach, a man whose books she never read.

"I don't want you never to leave me," whispered Bill.

"Good God!" she thought, to herself, "as if grammar could better that!"

He had taken her into his arms—but, oh, so gently. That she leaned against him was undeniable. Her face was hidden against his shoulder. Her breath drew in heavily, as though she were drinking deep draughts of something invisible but sweet. The minutes ticked by.

Although he had kissed her so wildly that other night, he made no attempt to kiss her now.

The awful weight and responsibility of this filled him with strange trouble. "I can't really believe that you could care for me," he whispered into her hair. "But if you do, I wish you'd tell me."

"Don't you mind," she murmured, "that I have been married twice?"

"No!" he said, looking down on the top of her head. "I don't see that I've any reason to mind that. I couldn't be jealous of the dead. I saw too much death in Gallipoli ever to mind."

"You're the sanest being I ever met." "I wish you'd tell me if you care for me."

"What's the good of telling?" "You're teasing me. I want to know."

"Do you think I'd be here if I didn't?"

"Do you mean here?"

"Yes."

"No, I don't suppose you'd be here if you didn't care for me."

"No, I don't suppose I should."

"Lillian!"

"Yes!"

"Do you mean you're going to marry me?"

"It rather seems as if something like that was going to happen."

She kept her head down and mumbled her words against his coat.

He had to bend very close to hear them.

"My sweetheart!"

Love was here in his arms. The nostalgia of peace was fleeing, vanishing into mists under the potency of those words, "My Sweetheart."

And how strange this was; she who knew the world so well, was suddenly and marvellously being repaid, not punished, for all her knowledge.

For her knowledge taught her that Bill had never said those words to anyone before, and would never say them to anyone again—except her.

Suddenly he wound his arms tightly around her, clasping her fiercely.

"It's a dream, I know it's a dream. I can't believe that a woman as lovely as you could come to care for a man as common and plain as me. I can't believe it. I don't believe it. How can you care for me? How can you? Tell me." Then he answered himself, finding that she made no attempt to do so.

"I've made you care for me, that's why you do. I made you, because I fell so in love that I couldn't live without you. I simply couldn't. And I've kept on, and kept on, making up my mind that you'd have to care for me. And yet I never thought you would. I couldn't really believe you ever would. Every man that sees you must have wanted you. No man could help falling in love with you, and yet you are

mine, mine. Say that you're mine, my dear, say it."

"Oh, Bill."

"Aren't I too rough?"

She muttered as if more to herself than to him—"A man can be too smooth for a woman, but not too rough."

CHAPTER XI

If She Married Him!

SHE was alone. It was afternoon, Ma was asleep, the men were away, the house was very still.

It seemed to her that for the first time she could face the situation.

He really had asked her to marry him. He was uneducated, uncouth, and a nobody. His mother could neither read nor write. They would all have to live together. He would figure in her world more ludicrously than anything her world had ever contemplated. He was utterly unsuited to her. She was utterly unsuited to him. She was a painter from Chelsea—artist in every nerve and fibre of her being.

She could neither make bread nor butter; nor could she milk a cow.

She could not wash, iron, or even make a fire. Stubbornly she pursued all her inabilities.

Then, just as desperately, like a drowning man clutching at reeds, calling upon all her native honesty, she drew herself up out of the swirling tides that were engulfing her.

If she married this strange man her world need never meet him.

And even if her world did meet him, what did that matter?

What would her world do for her? What could it do? Would it keep her, clothe her, surround her with the means of livelihood? No! Her world had its work cut out to take care of itself. So let her rule out that aspect as swiftly as possible. What her world would say mattered nothing at all.

All that mattered was how marriage would affect themselves.

Could he be happy with her? Surely, surely, she could make him happy. Surely, surely! If not, then all her womanhood and all her knowledge of life was a waste.

And what about herself? Could she be happy with him?

Her brain began to rush through the possibilities of life with him.

He was a fine fellow. He was a man, honest to the core.

If she married him she could live till she died in this lovely land that was lovelier even than Hellas.

She could have Nature and Beauty for ever around her.

She could paint.

Ah, yes! She could paint.

And she could have all the books in the world around her, and she could have time to read them. And she could have silence to read them in. An enormous and exquisite silence.

Her imagination flamed up. It began to paint pictures. She saw a library lined with books from floor to ceiling, with trees looking in at the window.

Had he not said, "I'd give you anything in the world I could lay my hands on. Nothing would be good enough for you."

The books she would buy danced before her, and the long years to be spent with them beckoned and laughed.

D'Annunzio, Bourget, Tchekov, Tolstol, Plato, Balzac—

With them, and with trees and

NEXT WEEK

AND all the time away on the horizon a dark cloud is gathering, creeping ever nearer and nearer, threatening to crash right into the deep domestic happiness of Bill Ewing and his wife.

mountains, and with her work, she could never be dull, never be lonely. Ah, no! For herself she could be happy.

And she saw her happiness stretch out before her like a silver river in the moonlight, although it always persisted in concealing from her the one vital point in these arguments for and against.

Then again, her thoughts jumped to him.

What of his happiness?

What had she to give to him that would stand the pressure of slow-moving years, and unbreakable isolation in this dream-like land at the very end of the world? Her yellow hair was beautiful. The artist in her knew its beauty (though never was woman less vain, for her looks had failed to save her from despair). But the yellow hair would fade. The turquoise eyes would line and grow sunken.

How then? Would he regret his marriage with a woman some years older than himself, who could neither milk, make butter, bread, nor fires?

Then, in a flash, a word flung itself before her, blazing in great letters of gold across her vision of things.

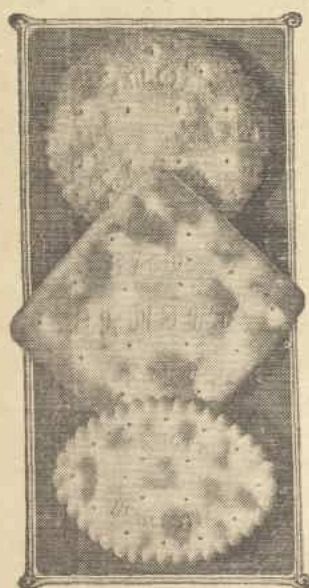
TEACH!

And dimly the beauty of the things she might teach this man began to spring out of her horizon, mingling in a dizzy dance with all the things he might teach her.

(To be Continued)

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Connie's Letter

MY Dear Pals,—
Evidently you prefer the crossword puzzles to the picture puzzles, as in my mail last week more than 90 per cent. of pals said they like the crosswords better.

The prize letter for this week is written by Joan Ryan (13), 7 Bushy Street, Waverley, for which she receives a prize of 5/6. Joan tells me in her letter all the places she went to during the Xmas holidays. The first two weeks were spent visiting the Zoo, Clifton Gardens, and going to a few picture shows. The remaining weeks were spent at a delightful rambling old country house on the side of a hill, far away from the noise and bustle of the city. Joan, in speaking of the country folk, says: "The people in the country are awfully early in the morning, and sometimes before the first sunbeam laid a pale gold finger on my window sill I could hear Aunt Nora moving about in the kitchen." Joan was very much impressed by the beautiful mornings and sunsets.

Well, good-bye, pals, until next week.
Cheerio,
From Your Pal,
CONNIE

Princess Clematis

Bumble was a little who loved Princess Clematis. King Warrath forbade their marriage, and beautiful Clematis had been captured by Golo, a wicked man, while riding on her wallaby.

Feeling unhappy Bumble passed Color's Hollow. Two housewives, who he had seen in the garden, came to him, and looking at him, they were asked, "Can you make pancakes?"

"Yes," came the eager reply.

"Well, into the kitchen and make some for my little Golo and me," roared Golo.

Bumble hastily prepared the pancakes, divided the mixture, and took from his pocket a packet of "jumping powder" Golo had given him. He stirred it into one portion and cooked it.

When serving the PRIZE Card to Merle panache, Bumble, Robertson (16), 25 was careful to place Douglas St., Stanmore, the magic ones in front of Golo. Soon strange sounds came from the dining room, and Bumble, peeping in, saw Golo jumping, knocking over vases, chairs, dashing into walls, and looking very queer.

Bumble called the frightened Clematis, and taking her hand, told her Golo would soon fly from exhaustion, and would not be able to chase them. An aim sped with them to the palace.

There was great rejoicing. The king was so pleased to see his daughter that he made Bumble, his Bumble, Bumble-Bumble, and Clematis and Bumble were married within the next few days.

Prize of 5/- to Marea Wolkowsky (11), 30 Marston Road, Newtown.



THE GNOMES' HOME



PRIZE of 5/- to Widge Cowley, 80 Styles St., Leichhardt, for this clever sketch.

WHAT AM I?

I'm long, I'm short, I'm crooked, I'm straight. Sometimes I'm wavy and sometimes slow. I'm strong, I'm weak, I'm small, I'm great. I'm sometimes high and sometimes low. I can be a worm, I can be a head. I can be a snake and have a heart. I can be a lizard when I see a rat. My help is sought from Nore to South. With balls and bats I do not rank. You'll always find me at the bank.

Answer: A river.

Prize Card to Ellen Egan, Remon St., Byron Bay.

TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS

HARRY EYRE JR.



CROSSWORD No. 7

ACROSS

1. Cuckoo
4. Works
7. Capture
9. Preparation
11. Monkey
12. After K.
13. Part of the foot
14. Pronoun
16. Hotel
17. Lion
18. Purpose
20. Royal Navy Secretary (Init.)
22. Points of the compass
23. The same
25. South Australia (Init.)
26. What we miss—suits with
28. Like a mushroom
29. North and South

DOWN

1. Show
2. We
3. Girl's Name
4. Exist
5. Regard
6. Elegant
8. Round
10. Row
12. Animals
14. East-North-East
15. Pronoun
16. One
19. At the end of a pipe
21. Where goods are cheap
22. What we write on
24. Material
26. Thanks
27. So

Learning to Play Tennis

"Quick, hit that ball, don't lose it!"

"Oh! dear, I missed that one."

"But, I ask you, how could I hit it—With my eyes right to the sun?"

"Well, if you cannot hit a ball, just see if you can serve; Toss the ball and hit it. And mind, don't lose your nerve."

"Oh! dear, I've served a double. I'll never learn to play."

"Oh! don't lose heart, my dear one. You've only played a day."

"I'll serve another ball now."

"Oh! dear, that's in the net. But, never mind, I'll practice. Till I'm in the winning set."

Prize of 2/6 to Jean William (15), "Taverna," Minnesota Avenue, Five Dock.



PRIZE CARD to Joan Haucock (13), 14 Greenacre Road, Hurstville.

WHAT YOUR NAME MEANS

Girls called Bumble are usually very well behaved. They believe in doing everything that is good and honorable.

Boys who are called Benjamins are often lucky. They are usually very keen football players.

JUST CHATTER

Irene Fitzsimmons, of Deepwater, is fond of every kind of sport. Ray Walder, of Penrith, is a wonderfully descriptive writer; Eud Neely, of Gerringong, had her first lesson in riding last week; Arthur Fear, of Five Dock, went for a trip to Blackheath recently; Mary Chapman, of Wyong, attends Concord High School.

Connie Chrystal, of Port Macquarie, is quite a clever little artist; Nancy Manning, of Chullara, is in third year at Canterbury Domestic Science School; Pat Power, of Blackheath Bay, is fond of writing stories; Iris McFarlane, of Tighes Hill, is a great admirer of beautiful scenery; Vera Jones, of Marrickville, likes writing stories; Jean Savell, of Botany, is fond of writing poetry; Joyce Harris, of Champe, has two pets, a French poodle and a pretty little cat; Elsie Turner, of South Belconn, likes fishing; Nancy Magnusson, of Olamere, has an Alsatian dog called "Bonnie"; Mary Gallagher, of Idlington, was twelve years old last week; Patricia Moore, of Sandringham, is eight years old and can write very good letters; Reginald Cobb, of Quenebagan, likes writing stories; Allan Reddie, of Blayney, writes interesting letters; Bertie Mole, of Wentworthville, has a blue cat; May, Joan Saylor, of Harrow, has a big black cat; Beale Roberts, of Belah, is fond of knitting; May Callaghan, Karuah, likes reading books; Joyce Hicks, of Auburn, likes the scenery about Parkes.

Little John Crellin, of Concord. Days photo.

is pretty little cat; Elsie Turner, of South Belconn, likes fishing; Nancy Magnusson, of Olamere, has an Alsatian dog called "Bonnie"; Mary Gallagher, of Idlington, was twelve years old last week; Patricia Moore, of Sandringham, is eight years old and can write very good letters; Reginald Cobb, of Quenebagan, likes writing stories; Allan Reddie, of Blayney, writes interesting letters; Bertie Mole, of Wentworthville, has a blue cat; May, Joan Saylor, of Harrow, has a big black cat; Beale Roberts, of Belah, is fond of knitting; May Callaghan, Karuah, likes reading books; Joyce Hicks, of Auburn, likes the scenery about Parkes.

THE CHANGED DUCKLING

"What is the matter now?" cried Mrs. Duck, in a flutter with fright. "I don't think I ever heard such a terrible noise before."

"It's me, Mother, it's me," panted Duckling Dick, strutting into the midst of his family more proudly than a peacock. "Would you believe it, I have swum right across the pond in the corner of the farmyard without any help from anyone!"

"Well," said Mother, "that, according to what you told me, is a very big feat. Many other little ducks do that."

"But proud Dick thought otherwise, and he spent the whole of that sunny day strutting round the farmyard telling the pigs, the turkeys, the pheasants, and the fowls the story of his wonderful feat. At last, he became aware that he was being followed wherever he went by a young cockerel. The cockerel stopped very high and looked very proud, with his red comb waving about.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Duckling Dick, scornfully. "Why do you follow me in this rude way?"

"Matter?" cried the cockerel. "Haven't you heard? This morning at sunrise, I very nearly did a whole row without any help from anyone! Aren't I marvellous!" When he finished speaking the pigs, the turkeys, and the fowls began to chuckle and looked at Dick's Duckling in such a queer way that he knew they were making fun of him.

Dick's Duckling was very humiliated, and hid away from everyone for a few hours. Dick's Duckling had learnt his lesson, and now he is a very modest little duckling.

Prize of 2/6 to Dina Cressy (13), 3 Augusta Road, Manly.

PRIZE CARD to Beryl Mortimer (15), Tamarana Street, Bondi.

COMPETITION RULES

A condition of entering any of the competitions is, that your entry is your own unaided effort, and that you accept the editor's decision as final and binding.

Points are awarded for neatness in the way you send your entries. Remember, too, that all sketches must be done in black ink. Be sure to put your full name and address on each entry.



The Imps show you how to make a game to play with marbles.



New CHAMPION Is NATURAL GOLFER

By DOROTHY KEARNEY

It is confidently asserted that this year's winner of the State title, Miss Odette Lefebvre, will become the finest associate golfer in Australia. This is the second occasion on which she has carried the day. Her first win was registered in 1931.

MUCH may be achieved by the golfer who is blessed with the quality of perseverance, but, every now and then, there springs to prominence a someone who is just a born golfer. In this category we place Miss Lefebvre, for, prior to her first championship, she had only played golf for eighteen months.

Perhaps the most useful of all natural gifts to a golfer is the correct temperament, a quality which the champion displayed to perfection last week to record a win of 8 up and 6 against Miss Mae Corry, who, as an older and more experienced player, was a formidable rival.

Miss Lefebvre played her strokes with that confidence which belies any sign of nerves. In every way she has set a new standard for associates. Long, sweeping drives from the tee, perfectly timed, and excellent brassie shots on the fairways were outstanding features of her play.

Following Miss Lefebvre's meteoric rise to the forefront of golf, she suffered, as is so often the case, from a period of staleness. For this complaint rest is the only cure, and a trip with her parents



MISS ODETTE LEFEBVRE (winner) and Miss Mae Corry (runner-up) in the finals of State Associate Championship. Associates played to an interested gallery in the last rounds of the State championship. (Left to right, seated): Miss M. Mynter, Mrs. A. E. Andrews, Miss Joan Hood-Hammond, Miss Odette Lefebvre, and Mrs. Darvall-Barton.

PERSONALITIES in GOLF

Handicap Reductions

MRS. CLEM WEIL, in winning the play-off for the T.B.S. and S. Cup, will represent Ryde in the final at Concord. In annexing this honor, Mrs. Weil reduced four strokes and last week again clipped a further six strokes off her handicap.

MISS KERE STEWART, who has already come down from 36 to 25 this season, now has a worthy rival in Mrs. Weil for the trophy presented at the close of the season to the player with the most reduced handicap.

MISS JAMES, hon. associate secretary of "The Lakes," signed the extra day score book in the par competition last week and, in tying for the trophy, with Miss Cowan, with 1 up, reduced her handicap by 1 stroke.

PLAYING in a distance handicap at North Brighton, Miss E. Kelleher, winner of the Clarke Cup, reduced her handicap by four strokes, and is now on 31.

At Bonnie Doon

A SPECIAL trophy, presented by Mrs. Shepherd, for the three best aggregate scores returned in the Friday competitions at Bonnie Doon, was won easily by Mrs. Furlong, an 18 marker.

Intending players are promised a good day's golf on Friday, July 21, at Bonnie Doon, when an open four-ball best ball v. par will be held.

Four Years Champion

IN winning the Bankstown championship, for the fourth successive year, Mrs. C. V. Donowa has again demonstrated her match-winning capabilities. Her victim in the final this year was Mrs. Syd Wood, wife of the club's genial president, who put up a good fight to take the champion to the 17th green.

Events at Pymble

IN the semi-final of Pymble's club championship, Mrs. Ellis, holder of the title, fought well to beat Mrs. Harper on the 18th green. However, her colors were lowered in the final by Miss Mary McIntyre, who won 7 and 6 over 36 holes.

The consolation eight was won by Mrs. J. B. Dowling, who defeated Miss Langdon, 4 and 3.

Promising Associate

OATLANDS CLUB has found a promising young player in Miss Linda Brown. Of similar build to former State champion Miss Joan Hammond, Miss Brown drives a beautiful ball, and, in the capable hands of club "pro" W. Bolger, is being trained along the right lines. More will be heard of this young golfer during the next season or two.

THREE FIRMS Assist SPORTS GIRLS

"It is a recognised fact," says Mr. Langridge, well-known physical culture expert, "that physical fitness is the basis of efficiency. For this reason many well-known firms are sending members of their staff to me for regular training."

THIS policy is further evidenced in the encouragement given to the various welfare associations. For the past three years "Hardies" basketball team has played in the basketball association competitions.

The formation of this team is the forerunner of other sporting activities on the



ABOVE: E. Metcalfe (Vice-Royal) takes a high pass.

LEFT: A Rozelle player takes Carpenter's head with the ball in the Basketball match Ironhearts v. Rozelle, at the Showground.

part of members of Hardie's Welfare Association, who are all employed by Hardie's.

There is a movement already afoot to form further teams to participate in the various summer sports.

There are three teams from "Fostars," who play hockey every Saturday afternoon, either at Woolahra Park or at Rushcutters Bay.

One team has been in existence for many years. Last year another was formed from the warehouse, and this year, with Mr. Swinbourne as organiser, a team has been drawn from employees in the shops.

"Fostars" have a physical culture class with a membership of over forty girls. Tennis is another game which is popular among the girls. The firm has purchased all sporting materials for their employees, as well as helping them in numerous other ways.

It is to Mr. Dalton, manager of the warehouse, that hockey girls of the first and second teams look for guidance and support.

In a firm that employs over sixteen hundred hands, it will not be surprising to see some of their members taking an active part in all branches of sport.

Every encouragement is given by Peek Freans to the members of their sports association.

At present there is a Vigoro club, which is making a name for itself, although the club has only been formed this year. It is anticipated that other teams from the factory will be formed and partake in other sporting activities in the near future.

In England the firm has just acquired many acres of land to be used by their sporting association as a sports ground. At present the girls in Sydney play and practise on Camperdown Park.

to the south of France supplied the necessary respite. When Miss Lefebvre returned to the fray, she struck form almost immediately, under the careful tuition of Walter Clark, the Killara professional, and her fiancé, Mr. T. S. McKay.

Endowed with exceptional charm, both in her appearance and her personality, Miss Lefebvre is tall and slender, and plays entirely without effort. She is one of our most popular, as well as most successful, associates.

Bicycles for Slimming

Olympic representative Duncan Gray has received a letter from Mr. Leslie Pearce, who is now a director for Mack Sennett, in which he says: "There is a boom of cycling in Los Angeles since some of the most popular stars adopted it as a means of slimming. It is greater than the fever for 'Minnie' golf which swept the town some years ago."

"It is almost impossible," he continues, "to drive through the Golden Gate because of the numbers of bicycles. Twenty or thirty cycles for hire are parked at intervals along the side of the road."

In Germany, too, bicycles for women are a popular means of transport and of diversion. Special thoroughfares have been built for bicycle traffic through the parks.

Duncan Gray himself comments on women's lack of enthusiasm for this sport in Australia. He points out that one can travel further and receive just

Weekly Golf Hint

PLAYING On An INCLINE

VERY often the position arises when it is necessary to play a shot standing below the ball. In every instance the player is on an incline with the ball above her. It is well to remember that the stance should be an open one, more behind the ball than ordinarily. The grip should be considerably shortened, and the weight of the body well forward on the toes to maintain balance. As length is to be lost through a short swing owing to the shorter grip, it is essential to over-club. Always aim to be right of the flag, as a pull shot is generally the result in playing this stroke.

POSITION OF AN UMPIRE

By RUTH FREDDEY

Attention has been focussed on the unenviable position in which an umpire is placed, by the recent outburst at a suburban tennis tournament.

IN defining the duties of an umpire, the New South Wales Lawn Tennis Umpires' Association says: "Mentally, he must be prepared to concentrate his faculties on the match from beginning to end; he shall not let outside influences distract his attention."

Subsequent to the occurrence referred to, I have received numerous queries as to the ethics of the case. To them I reply, without hesitation, there are no exceptions to the umpire's ruling. His word is final, and in accepting his appointment as umpire, the players tacitly consent to accept it as such.

I remember, on one occasion, watching a match in which J. O. Anderson questioned the umpire's decision, saying he did not think the umpire could see the fault from where he was sitting.

Dr. McElhone, president of the Umpires Association, was the umpire. He immediately left the chair, and refused to carry on. He was perfectly justified in doing so. After all, an umpire is not self-appointed. He is approached either by the board of management or by the players themselves. Barracking on the part of the spectators, or queries from the players, not only belittles the game, but embarrasses the players and humiliates the officials. An umpire is not infallible, but then, neither is anyone else. By virtue of his appointment, however, his ruling must be respected.

MEMORIAL SHIELD



THE LATE Daphne Akhurst was a member of the Western Suburbs Lawn Tennis Association. The club has presented this shield for a championship competition among schoolgirls. The shield cannot be won outright. The names of successive winners will be engraved on the shield.

as much, if not more, exercise on a cycle than by hiking.

In Victoria cycling for women has grown apace. In fact, so extensive has this branch of women's sport become that the Victorian Amateur Cyclists' Association contends that the women are now quite equal to conducting their own competitive events. The association will not, therefore, arrange any more open races for women.

In Sydney there is a limited number of women's cycling clubs, notably those of Bankstown and Earlwood.

It will be interesting to note whether sportswomen will take up this sport now that its potentialities as a slimming medium are being stressed overseas.

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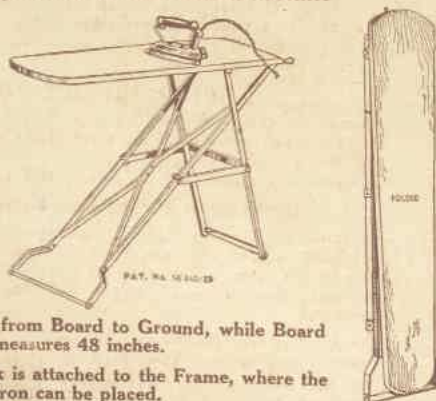
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INTERSTATE HOCKEY

The women's hockey team that will leave shortly for Adelaide will have a number of players who will be playing interstate hockey for the first time, but the experience of their captain, T. Wicks, and their vice-captain, E. McKee, will be a big factor towards the winning of these matches.

THE three University representatives, Thompson, Humphries, and Dive, will represent New South Wales for the first time. This also applies to Livingstone, of New England, and Petersen, of Goulburn. Smith, the other country player, and Dive, have already represented the State at cricket, Dive having played at Brisbane last year, and Smith at Melbourne the previous year.

Cusack was a representative about two years ago. Holmes, of the Nerids team, who used to play in the University forward line, is another who will play for New South Wales for the first time. Hayward, Love, and Johnston were members of the team that played in Tasmania last year.

Mrs. P. J. Davy will again assume the dual roles of manager and chaperon to the team.

INTER-VARSITY EVENTS

Inter-Varsity Women's Hockey will be played in Brisbane next month. There will be representative teams from Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane respectively, taking part.

Last year, the Melbourne team carried the day, with Sydney second, and Adelaide third. This year, Sydney players are optimistic about the possibility of turning the tables on their southern rivals. Three interstate players will be numbered among the Sydney team—



MEMBERS of the Fosters Hockey Team and Vigoro players of the Peek Frean Club. The teams are drawn from the Welfare Associations of the respective firms.

Humphreys, Dive and Thompson. They will be playing in the Interstate matches in Adelaide, but, as the programme has been drawn up, they will be able to play in these events first, returning to Sydney two days before the University team is scheduled to leave for Brisbane. Inter-Varsity basketball will probably be played toward the end of August in Adelaide.

WOOLLAHRA PARK

The Woollahra Park Hockey section have ended their first round, and two games have been played in the second series.

The point scores are as follows: Gumnuts 18, Hordermans 14, Wynola 14, Gumnuts 11, 8, Excelsior 7, G.S.B. 6, Commonwealth Bank 3.

"A" Reserve: A.M.P. 14, Bank of N.S.W. 13, Union 13, Wynola 11, 13, Rovers 9, Wurrannunah 8.

"B" Grade: Railway 18, Horderman 14, Old Masonians 11, Excelsior 11, 8.

"B" Reserve: Rovers 8, Fosters 11, 8, Wynola 11, 5.

VICTORIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

The Victorian Women's Ping Pong Championships have just concluded, Miss B. Emerson winning the singles championship. In partnership with Miss L. Smith, she also won the doubles.

Twelve teams are already affiliated with the Victorian Women's Ping Pong Association, though so far an association of this kind has not been formed in Sydney.

During the Ping Pong Championships to be played at the Y.W.C.A. next month, it is probable that the matter will be brought forward, and arrangements for interstate visits from ping pong players discussed.

Tennis Club Ball

The Petersham Lawn Tennis Club, in conjunction with the Leichhardt Club, will hold their Annual Ball at Grace Bros. on July 29.

SHOULD PLAYERS BE GRADED?

Opinions Vary

Controversy has been rife in London of late in reference to the grading of women tennis players. It is, undoubtedly, the result of the omission of Miss Scriven from the "first ten," as nominated by the English selectors.

MISS SCRIVEN struck a patch of poor form at Bournemouth prior to the championship events in Paris. This, in all probability, accounts for the fact that her name did not appear among the chosen ten. But this is a common occurrence in all branches of sport, and Miss Scriven herself was quite undaunted by it. Accordingly, she entered the French events as a private player, not as an English representative, and the present discussion arose.

Miss Ryan gives her opinion to the



MISS JOAN HARTIGAN (right), Australian Singles Champion, and Miss Nell Hall (left), City of Sydney Singles Champion, whose views are quoted below.

Mrs. Wills-Moody, on the other hand, is quite in favor of the ranking of women players. Opinions given by leading players in Australia are in complete agreement with Mrs. Wills-Moody.

Miss Joan Hartigan, Australian women's singles champion, says: "I'm definitely in favor of the ranking lists for players. It is fair and quite satisfactory, and definitely helpful to the players themselves."

Nell Hall, City of Sydney singles champion, says: "The grading of players is an excellent idea. It gives us, individually, a goal for which to strive. I, personally, do not know of any unpleasantness caused by the grading of players in New South Wales, and to be included among the first ten is certainly a thrill."

Mrs. Roland Conway, member of N.S.W. Lawn Tennis Association Council, says: "Mrs. Wills-Moody is quite right in stating that the grading of players is satisfactory. It is an incentive for a player to maintain her form throughout the season. The girls here take the grading in the right spirit. If disappointed at not being included in the list one year, it spurs them on to greater effort the following year."

Presentation To Mrs. Conway

Mrs. Roland Conway received a pleasant surprise when a group of her tennis friends gave a surprise party in honor of her birthday. Miss Louise Hickerton, in a neat little speech, presented the guest of honor with a handbag. A bouquet of flowers and a birthday cake were also among the gifts. The party consisted of Mesdames H. S. Utz, J. Cassidy, and the Misses Joan Hartigan, Nell Hall, Nell Lloyd, Louise Hickerton, Dot Dingle, and Ula Valkenburg.

SPORTING SHORTS

"Abbotsleigh" Celebrates

"Abbotsleigh" will celebrate the forty-eighth anniversary of its Foundation Day on the 22nd inst. Competitive sports between Old Girls and Present Girls will be a feature of the day's programme, and they will be followed by a dinner given by the School Council.

Temporarily Deflected

Beatrice O'Hillie, who is now sports mistress at the Church of England Girls Grammar School, more familiarly known as "Seagies," will allow her allegiance to be temporarily deflected on the occasion of the Abbotsleigh celebrations. She will be a pillar of strength to the hockey team drawn from the ranks of the Old Girls.

"Old Girls" Celebrities

Present girls at Abbotsleigh will be forced to look to their laurels on Foundation Day. The presence of such sporting celebrities as Dorothy Dingle in the tennis team, and E. Dettmann in the basketball team that in the Old Girls' teams they are to meet foemen worthy of their steel.

"Bon Chance" Dance

The N.S.W. Women's Basketball Association will hold a "Bon Chance" dance at the Dungowan on August 2. Miss Jean Clarke, the secretary, has all the arrangements in hand.

At Davis Cup

Doctor and Mrs. Leslie Utz, both well-known tennis players, are at present in London. They attended Ascot, and have followed the tennis matches in which our Davis Cup players have taken part with the keenest interest.

Official Coach

Miss Ann Clarke, who has been connected with women's basketball since its inception, has been made official coach and umpire for the New South Wales team.

Blue Alps Vigoro Girls

The Blue Alps Vigoro Girls' Club, under the presidency of Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. McCarthy, held a Fancy Dress Masked Ball on Monday night at the North Sydney School of Arts in aid of the unemployed Vigoro girls. Miss Louise Mack was the patroness, and also acted as judge of the prize costumes, assisted by Mrs. J. Irwin Moore.

Another Globe-Trotter

Mrs. Norbert Jones, of the Petersham Lawn Tennis Club, is another globe-trotter who witnessed the Davis Cup matches in England. She does not expect to return to Sydney until February of next year.

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DEPUTATION to MINISTER

To urge the necessity for providing a dressing room for sports girls playing in the Domain, a deputation from the Parks and Playgrounds Movement and the N.S.W. Women's Amateur Sports Council waited on the Minister for Agriculture last week.

MISS MARGARET PEDEN, secretary of the Women's Sports Council, pointed out just how vital this matter is considered from various angles.

In the first place, she explained, different associations are urging their members to desist from wearing their uniforms in the street. To do so rendered the girls conspicuous and is, therefore, diametrically opposed to the ethics of amateur sportsmanship.

Again it is definitely not hygienic for the girls to return home in the clothes in which they have been playing.

Continuing in practical vein, Miss Peden said they had already inspected a stone building, situated behind the mint. The lower portion of this building would be quite satisfactory if the sum of £100 were expended in alterations. This sum would also cover the cost of providing showers and lockers.

Mr. Main agreed to give the matter his earnest consideration, and to advise the council of his decision.

Accommodation for women players in the Domain is the subject of grave concern. Every Saturday, teams comprising a minimum of 60 players, take part in the programme at the Domain; during the week some hundreds of sports girls practise there regularly.

With arrangements already in hand for the commencement of summer sports, the Minister's decision is eagerly awaited, in order that the dressing-rooms can be made available when the summer programme opens.

where they went was the outstanding feature of the trip.

The New South Wales team presented Miss Beddows, captain of the Suva team, with an autographed hockey stick. At the farewell dinner in Auckland, Mrs. Davy was presented with a kangaroo from the Auckland Women's Hockey Association. The memento of their trip to Auckland was well in evidence as the "Monterey" drew into the Quay on Monday.



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53 only! Smart Wool de Chine, heavyweight Silk Fine Lace and diagonal weave Frocks. Mostly individual styles. Usd. 69/6 to 79/6.

10/11 Ptd. Cotton Frocks for 5/-

53 marvellously low priced! Bright Printed and Plain House Frocks, with long or short sleeves. Usd. 8/11, 10/11. Going for 5/-

6gn. Silk Evening Gowns now 52/6

All individual styles in Lace Flamisol, Crinkle Crepe or Satin! Usually 5, 6 gns. At 52/6

49/6 Art. Rayon Frocks for 20/-

All sensationally reduced! Floral Printed Art. Rayon Silk Frocks, lovely designs, on dark and medium grounds. S.W., W. and O.S.



59/6 Silk Sports Frocks, 20/-

36 only! Spun Silk and Crepe de Chine Sports Frocks, in plain colours. S.W. and W. Usually 49/6 & 59/6. Residue Price 20/-

29/6, 39/6 Skirts for 10/11

Black and White Check Suiting Skirts and Overcheck Suiting, in grey and violet, red and white, also plain Tweeds; Flannels in grey, wine, red, and yellow. Usd. 29/6 to 39/6. Now 10/11

Stocks of the above for 'Phone or Mail Orders.

69/6, 5gn. Fox Stoles, 25/-

53 only—so snap these up! Lovely Fox Stoles, made from good quality skins. Popular dyes. Usually 69/6 to 5 gns. Now 25/-

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75 in this group! Crepe de Chine Blouses in sage, blue, or shrimp shades. Usually 29/6 to 37/6. Wonderful value at 8/11

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Simply astounding value! Smart Felt Hats in wanted colours. Trimmed corded ribbons. Usually 8/11 to 12/6. One price, 2/- each

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Wonderful reduction on all-wool Scarf and Beret Sets! Lovely colour combinations. Usually 8/11. Priced to clear at set ... 2/11

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Never before priced so low! 175 Softies in no less than 14 different shades. Usually 3/11 each. Amazing at only 10d ea.

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1/-, 1/11 Necklets, Chokers, ea. 6d.

2000 Continental Bead Chokers and Necklets to clear! Wonderful assortment of colours and designs. Usd. 1/-, 1/11. At 6d. ea.

7/11, 9/11 Silk Hose, 5/-

Many makes, including "Voyeda." Pure Silk Stockings, all fully fashioned; perfect. All sizes, but not in each line.

21/- Silk Chiffon Hose, 10/-

Pure Silk Modern Chiffon Stockings; fully fashioned; Panel heel. Manufacturer's mediums. All sizes. Now pair 10/-

6/11, 8/11 Imported Wools, 3/4

Balance of imported all-wool and artificial Silk and Wool Stockings. Fully fashioned. Asstd. Shades. Sizes 8 1/2 and 9 only.

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